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AMERICAN ECLECTIC

AND

MUSEUM

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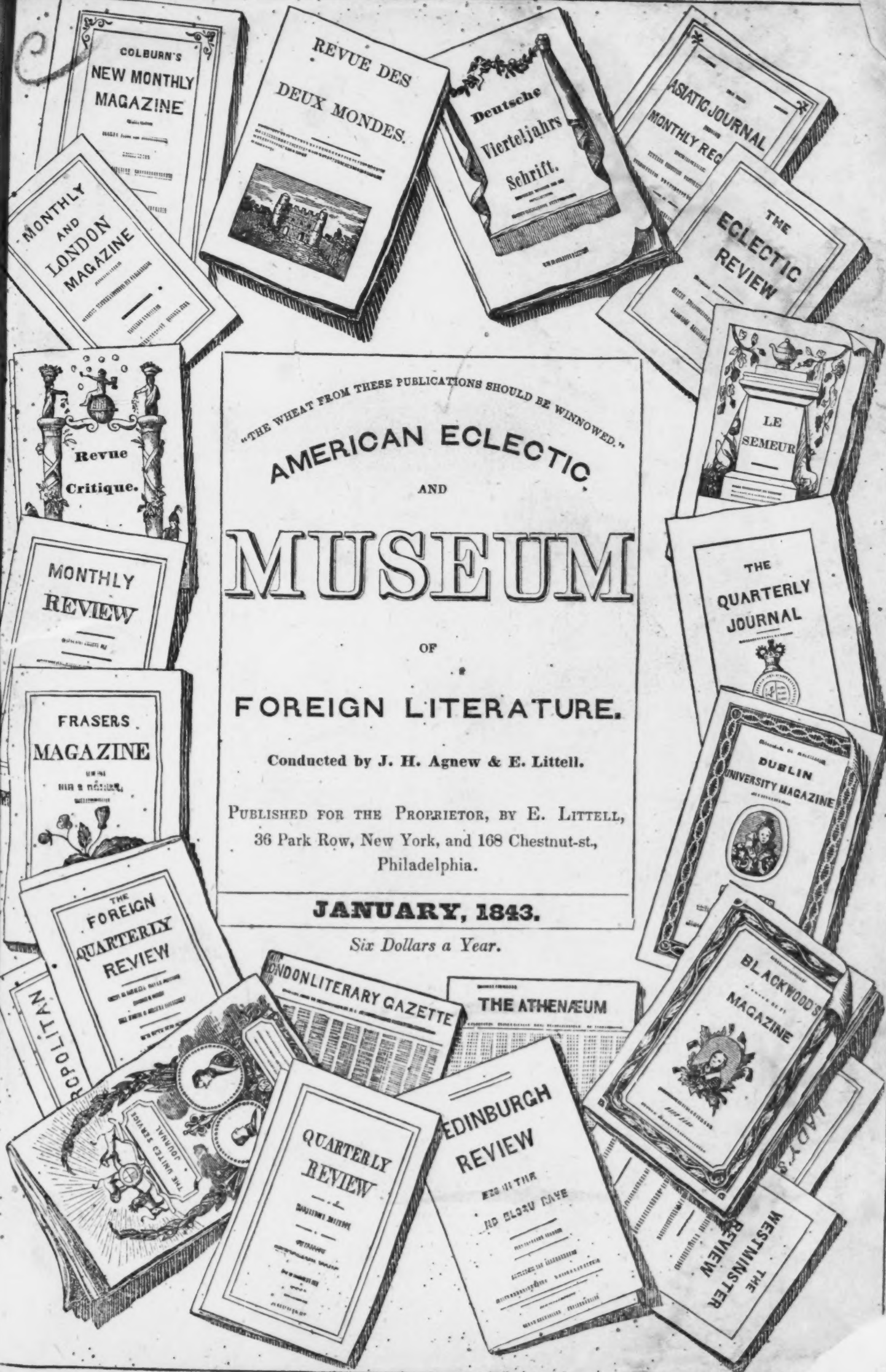
FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Conducted by J. H. Agnew & E. Littell.

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AMERICAN ECLECTIC AND MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

THIS work is published monthly, each number containing 144 pages of an unusually large octavo size, equal to an ordinary 8vo volume of 400 pages. It will furnish more matter than is embraced in the Edinburgh, Quarterly, Foreign Quarterly and Westminster Reviews combined.

The design is, through this medium, to present to American readers an extended view of the literature of Europe. And in order to effect this object we import the British Reviews, Magazines, and Literary and Scientific Weekly papers; the best Continental Journals.

It is well known that the English Reviews are the channels of communication to the public, for the best writers of the day, as well statesmen as philosophers, critics and others; and as these are known to be the medium through which they can most speedily, extensively and effectually impress their views on the public mind, it is here we find the choicest articles on all topics of interest. We are happy, therefore, to make them accessible, on so reasonable terms as we do in our Eclectic Museum.

We feel some assurance that families will find this one of the very best publications of the day. It will embrace all articles from the *four British Quarterlies*, which are really valuable, together with a sufficient quantity of the more imaginative and entertaining from the Magazines and Papers, to adapt it to the various tastes around the same fireside. The lighter reading will be such as to correspond with a good standard of taste and morals, and whilst it may win the attention of the young, may also afford a seasonable relaxation to the severer wisdom of the old.

The present is not a specimen of what the future numbers will be, in respect to republication from the Quarterlies, because the plan was consummated at too late a day to enable us to fulfil our design. The future numbers, however, will not be deficient in this respect.

J. H. AGNEW.

JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER.

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MUSEUM OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1843.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE has attracted universal attention. It comprises a most eventful period in the current of human affairs, and passes in review before us the most prominent actors in the momentous scenes then displayed on the theatre of life. It is most ludicrously erroneous, however, in its statements in respect to the government and religion of the United States, and indicates a want of information on these subjects truly surprising; or else a wilful misrepresentation, which we can scarcely attribute even to so virulent a hater of republicanism.

The subsequent article, however, is not a running review of the author's volumes, abounding in extracts of tedious length, but is devoted principally to a bold exposure of Mr. Alison's Toryism, and an able defence of the democracy of England and of democracy in general. But by democracy is meant, not the rule of the masses in popular assemblies, but that of any government, in which the numerical majority has the influential, controlling power.

We think the writer, who is evidently an English Whig of note, has made out an admirable defence of the propriety and safety of our own republican constitution of government. His hope, however, like our own, relies on the general diffusion of proper education; and he cannot see why, with such a basis, a superstructure cannot be raised that will be both beautiful and permanent.

He believes in the *improvability*, but not in the *perfectibility* of human nature; and notwithstanding the tumultuous passions that tossed themselves, like angry waves, on the sea of the French Revolution, he thinks the ultimate results of it will be beneficial to the world.

Our own opinion is not dissimilar. That revolution may be looked upon as the eruption of a moral volcano, disastrous, of course, in its direct

effects on those more immediately subjected to the overflowings of its burning lava, but operating, at the same time, as a safety valve, and letting off inflammable gases, which had else grumbled beneath the surface until they had heaved up the earth with terrific earthquakes.—ED.

From the Edinburgh Review.

History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, Esq., F. R. S. E., Advocate. 10 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1839-1842.

THERE is much in Mr. Alison's History of the French Revolution against which we intend to record our decided protest; and there are some parts of it which we shall feel compelled to notice with strong disapprobation. We therefore hasten to preface our less favorable remarks by freely acknowledging that the present work is, upon the whole, a valuable addition to European literature, that it is evidently compiled with the utmost care, and that its narration, so far as we can judge, is not perverted by the slightest partiality.

A complete history, by an English author, of all the great events which took place in Europe from 1789 to 1815, has long been a *desideratum*; and whatever may be the imperfections of Mr. Alison's work, we cannot say that it does not supply the vacancy. Its defects, or what we deem such, are matter partly of taste, and partly of politi-

cal opinion. Some readers may consider them as beauties—many will overlook them; and even the most fastidious must acknowledge that they are not such as materially to interfere with the great plan of the work. Its merits are minuteness and honesty—qualities which may well excuse a faulty style, gross political prejudices, and a fondness for exaggerated and frothy declamation.

We cannot better illustrate the fulness and authenticity of Mr. Alison's history, than by quoting his own statement of the admirable plan on which he has selected and applied his authorities. His invariable rule, we are informed by his Preface, has been 'to give, on every occasion, the authorities by volume and page from which the statement in the text was taken. . . . Not only are the authorities for every paragraph invariably given, but in many instances also those for every sentence have been accumulated in the margin. . . . Care has been taken to quote a preponderance of authority, in every instance where it was possible, from writers on the opposite side to that which an English historian may be supposed to adopt; and the reader will find almost every fact in the internal history of the Revolution, supported by two Republican and one Royalist authority; and every event in the military narrative drawn from at least two writers on the part of the French, and one on that of their opponents.' We feel convinced that Mr. Alison has acted up to the spirit of this candid and judicious system throughout his whole work. We cannot, of course, pretend to have verified his statements by constant reference to the writers from whom he has drawn his information. The events which he records are of such recent occurrence, and such deep interest, that the enormous mass of details published respecting them may well defy the curiosity of an ordinary reader. But we are bound to remark, that whenever we have been led to compare the conflicting accounts of any important event in Mr. Alison's history, we have almost invariably found that his narrative steers judiciously between them, and combines the most probable and consistent particulars contained in each. We apply this remark more especially to his narration of the intestine commotions of the French Revolution, and of the military conflicts of the Empire—particularly those which occurred in Spain. No one, we think, can read the various accounts of the troubles which led to the Reign of Terror, as collected in the able work of Professor Smyth,

or the histories of the Peninsular war by Napier, Foy, and others, without feeling satisfied of the care and judgment which Mr. Alison has shown in constantly selecting, where authorities differ, the most probable and most authoritative statements.

We have already hinted our opinion, that Mr. Alison's general style is not attractive. It is not, however, at least in the narrative part of his work, either feeble or displeasing. Its principal defect is the cumbrous and unwieldy construction of its sentences, which frequently cause them to appear slovenly and obscure, and sometimes render their precise meaning doubtful. We quote, almost at random, a single passage by way of specimen:—'Mortier, following the orders which he had received to keep nearly abreast of, though a little behind the columns on the right bank, and intent only upon inflicting loss upon the Russian troops which he knew had passed the river, and conceived to be flying across his line of march from the Danube towards Moravia, was eagerly emerging from the defiles of Diernstein, beneath the Danube, and the rocky hills beneath the towers of the castle where Richard Cœur de Lion was once immured, when he came upon the Russian rearguard, under Milaradowitch, posted in front of Stein, on heights commanding the only road by which he could advance, and supported by a powerful artillery.'—(v. 444.) We have purposely selected a sentence obscure merely by its length and involution, and not disfigured by any tangible solecism; and we believe we speak within compass when we say, that it would be difficult to select half a dozen consecutive pages, from any part of Mr. Alison's work, in which one or more passages of at least equally faulty construction might not be found. But there are not wanting offences of a still less excusable nature. Whenever the historian warms with his subject, he is constantly hurried into the most singular verbal blunders—some puzzling, some ludicrous—but all of a kind which a careful reperusal could scarcely have failed to discover. We quote three or four instances, not for the sake of ridiculing a few slight oversights in a long and laborious work, but in order to draw Mr. Alison's attention to a defect which, comparatively trivial as it is, might give great and unjust advantage to critics less disposed than we are to treat him kindly. Thus he speaks of the 'vast and varied inhabitants' of the French empire—a phrase which can scarcely be actually misunderstood, but which sounds ludicrously inapplicable, considering that the

average size of the French conscripts is stated, a few pages before, at only five feet English.—(ix. 105.) In 1800, the French armies appear to have unjustly seized some English vessels at Leghorn, 'an acquisition which,' in the singular phraseology of Mr. Alison, 'speedily recoiled upon the heads of those who acquired them.'—(iv. 381.) In the campaign of Austerlitz we find the Austrians defeated by Murat, 'who made 1800 of their wearied *columns* prisoners, (v. 406)—a capture which, supposing the statement to be literally true, and the columns of average size, must have embraced nearly the whole male population of the empire. And shortly after, we are informed, that the French army celebrated the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation by the '*spontaneous combustion*' of their huts.—(v. 474.) We will not go farther with examples of this sort, but we cannot forbear soliciting Mr. Alison's attention to two crying defects;—his profuse and unscrupulous use of the most barbarous Scotticisms, and the confused and even ambiguous arrangement of his antecedents and relatives. With all these imperfections, Mr. Alison's history has merits sufficient to atone, even to those readers who consider only their own amusement, for the want of an easy and polished style. The stirring interest of the events which he relates, his judgment in selecting striking traits of character for preservation, his earnest seriousness of manner, and his obvious honesty of purpose—all combine to make his narrative on the whole both interesting and impressive.

We cannot speak so favorably of the disquisitions on political events and characters, which abound throughout his work. With all our respect for his merits as a historian, we are bound to declare our honest opinion, that the attempts displayed in them at impassioned and declamatory eloquence, are generally very far below mediocrity. We have already noticed some of the blunders into which he has been betrayed in the course of his ordinary narrative. Few writers soar more easily or more securely than they walk; and Mr. Alison's oratorical digressions abound in examples of pointless anti-climax, of quaint and ungrammatical inversion, of the carefully balanced antithesis of synonymous ideas, of periods rounded with sonorous pomp, yet constructed with slovenly obscurity. But we are in haste to dismiss this ungracious part of our task, and we shall therefore content ourselves with pointing out a few individual blemishes, the removal of which we are particularly anxious to effect.

Figurative illustrations are as fatal to Mr. Alison as they are, indeed, to most writers who are at once careless and ambitious. His opinion of the age of George III. is expressed by an astronomical metaphor, which he has contrived to distort with a perverse ingenuity rarely surpassed. 'Bright,' he says, 'as were the *stars* of its *morning* light, more brilliant still was the *constellation* which shone forth in its *meridian* splendor, or cast a glow over the twilight of its evening shades.'—(vii. 3.) The simile would have been perfect of its kind, if Mr. Alison had but added that his constellation had disappeared, as constellations are wont to do, in the darkness of the ensuing night. In the same manner, he speaks of a narrative as 'tinged with undue bias,' (Pref. xxxi.)—of a historical work as 'closed with a ray of glory,' (Pref. xxxviii.)—of a truth as 'proclaimed in characters of fire to mankind.' (viii. 7.) We cannot omit the two following sentences, which we consider to be almost unique. The first contains a simile which to us is utterly unintelligible—the other an elaborate confusion of metaphor, which nothing but the most patient ingenuity can unravel. 'In 1787,' says Mr. Alison, 'Goethe, profound and imaginative, was reflecting on the destiny of man on earth, *like a cloud which "turns up its silver lining to the moon."*'—(vii. 103.) 'In Linnæus she (Sweden) has for ever unfolded the hidden key by which the endless variety of floral beauty is to be classified, and the mysterious link is preserved between vegetable and animal life.'—(viii. 612*.)

Mr. Alison does not wear his borrowed plumes with a better grace than his original ornaments. The following is an instance of a fine thought carelessly appropriated and thoroughly spoiled. The British Bard in Gray's famous ode speaks of the banners of his victorious enemy as 'fanned by conquest's crimson wing.' Mr. Alison has adorned a passage of his history with this easy and spirited metaphor; but he has most unskillfully transferred the ventilation from the banners to the minds of the conquerors, and assures us, that 'it is not while "fanned by conquest's crimson wing," that the *real motives* of human conduct can be made apparent.'—(ix. 104.) A similar and still more painful example of bad taste is to be found in the very next page. 'All the *springs*,' says he, 'which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an empire, were in full activity, and worked with consummate ability; but *one* (query *three*?) was wanting, without which, in the hour of trial, all the others are but as *tinkling brass*—a

belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality.' The celebrated passage from which Mr. Alison has here borrowed an illustration, is familiar to all our readers. It is that in which St. Paul compares the eloquence of an idle declaimer to the tinkling of a cymbal. The original phrase is one of such admirable point and force as to have become almost proverbial. But how has its merit survived Mr. Alison's appropriation? He seizes on one half of the simile, severs it from the other, and tacks it to a new object with which it has no natural connexion whatever. Nothing can be more apt and lively than the comparison of unmeaning verbosity to the empty ringing of metal, as every one who studies Mr. Alison's specimens of declamation will allow. But how does such a comparison express the inefficiency of a mechanical force? For aught we know, a spring may be of brass, and of tinkling brass too, and yet be sufficiently strong and elastic. A better illustration, or a worse adaptation, of the apostle's forcible image, than the passage just quoted, we do not expect again to see.

Tedious self-repetition, the most inveterate fault of careless and declamatory writers, has been carried by Mr. Alison to an almost unprecedented extent. We have neither space nor time to extract some of his digressions, in which the selfsame current of ideas is run through twice or thrice in various language. But the mere recurrence of favorite phrases cannot fail to strike and displease the most careless reader. The bow of Esop, the small black cloud of Elijah, the boon of Polypheme to Ulysses, together with numberless less remarkable allusions and expressions, are applied three or four times each, precisely under the same circumstances, and almost in the same words. Winds, waves, meteors, thunderbolts, earthquakes, and similar phenomena of all sorts, are constantly ready to be let loose upon the reader; nor, however frequently he may have sustained them, is he ever, for a single page, secure against their recurrence. As a proof that we have not exaggerated the frequency of this uppleasing practice, we must, in justice to ourselves, refer our readers to the first fifteen pages of Mr. Alison's *eighth* volume; within which short space they will find no less than thirteen similes and illustrations drawn from light and color, of which nearly one-half are crowded into twenty-five consecutive lines, and no less than four are expressed in the same identical phrase.

We do not think it necessary to apologize for having dwelt so long upon a subject which we have already admitted to be of secondary importance. If we believed that Mr. Alison had failed in one branch of his history from real want of ability, we should have thought it ungenerous to mortify the author of a valuable and laborious work, by cavilling at the false taste of its embellishments. But we cannot imagine that this is the case. It is impossible that a man of Mr. Alison's talents and knowledge should be deliberately blind to the defects and the nonsense we have been quoting. Most of these blemishes are such as a little reflection would induce a sensible schoolboy to strike out of his theme. We are apt to think that Mr. Alison has neglected these parts of his work; that he has sketched them when fatigued and excited by his labors; and that he has left the first rough draught unaltered for publication. We are unwilling to deal harshly with such errors. There is something both striking and gratifying in the spectacle of a writer who is scrupulous of historical truth and justice, but negligent of his own literary fame—who lavishes that time and trouble in ascertaining his facts, which he omits to employ in polishing his style. We are confident that Mr. Alison might, with a little care and patience, correct more serious faults than those we have noticed; and should this prove to be the case, we shall not be sorry if we have made him feel a certain degree of regret for their commission.

As a military historian, Mr. Alison has received general and merited applause. His narratives of warlike operations are well arranged, minute, and spirited; and display considerable scientific knowledge. He is particularly remarkable for the clear and accurate descriptions which he never fails to give of the situations in which the most important manœuvres of the war took place. His sketches are written with as much spirit as topographical knowledge; and he not only impresses on the memory the principal features of the scene of action, but generally succeeds in conveying a vivid picture of them to the imagination. He appears, indeed, to have been induced, by his strong interest in the subject, to visit most of Napoleon's fields of battle in person; and it is but just to say, that he has surveyed them with the feeling of an artist and the precision of a tactician.

The lively coloring of Mr. Alison's descriptions of battles is, in general, as pleasing as the accuracy of the outline is praise-

worthy. He has a strong and manly sympathy with military daring and devotion, which never blinds him to the sufferings inflicted by war, but which leads him to give warm and impartial praise to every brave action, by whichever party achieved. We might easily fill our pages with interesting extracts of this nature; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the work itself. There is scarcely an important victory of the war which Mr. Alison has not related in the fullest detail, and with the strictest impartiality. We may also remark the successful art with which he occasionally pauses, in the most critical moment of a great battle, to remind his readers, by a word dexterously thrown in, of the mighty interests at stake. It is an artifice to which he has perhaps too freely resorted, but which he occasionally employs with marked effect.

Still, Mr. Alison's finest descriptions are occasionally marred by the same faults which we have remarked in his political dissertations; by the same tendency to flights of poetical extravagance; the same wearisome repetitions; the same flow of sonorous verbosity. We forbear to recommence our reluctant strictures upon these faults of style; but there is a single error which we are unwilling to pass over, because we believe it to be peculiar to this branch of the narrative. We allude to the occasional substitution of the present for the past tense in the relation of events. It is one of the most unimpressive and unpleasing artifices which a writer can employ—rarely admissible in narrative poetry, scarcely ever in prose romance, and utterly inconsistent with the sober dignity of the historical style. Much of all this is, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrectness of taste indisputably displayed by Mr. Alison in many of the more impassioned passages of his work; but much, we suspect, is owing to an injudicious and indiscriminate, though just and laudable, admiration for the genius of a rival historian.

Mr. Alison frequently speaks with warm and generous applause of the ardent military eloquence which distinguishes the style of Colonel Napier. Nothing can be more handsomely expressed than this feeling; but we suspect that it has occasionally betrayed Mr. Alison into unconscious, and not always happy, imitation. We appreciate as highly as any one the force and originality of the language employed by this great military historian. Among all his high qualities none is more conspicuous than the warmth and vigor of his narra-

tion. It is impossible not to feel animated by the fiery energy, and the graphic minuteness of his descriptions. But his most partial admirers will allow, that the more fanciful and brilliant peculiarities of his style, are such as must make all attempts at imitation difficult and dangerous to an unusual degree. Its fervent impetuosity occasionally overpowers even its master, and it is unlikely to prove more docile in less familiar hands. Colonel Napier's genius, if we may be pardoned the comparison, resembles those Indian *figurantes* described by Captain Mundy in his amusing sketches, whose chief difficulty is to restrain within graceful limits the superabundant suppleness and agility of their limbs. It is the luxuriant vivacity of the writer's imagination, and his unlimited command of pointed and original language, that occasion the principal blemishes in his style. And it is impossible to deny, that when he gives the rein to his fancy, it occasionally hurries him across the fatal step which separates the sublime, we will not say from the ridiculous, but assuredly from the quaint and grotesque.

We are far from accusing Mr. Alison of caricaturing Colonel Napier's manner. We think his descriptions a softened, and in some respects an improved copy of those of his great original. But Colonel Napier's battle-pieces are in a style which will not bear softening—we had almost said, in a style which will not bear improvement. We know no description so appropriate to it as the quaint expression applied by Henry Grattan to Lord Chatham's oratory—that 'it was very great, and very odd.' Its eccentricity cannot be corrected without weakening its energy; it is either strikingly yet irregularly lofty, or it becomes tame, hollow, and exaggerated. With Colonel Napier himself the last is never the case. His faults are as racy and as characteristic as his beauties; and in his boldest offences against taste, his originality and vigor are conspicuous.

Still, this lively melodramatic style, even when most successful, is not that which we prefer for historical narrative. We are no very rigid advocates for what is called the *dignity* of history. We have no doubt that thousands of interesting facts have perished, never to be recovered, by the supercilious neglect of over formal historians. We would have all circumstances preserved which can add the least effect to the narrative, however trivial they may appear. But we do not see the advantage of ornamental descriptions, however striking in

themselves, which comprise merely general and common-place particulars, such as could not but accompany the main facts related. There is, surely, something unpleasing in seeing a historian, while recounting events which shook and terrified all Europe, glance aside to notice the trembling of the earth under a heavy cannonade, or the glittering of helmets in a charge of cavalry. We object to such flights, not because they are beneath the *dignity* of the narrative, but because they diminish the simplicity to which it must owe much of its awful effect; and because they can be far more imposingly supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is not by such rhetorical arts as these, that the great masters of history have produced their most successful effects. Thucydides has never once throughout his work departed from the grave and simple dignity of his habitual style. Yet what classical scholar will ever forget the condensed pathos and energy with which he has described the desolation of Athens during the pestilence, or the overthrow of the Syracusan expedition? Froissart is a still more extraordinary instance. Without for a moment suffering himself to be raised above his ordinary tone of easy and almost childish garrulity, he has yet attained that chivalrous ardor of expression, which, to borrow the emphatic words of Sidney, 'stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet.' What soldier ever read without enthusiasm his account of the battle of Crecy? Not, we are confident, Colonel Napier, whose warm and ready sympathy with the brave is one of his noblest qualities as a historian. The brilliant array of the French chivalry—the fierce gestures and 'fell cry' of the undisciplined Genoese—the motionless silence of the English archery—the sudden and deadly flight of arrows—the mad confusion of the routed army;—all are painted with the life and vigor of Homer himself. And yet the chronicler has not employed a shade of fanciful coloring or poetical ornament—his whole narrative is full of the same simple and delightful *naïveté* with which he commends the innocence of the Black Prince's oaths; or celebrates the 'small hat of beaver' which became Edward III. so marvelously at the battle of Sluys. In reading such passages as these, we feel the same admiration as in seeing an athlete perform some feat of surpassing strength, without the distortion of a feature or a muscle. They are, in comparison with the florid and highly wrought style on which we have been remarking, what the Belvidere Apollo

is in comparison with the beautiful statue of the Attacking Gladiator. Both figures are admirable works of art, and both are represented in the act of vehement and victorious exertion. But how striking is the contrast between the desperate energy of the mortal, and the serene indifference of the divinity!

During the twenty-five years included in Mr. Alison's History, Europe was so perpetually involved in war, that in giving our opinion of his merits as a military historian, we may be said to have pronounced upon those of the whole narrative part of his work. But he has taken great pains to give his readers the most complete information of all the internal transactions of the chief European nations, during that period. He has, as he informs us, made it his rule 'to give the arguments for and against any public measures in the words of those who originally brought them forward, without any attempt at paraphrase or abridgement. This is more particularly the case in the debates of the National Assembly of France, the Parliament of England, and the Council of State under Napoleon. . . . It is,' as he justly remarks, 'the only mode by which the spirit and feelings of the moment could be faithfully transmitted to posterity, or justice done to the motives, on either side, which influenced mankind.'—(Pref. xlv.) 'Providence,' says Mr. Alison, 'has so interwoven human affairs, that when we wish to retrace the revolutions of a people, and to investigate the causes of their grandeur or misfortune, we are insensibly conducted step by step to their cradle.'—(ii. 536.) The historian has accordingly interwoven with his narrative several very interesting and comprehensive sketches of the previous history and political state of those nations who took the most prominent share in events. We may particularize those of France, England, Russia, Turkey, and Poland, as the most complete and elaborate. They include a general description of the population, of the nature and capabilities of the countries in question, and contain much valuable statistical information. We think Mr. Alison mistaken in some of the maxims and theories which he draws from these views of European history; but it is impossible to refuse him the merit of much accurate knowledge, and much patient and ingenious reflection.

Mr. Alison's principal and fatal error is one which we can only lament; for we can neither blame him for its existence, nor wonder at its effects—he is a rigid, a sin-

cere, and an intolerant Tory. This is the whole extent of his offence. His opinions are displayed with sufficient fairness, if not always with perfect taste and modesty;—he does not permit them to pervert his statements of facts, though he seldom loses an opportunity of asserting them in all their uncharitable austerity. To this practice every liberal-minded reader, of however opposite principles, will easily reconcile himself. He will, it is true, have to travel through an interesting tract of history, in company with an honorable opponent, instead of a sympathizing friend. He will necessarily lose much pleasure, and some instruction; but a few precautions will ensure him against injury or annoyance.

In common with nearly all political writers of the present day, we have had repeated occasion to pronounce our opinion both upon revolutions in general, and in particular upon that which forms the main subject of Mr. Alison's history. We shall not, of course, repeat our arguments in detail; as we see no occasion to correct the conclusions which we drew from them. We shall merely allude to them so far as may be necessary for the purpose of comparing them with the opinions of Mr. Alison respecting the causes, the character, and the consequences of the French Revolution.

We must, however, preface our observations by declaring, that we have found considerable difficulty in extracting any consistent and definite opinion, from the present work, upon the general tendency of that event. We have been wholly unable to reconcile the author's calm and just remarks upon the nature of the French government under the ancient *régime*, with his vague and incoherent bursts of invective against the spirit by which it was subverted. He speaks of violent revolutions, sometimes as the stern but beneficial punishments of tyranny and corruption—sometimes as national fits of insanity, the judgment of Providence upon moral profligacy and religious skepticism. His *logic* convinces us that what he is pleased to call the revolutionary mania is in itself a very natural feeling—the instinctive desire of the oppressed for peace and security. His *rhetoric* would persuade us that it is a mysterious epidemic, displaying itself merely by a morbid thirst for innovation, and an insane delight in crime. In his second chapter, he details nearly a dozen intolerable grievances which existed in France down to the first outbreak of popular violence; almost any one of which would appear, to a free-

born Englishman, sufficient to cause a civil war. He then proceeds to notice several circumstances which were likely to render the French nation, at that moment, peculiarly impatient of the hardships they had to endure. So far, nothing can be more satisfactory. He has clearly shown that a sudden and violent change was inevitable; and that, without the utmost skill and firmness in the government, that change was likely to be followed by fatal excesses. But he goes on to declare, in all the emphasis of capital type, that 'the circumstances which have now been mentioned, without doubt contributed to the formation of that discontent which formed the predisposing cause of the Revolution. But the exciting cause, as physicians would say—the immediate source of the convulsion—was the SPIRIT OF INNOVATION, which, like a malady, overspread France at that crisis, precipitated all classes into a passion for changes, of which they were far from perceiving the ultimate effect, and in the end produced evils far greater than those they were intended to remove. . . . It would seem,' he adds, 'as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very persons who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.'—(i. 149.) This is a good specimen of the superficial verbiage which formed the chorus of the English Tory press fifty years ago. We confess that we always considered it strange language to come from shrewd, sensible men of the world—from men who, when reasoning on the crimes and follies of social life, would have been the first to laugh such vague jargon to scorn. Still these men had at least an excuse which Mr. Alison has not. The explanation, bad as it was, was the best they had to give. They did not possess the information which we now have, respecting the system which had brutalized and enraged the French people; and if they had, they might be excused, at such a crisis, for failing to reason justly upon it. But we are at loss to conceive how Mr. Alison can think it necessary to aid the effect of his able and conclusive details, by a solution so feeble and unmeaning as the above. We forgive the schoolmen of the middle ages for saying that the water rises in the pump because nature abhors a vacuum; for the answer was merely a pompous confession of ignorance. But what should we think of a modern philosopher who should solve the same problem by telling

us—'The pressure of the external atmosphere overcomes that of the rarefied air in the cylinder; this circumstance, without doubt, contributes to the phenomenon; but its immediate cause is, that nature abhors a vacuum!' If Mr. Alison means, by the 'spirit of innovation,' that natural wish for redress which is the consequence of intolerable suffering, then the sentence we have quoted, besides being a truism in itself, is incorrect in its application; for that spirit must have been an intermediate, not a collateral cause of the Revolution. But this he does *not* mean; for it would be absurd to call so rational a desire an inscrutable frenzy. It is therefore clear that he speaks of 'a spirit of innovation,' wholly unconnected with existing inconveniences—a spirit against which the wisest institutions cannot guard, and which is almost as likely to break forth in a free, as in an oppressed nation. We shall permit ourselves a few observations upon this theory; because, briefly as it is here expressed, it appears to be the text of most of his mournful and discouraging speculations both upon the future destiny of France, and the progress of Reform throughout the world.

In the first place, the remark naturally occurs, that admitting the possibility of the explanation, we do not want its assistance. Mr. Alison has ably shown that the worst follies and excesses of the Revolution may be fully accounted for by the ordinary motives of human conduct. Why then have recourse to 'causes inscrutable to human wisdom?' Why call down a divinity, when the knot can be disentangled by mortal skill? Assume, if you will, that nations, like elephants, are subject to periodical accesses of frenzy; but why apply your theory to such a case where every provocation existed to justify an outbreak of natural resentment? Nothing can, by Mr. Alison's account, be more evident, than that the political privileges of the noblesse, the oppressions of the feudal law, and the ruinous state of the finances, must have been in 1789 sources of daily and hourly annoyance to the great majority of the French nation. Most of them, even in the plebeian class, must, in the existing state of intelligence, have felt that their property had been injured, and their prospects in life disappointed, by the accident of their birth. And surely they must have been the meekest race in existence, if the severity of their sufferings, and the consciousness of their strength, and the knowledge of the impotence of their oppressors, would all have been insufficient to urge them to violence,

without the assistance of this casual fit of unaccountable insanity.

In speaking thus, we fully bear in mind the wild and visionary speculations which were so common in France at the time of the Revolution. But we cannot see the necessity of referring these delusions to inscrutable causes. No one will deny that a frantic spirit of innovation *did* exist in France at that period;—the question is, whether it originated in natural resentment or spontaneous frenzy—whether, in short, the nation was driven mad, or went mad of its own accord. The latter, as we have seen, is Mr. Alison's opinion; and this opinion induces him, as well it may, to fear that the feelings which convulsed France half a century since, may be awakened in free and well governed countries by the progress of constitutional reform. To us nothing can seem more natural than that men, who knew no more of political liberty than a blind man knows of light, should form an extravagant notion of its blessings. All our ideas of human nature would have been confounded, if we had found the French Jacobins recommending the constitution of 1789 in the calm and rational language in which Hampden might have spoken for the abolition of the Star-Chamber, or Lord Somers for the Bill of Rights. It is certain that nations, like individuals, are sometimes captivated by delusive theories. But we appeal to the common sense of our readers whether any reasonable being ever abandoned substantial comforts, or confronted real dangers, with no better motives. Can it be conceived that empty dreams about universal equality, and an age of innocence, would have nerved peaceable men to defy the cannon of the Bastille? Would the mob have massacred good and popular rulers for the sake of resembling Brutus and Timoleon? When an *homme-de-lettres* risked his life as a demagogue, was it to realize his fancies of republics and democracies, or to escape from hopeless poverty and obscurity? When a peasant set fire to the chateau of Monseigneur, was it because he admired the eloquence of Danton or Desmoulins, or because he found it easier to revolt at once, than to stay at home and be ruined by *corvées* and feudal services?

At the conclusion of his first chapter, Mr. Alison has explained, with admirable sense and moderation, the causes of the sanguinary violence which distinguished the French Revolution. We are not sure that his remarks upon the various crimes which he has to relate, are always characterized by

the same rational calmness; but he has here at least recorded his deliberate opinion, that the atrocities of the French populace were the natural and inevitable fruit of the oppression which they had suffered. We have long ago expressed our belief, that the excesses of every popular convulsion will generally be proportioned to the misgovernment which occasioned it. We are aware that this has been eagerly disputed; but without pausing to discuss particular examples, we submit that the general rule approaches very nearly to a truism. Will not the violence of the popular party in a revolution be in proportion to their exasperation and their political ignorance? And will not their exasperation be in proportion to their sufferings, and their political ignorance to their inexperience in the use of political power?

Of course, no one will deny that the exactness of the proportion may be disturbed by various causes. The influence of accidental circumstances, the authority of particular classes, even the personal character of individuals, may have the greatest effect in exciting or restraining popular revenge. We need not remind our readers of the various unhappy coincidences which combined to increase the natural resentment of the French nation;—of the foolish weakness, and more foolish insolence of the court, the unprincipled character of the popular leaders, the want of moral and religious feeling among the lower classes. Still, we do not comprehend the argument which attributes the crimes and impieties of that unhappy time to the demoralizing effects of the Revolution itself. Sudden anarchy may bring evil passions and infidel opinions to light; but we do not understand how it can bring them into existence. Men do not insult their religion and massacre their fellow-creatures, simply because it is in their power. The desire to do so must previously exist, and in France we have every proof that it did exist. We might give innumerable instances of the cruel and vindictive temper displayed from the most ancient times by the lower classes in France. In the *Jacquerie*, in the civil wars of the *Bourguignons* and *Armagnacs*, and in the seditions of the *League* and the *Fronde*, they constantly displayed the ferocity naturally excited by slavery and oppression. Their scorn for Christianity, though more recently acquired, had become, long before the Revolution of 1789, as inveterate as their desire for revenge. We shall give, in Mr. Alison's own words, one very singular proof of the extent to which it prevailed.

In speaking of the Egyptian expedition, he says—'They' (the French soldiers) 'not only considered the Christian faith as an entire fabrication, but were for the most part ignorant of its very elements. Lavalette has recorded that hardly one of them had ever been in a church, and that in Palestine they were ignorant even of the names of the holiest places in sacred history.'—(iii. 419.) This was in 1799, only ten years after the first symptoms of popular innovation. Here, then, were 30,000 full-grown men, collected promiscuously from all parts of France—many of them well educated, and all of sound mind and body—who appear to have felt about as much interest in the religion of their ancestors as in that of Brahma or Confucius. And yet the great majority of this army must have been born fifteen or twenty years before the first outbreak of the Revolution; and the very youngest of them must have passed their childhood entirely under the ancient *régime*. There cannot, surely, be a stronger proof that, long before the royal authority was shaken, the great mass of the French nation had become such thorough infidels as to be almost ignorant of the very existence of Christianity.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss with Mr. Alison the great question, whether the French Revolution was on the whole a benefit, or a disaster to mankind. Though some passages in the earlier part of his History seem to bear a more hopeful interpretation, it is clear that upon the whole he considers it as an event most fatal to France, and most menacing to the rest of Europe. The following are, in his opinion, its most pernicious consequences, as regards France alone—'The national morality has been destroyed in the citizens of towns, in whose hands alone political power is vested.—There is no moral strength or political energy in the country. . . . France has fallen into a subjection to Paris, to which there is nothing comparable in European history. The Prætorian guards of the capital rule the state. . . . Commercial opulence and habits of sober judgment have been destroyed, never to revive. A thirst for excitement everywhere prevails, and general selfishness disgraces the nation. Religion has never resumed its sway over the influential classes. . . . And the general depravity renders indispensable a powerful centralized and military government. In what respect,' he asks, 'does this state of things differ from the institutions of China or the Byzantine empire?'—(x. 548.) In what respect, we prefer to in-

quire, does it differ from the institutions of France *before* the Revolution? We are no implicit admirers of the present French government; but we appeal to Mr. Alison's own statements, whether it is not infinitely preferable to that of Louis XVI.? Still less are we blind to the many and serious faults of the present generation of Frenchmen; but we are at a loss to conceive how any reasonable being, who compares the second revolution with the first, can deny the superiority of the Frenchman of 1830 to the Frenchman of 1793—that is, to the Frenchman of the ancient *régime*, when seen in his true colors. But, without stopping to argue so extensive a question in detail, we must confess that we should be glad to hear from Mr. Alison a distinct answer to a few such plain questions as the following:—Would Louis-Philippe, though he were the most depraved and violent man in Europe, dare to imitate the orgies of the regency, or the tyranny of Louis XV.? Are life, property, and honor, less safe than in the time of the Bastille, and the *Parc aux Cerfs*? Is the present condition of the peasantry worse than it was under the feudal law? Have the middle classes less political power than in 1742? Is France less prosperous at home, or less respected abroad, than in 1763 or 1783? However common infidelity may unhappily be, is religion less respected than in the days of Voltaire? However low the national standard of morality, was it higher when Madame de Parabère, or Madame du Berri, was the virtual ruler of France? All the declamation in the world about Oriental tyrannies, and centralized despotisms, will not get rid of these simple tests; and we are at a loss to imagine how even Mr. Alison could reply to one of them in the affirmative.

If we are right on this important point, we shall not allow the crimes of the Revolution, or the sufferings which it caused, to prevent us from considering it a beneficial change. In saying this we trust that we shall not be understood as wishing to palliate the excesses of the popular party, or to undervalue the evils inseparable from all popular convulsions. A revolution, at its best, is a painful and perilous remedy; at its worst, it is the severest trial which a nation can undergo. If we are inclined, notwithstanding, to consider such trials as benefits, it is because we believe that they seldom occur, except in cases where hopeless slavery and irreparable decay are the only alternatives. There is no doubt that the French Revolution was an instance of the worst kind;—perhaps it was the very

worst that ever occurred. Not only did the popular movement result in atrocities, but the exhaustion which followed led to the usurpation of Napoleon and the wars of the empire. Three millions and a half of Frenchmen,* and a prodigious number of foreigners, perished, who but for the Revolution and its consequences might have ended their days in peace. Human ingenuity, in short, can scarcely imagine means by which a greater amount of violence and bloodshed could have been crowded into a quarter of a century. Still we are persuaded that an escape from this fiery trial would have been dearly purchased by the continuance of the ancient *régime* for another century. The evils of violence and bloodshed, dreadful as they are, cannot be compared to those of oppressive institutions. Violence and bloodshed are necessarily partial, but oppressive institutions are universal. It is impossible to guillotine a whole nation; it is impossible to enrol a whole nation as conscripts; but it is easy to make a whole nation miserable by disabilities and exactions. Even under the Reign of Terror, each individual citizen must have felt that there were many hundred chances to one in favor of his escape from denunciation; but no peasant had a hope of escaping the tyranny of the feudal customs. Violence and bloodshed are in their nature transitory; but oppressive institutions may be perpetual. Crimes which spring from passion soon exhaust themselves; but crimes which spring from habit may continue for ever. The Reign of Terror was over in fourteen months; but the ancient *régime* might have subsisted until its effects had reduced France to the decrepitude of China or Constantinople. Violence and bloodshed produce merely suffering; but oppressive institutions produce degradation also. A French peasant might retain the pride and spirit of a free man, though he knew that the next day he might be dragged before a revolutionary tribunal, or hurried off to join the army in Spain or Russia. But a French peasant who had been placed in the stocks for want of due servility to his *seigneur*, who had seen his son sent to the galleys for destroying a partridge's eggs, who knew that the honor of his family had been outraged by some

* Mr. Alison enumerates the victims of the Revolution, including those of the civil war in La Vendée, at 1,022,351 souls; and the soldiers who perished in the wars of the Empire, at 2,200,400.—(See vi. 410, ii. 400.) This does not include those who fell at Waterloo, in the battles of the revolutionary contest, and in the various naval actions of the war.

licentious noble, such a man could not but feel himself a debased and unhappy slave. The sufferings of the Revolution, in short, were to the sufferings of the ancient *régime* as the plague of London to the *malaria* of a tropical climate. The one was a temporary though overwhelming blow, the other a wasting pestilence—the perpetual source of terror and misery to every successive generation existing within its influence.

Mr. Alison's opinions upon the French Revolution induce him to speak with triumphant admiration of the foresight shown by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke upon that subject, and with condescending compassion of the blindness of Mr. Fox. 'Posterity,' he assures us, 'will not search the speeches of Mr. Fox for historic truth, nor pronounce him gifted with any extraordinary political penetration. On the contrary, it must record with regret that the light which broke upon Mr. Burke at the outset of the Revolution, and on Mr. Pitt before its principal atrocities began, only shone on his fervent mind when descending to the grave.'—(v. 720.) That, we presume, will depend upon the view taken by posterity of the events in question. It is impossible to deny that Mr. Burke appreciated the character of the then existing generation of Frenchmen more truly than Mr. Fox. But if future ages see in the French Revolution a shock which, dreadful as it was, saved France from hopeless and lingering decay, they will scarcely deny their admiration to the statesman who discerned its true character; merely because his sanguine and generous nature led him to think too favorably of the individuals who conducted it. The physical evils inflicted by the French Revolution are already almost effaced, and their last traces will vanish with the present generation. But its moral consequences may endure for ages, and it is by their ultimate character that the comparative wisdom of the rival statesmen must be tried.

It may be true that Mr. Fox was induced, late and reluctantly, to despair of French liberty. But it was not the turbulence of the Revolution which changed his opinions. It was the forcible interruption, not the natural tendency, of its progress, which caused his despondency. He had foreseen that the excesses of the French people were incapable of being a permanent evil; but no human skill could enable him to foresee the downfall of Napoleon. It would be unfair to blame a physician for ignorance in recommending sea-bathing, because his patient happened to be carried off by a shark; and it is equally unjust to assert that Mr.

Fox was originally wrong in his opinion of the French Revolution, because he lived to see its benefits destroyed for a time by the unexpected interference of a powerful usurper.

We are at a loss to comprehend the precise moral lesson which Mr. Alison would lead his readers to draw from the French Revolution. Nor, to say truth, is it easy to conceive how he can find any instruction at all in an event which he believes to have originated in mysterious insanity, and to have terminated in hopeless slavery. It is true that we find in his work plenty of sonorous declamation about the fatal career of guilt, the short-lived triumphs of wickedness, and the inevitable laws of retribution. But we know nothing more annoying to the reader than this sort of rhetorical amplification, upon subjects which require to be discussed with the most rigid precision of which language is capable. No doubt Robespierre was a wicked man, and was as miserable as wicked men generally are. No doubt Napoleon was rash and ambitious, and owed his downfall to his own pride and recklessness. No doubt the French populace were madmen and ruffians, and made themselves as wretched by their crimes as they deserved to be. But all this is not the sort of instruction which we expect from an elaborate history of the Revolution. We have searched Mr. Alison's work for a calm dispassionate discussion of the means by which the evils of the ancient government might have been removed, and yet the excesses of the Revolution prevented; and we have found ourselves again and again baffled and bewildered by a mazy tissue of words. No reasonable being who reads Mr. Alison's narrative requires to be lectured about the horrors of anarchy. Every body knows that anarchy is a tremendous evil; but was it an avoidable evil? was it a greater evil than continued subjection? was there no middle course by which the dangers of both might have been avoided? These are questions which we cannot discover any direct attempt to resolve. If Mr. Alison were to see a drover trampled to death by an ox, would not his first reflection naturally be upon the danger of over-driving oxen, and the best means of keeping them in order? And would he not think that the bystanders had lost their senses if they began to dilate upon the shocking nature of the accident, as a proof that it is the duty of over-driven oxen to keep their temper?

Men are wisely forbidden to do evil that good may ensue; but they are not forbidden to admire the merciful arrangements

of Providence, by which the sin and folly of individuals are so often made the source of blessings to mankind. We feel as much aversion as Mr. Alison for the cruelty and injustice of the French Revolutionists; but we do not pronounce, as he does, that their crimes must bring ruin upon their innocent posterity. We see neither sense, nor justice, nor Christian principle, in his theory of a law of retribution not confined to the guilty parties. Let Mr. Alison, if he will, regard the French Revolution as 'the second revolt of Lucifer, the prince of the morning.'—(x. 18.) We prefer to recognize in its vicissitudes the same severe but merciful hand which employs earthquakes and tornadoes to dispel the pestilential stagnation of the physical atmosphere.

However vague Mr. Alison's digressions may occasionally appear, there is one feeling, in the expression of which he is uniformly clear and consistent. This is his dread and detestation of democratic institutions. So far as these sentiments are called forth by the facts of his narrative, we admit them to be perfectly reasonable. Whatever benefits we may hope from the consequences of the French Revolution, we acknowledge that the democracy which it established was in itself the worst of all possible governments. What we doubt is the intrinsic evil of a democracy in a community prepared for its reception. Still, as we admit that no such community now exists, or is likely to exist for many ages, it may be thought that the subject of our dissent from Mr. Alison's opinion is merely theoretical, and therefore scarcely worth discussion. But this is far from being the case. If Mr. Alison is right, every political innovation, in every country, is necessarily absurd and mischievous in proportion as it increases the influence of the lower classes. If we are right, such innovations are only dangerous when they give influence to a class unfit to exercise it. The question therefore is, whether the great body of a nation is necessarily and intrinsically unfit to exercise political power.

Mr. Alison's first argument, if we rightly understand it, is the utter inutility of such an experiment, whether successful or not. He draws, or attempts to draw, a distinction between social freedom and political power, and contends that the one may exist in perfect security without the protection of the other. 'There is, in the first place,' he says, 'the love of freedom; that is, immunity from personal restriction, oppression, or injury. This principle is perfectly innocent, and never exists without producing

the happiest effects. Every concession which is calculated to increase this species of liberty, is comparatively safe in all ages and in all places. But there is another principle, strong at all times, but especially to be dreaded in moments of excitement. This is the principle of democratic ambition;—the desire of exercising the powers of sovereignty, and of sharing in the government of the state. This is the dangerous principle;—the desire, not of exercising industry without molestation, but of exerting power without control.'—(i. 174.) The principles may certainly be said to be distinct; but they are so closely connected that we scarcely see how one can exist without the other. They are equally natural, and in themselves equally harmless. The one is the wish for present relief—the other the desire of future security. The former, we suppose, is felt by every human being; the latter by every human being possessed of the commonest sense and foresight. What security, we would ask Mr. Alison, can a man have that he will continue to exercise industry without molestation, except the possession, by the class to which he belongs, of a share in the government of the state? The present existence of just and equal laws is not such a security. Who is to guard our guardians? Who is to assure us that those laws will not be repealed, if our rulers can repeal them at any moment without our consent? Suppose that they enact a new law to-morrow, declaring us all slaves and bondmen, what resource have we against it but civil war?

This, it is true, is an extreme case. When the subjects are men of spirit, and the rulers men of sense, there is no fear of such open tyranny as this. But there is fear of insensible encroachment on the national liberties—of that encroachment which has sapped the constitution and undermined the national spirit of so many continental nations—of that encroachment whose progress in England, two centuries ago, was only arrested by seven years of desperate war. Even when the popular rights are so clearly defined as to make this impracticable, there is fear that the class which is passive in the administration of affairs will suffer much unnecessary hardship. There is scarcely any conceivable political measure, which is not certain, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, more or less, to affect the personal happiness of the poorest citizen of the commonwealth. And it is in vain to hope that the best absolute government will consult the happiness of such a

citizen as impartially as it would if he had the power to interfere; and the wisdom to interfere with effect.

No man of sense will consider political power as an end; but it is surely a means. It is not happiness; but Mr. Alison will scarcely dispute that, properly used, it is a powerful instrument for securing happiness. We admit that, like other useful things, it may be desired with reckless eagerness or with pernicious designs; but we say that it is in itself a legitimate object of desire. We admit that the exclusion of the great body of the community from all share in the government, is at present, in almost all European states, a necessary evil. But we say that it is an evil; and that, if it ever shall become unnecessary, its continued existence will be a practical as well as a theoretical injustice.

Mr. Alison's next objection is the abstract injustice of a democracy. Admitting political power to be a great benefit, he still argues that its extension to the poorer classes is necessarily an unfair and unequal measure; even though 'every man, in whatever rank, were equally capable of judging on political subjects.' His reasoning on this point is more plausible than on the preceding, but, we think, equally fallacious. 'In private life,' he says, 'men are never deceived on this subject. In the administration of any common fund, or the disposal of common property, it never was for a moment proposed to give the smallest shareholder an equal right with the greatest; to give a creditor holding a claim for 20s., for example, on a bankrupt estate, the same vote as one possessed of a bond for £10,000. The injustice of such a proceeding is quite apparent.'—(i. 351.) This analogy is far from satisfactory. There are several circumstances which make the exclusion of a citizen from the management of the state a greater hardship, than the exclusion of a shareholder from the management of the common fund. In the first place, the shareholder may withdraw his stake if he considers it insecurely deposited. Mr. Alison's twenty-shilling creditor may sell his dividend at a fair discount, if he thinks that the assignees are mismanaging the estate. In a commonwealth it is different. Every English citizen must share the fate of his country, or become a homeless emigrant. Secondly, the amount of a shareholder's *pecuniary* interest in the joint stock, is generally a tolerably fair representation of his *moral* interest in the prosperity of the speculation. It is certainly possible that a poor man, with a small venture, may

be more deeply involved than a rich man with a much larger one; but this is not likely to be a common case. There is certainly every reasonable probability that the small creditor cares comparatively little for the loss of his twenty shillings, and that the large creditor will be ruined by the loss of his £10,000. And therefore, if we distribute authority among the shareholders in proportion to each man's pecuniary risk, we shall probably distribute it, in most cases, in proportion to each man's actual chance of enjoyment or suffering. Here again the analogy fails. The whole property of the lower classes in a commonwealth, is almost invariably staked upon that commonwealth's existence. An English peasant, who possesses nothing but a cottage and a garden, would dread the loss of his property by foreign conquest or domestic anarchy, as much as if he were Duke of Sutherland or Marquis of Westminster. Lastly, in the disposal of a joint fund, each shareholder incurs a pecuniary hazard, and nothing more. In the management of a commonwealth, the personal safety of its citizens is risked. A mechanic, living solely by his daily labor, cannot strictly be said to have any property to lose by the ruin of the state; but he may lose his life, his liberty, his means of future subsistence. A Reign of Terror, or a French invasion, could not deprive him of fortune, but they might cause him to be murdered, or enslaved, or starved in the streets. These are our reasons for thinking that, if no other obstacles existed, it would be unjust to deprive the poorer classes of all political influence; merely on the ground that their interest in the welfare of the state is insufficient to withhold them from wanton misgovernment.

Mr. Alison repeatedly enlarges, with great justice, upon the practical evils which have hitherto been found to accompany democratic institutions. But we think that he does not sufficiently distinguish between necessary and accidental disadvantages—between the dangers inseparable from popular power, and the dangers arising from its abuse. He does not sufficiently consider that in no state which has yet existed have the poorer classes been equal, or nearly equal, to the richer in civilization and intelligence; and that consequently in no state which has yet existed, could any form of government, at all approaching to what can be properly called a democracy, have any chance of a fair trial. In ancient Athens and modern France, that constitution was adopted by men utterly unfit for

its exercise. The consequences were perfectly natural—in the one case, perpetual turbulence and speedy decay—in the other, rapine, bloodshed, and anarchy. In the United States of America, the experiment is now in progress on a far wiser plan, and under far more favorable circumstances. But even here we admit that Mr. Alison is justified in regarding the result as more than doubtful. Popular power, perhaps from unavoidable causes, has even here outrun popular sense and knowledge; and the consequences have been seen in frequent outbreaks of democratic tyranny, which have created serious alarm for the security of the state. Upon the whole, the British constitution, as established in 1688, may perhaps be considered the most democratic form of government ever yet exercised with continued and undisputed success. And therefore the world has yet to behold the full effect which would be produced by the insensible progress of popular influence in a nation enlightened, religious, and confirmed in sober wisdom by centuries of advancing freedom and civilization.

Mr. Alison, in his concluding chapter, points out several important advantages possessed by the aristocratic over the democratic form of government. They may generally be included under two heads: superior security to private property, and superior prudence in public measures. 'It has uniformly been found,' says Mr. Alison, 'that the holders of property advocate measures to protect that property, while the destitute masses are perpetually impelled to those likely to induce revolutionary spoliation.'—(x. 965.) 'Agrarian laws,' he elsewhere asserts, 'and the equal division of property, or measures tending indirectly to that effect, will in every age be the wish of the unthinking multitude, who have nothing apparently to lose, and every thing to gain, by such convulsions. Their real ultimate interests, indeed, will in the end inevitably suffer from such changes; but this is a remote consequence, which never will become obvious to the great body of mankind.'—(i. 352.) That is assuming the question. If the great body of mankind are really so obtuse as to be incapable, with every advantage of instruction, of comprehending that a state where the poor unite to rob the rich will inevitably be ruined, then we acknowledge their natural unfitness for political power. But Mr. Alison forgets that in the passage we have quoted he is arguing on the supposition of 'every man, in whatever rank, being equally capable of judging on political subjects. Surely, if

this were the case, no reasonable being would be found to advocate an agrarian law. It is precisely when the multitude cease to be unthinking—when they become competent to judge of their own real and ultimate interests—that we assert, and Mr. Alison denies, the necessity of allowing them a share of political power.

Mr. Alison's first argument for the superior political skill of aristocratic governments appears to us singular, if not incomprehensible. 'Those classes,' he says, 'who from their affluence possess leisure, and from their station have received the education requisite for acquiring extensive information, are more likely, in the long run, to acquire and exhibit the powers necessary for beneficial legislation, than those who, from the necessities of their situation, are chained to daily toil, and from the limited extent of their funds have been disabled from acquiring a thorough education. . . . No person of a different profession would think of competing with a physician in the treatment of a person afflicted with a dangerous disease, or with a lawyer in the management of an intricate or difficult lawsuit. . . . And it would be surprising indeed if the science of government could be as successfully pursued by those classes whose time is almost wholly absorbed in other pursuits, as by those who have made it the undivided object and study of their life.'—(i. 966.) All this is perfectly true; but what conclusion does Mr. Alison draw from it? What is to prevent a democratic state from making proper use of the superior intelligence of any class of its citizens? Does Mr. Alison suppose that, if a democracy were established in England, the whole nation would assemble on Salisbury Plain to pass laws and transact business? Or does he think that the representative assembly and the public offices would be filled with laborers and mechanics? Every state where the supreme power is placed in the hands of the numerical majority is a democracy; just as every state where it is held by an individual is a despotism. The people, like the king, may exercise their power by any machinery that may appear convenient; they may delegate it to presidents, senators, ambassadors, and secretaries of state; and they may intrust these offices to the most deserving persons to be found in the community. Why, then, is the science of government likely to be less successfully cultivated in a democratic state? Or why have the statesmen and legislators of such a state less encouragement to make that science the object and

study of their lives? History does not convince us that the fact is so. Faulty as popular governments generally are, their fault has seldom been a want of able and experienced servants. Neither America, nor Athens, nor even revolutionary France, found reason to complain of the mediocrity of their statesmen. Such ministers as Pericles, Washington, and Carnot, were surely worthy of the confidence of any aristocratic government on earth.

But, however able might be the rulers of a democratic state, Mr. Alison thinks that their policy would be constantly baffled by the thoughtless impatience of the supreme multitude. "Whoever," he says, "has closely observed the dispositions of large bodies of men, whether in social or political life, must have become sensible that the most uniform and lasting feature by which they are distinguished, is that of insensibility to the future."—(x. 969.) Undoubtedly this is the great defect of all popular governments. They are machines of prodigious power; but it is difficult to set them in motion with quickness, or to direct them with precision. In persevering policy, in cautious secrecy, in unwearying vigilance, a democracy is far inferior to an aristocracy, as an aristocracy is far inferior to a despotism. Nor do we deny that this is in some measure an intrinsic disadvantage, which no degree of national intelligence could entirely eradicate. Still Mr. Alison will scarcely contend that it is a disadvantage which all democracies possess in an equal degree. He will allow that the Athenian democracy was less infatuated than the French; and that the American democracy is less thoughtless than the Athenian. He will allow, in short, that the insensibility to the future of which he speaks, varies inversely as the average intellect of the people. If this is the case, the question is, whether the great body of mankind are capable of such a degree of improvement as to diminish the want of foresight peculiar to popular governments, until it is more than balanced by their peculiar advantages.

Mr. Alison replies decidedly in the negative; but we do not think that he has fairly stated the point in dispute. He says that 'the doctrine of human *perfectibility* is so agreeable to the human heart, so flattering to human vanity, and withal so nearly allied to the generous affections, that it will in all probability, to the end of the world, constitute the basis on which all the efforts of the popular party will be rested, and all the visions of social amelioration justified.'—(x. 938.) He cites as examples the visions

of Rousseau and Condorcet, and proceeds of course, with perfect success, to show that such theories have always been disappointed; and that they are wholly inconsistent with the revealed doctrine of human corruption. We perfectly agree in all this. No Christian, no philosopher, no experienced man of the world, can reasonably believe in human perfectibility, in the sense in which that term is commonly understood. But will Mr. Alison allow no schemes of social amelioration short of angelic purity?—no popular government except by impeccable beings? Does he confound all hopes of human improvement with the dreams of the enthusiasts who predicted that crime, war, disease, and death itself, would shortly yield to the advance of science and virtue? We entertain no such visionary ideas; the only means by which we look for improvement, are the natural progress of reason and religion; and the only result which we expect, is the communication of those qualities to the many, which our own observation has shown us in the few. Mr. Alison tells us that a good democracy is a dream, because men can never become angels. We reply that we shall be perfectly contented to try the experiment, when they all become Washingtons and Wilberforces.

Surely we shall not be told that this too is an idle vision. If experience, reason, and revelation deny that man is perfectible, do they not combine to assert that he is *improvable*—improvable to a degree which those who have only known him in his lowest state can scarcely imagine? All we venture to hope is, that a certain degree of this improvement will, in course of time, become general. We do not believe in human perfectibility, because we never saw or heard of a perfect man. But we are so fortunate as to have known many wise and good men; many men to whose integrity we would cheerfully intrust our dearest interests. What presumption is there in believing that the advance of knowledge and of Christianity may hereafter multiply their number? We can conceive that a savage, whose highest ideas of human excellence are drawn from the barbarians of his tribe, might ridicule such a hope. But why an Englishman, who perhaps is aware of the actual existence of many excellent men, should deny the possible existence of thousands, is to us incomprehensible.

There is one great difference between aristocratic and democratic constitutions, which Mr. Alison does not appear to notice. He constantly speaks as if wisdom and foresight were as inseparable from aristocracy,

as he pronounces rashness and indolence to be from democracy. Whether he is right or wrong in the latter opinion, in the former he is assuredly mistaken. The truth appears to be, that a bad democracy displays great faults and great powers, while a bad aristocracy, with faults nearly as great, displays no power at all. The defects of an aristocracy are intrinsic, but its merits are variable; there are certain faults which it must possess, and certain advantages which it may possess. The best aristocracy cannot call forth democratic enthusiasm; but a bad aristocracy may rival democratic recklessness. The aristocracy of Austria was no match for the French republic in its moments of awakened energy; the aristocracy of Venice was as supine as the same republic in its feeblest intervals of exhaustion. The reverse of this will apply to a democracy. Its merits are intrinsic; for the worst democracies, such as Athens or revolutionary France, have surpassed, when aroused by imminent danger, the vigor of the best aristocratic governments. Its defects, on the contrary, are variable. They depend upon the average sense and principle of its citizens. When that average is low, the anarchy which ensues is worse than the severest despotism; but when it is raised as high as the imperfection of human nature will permit, it might enable a popular government to exert the self-denying vigilance of the wisest aristocracy.

We have been induced by Mr. Alison's undistinguishing abhorrence to say so much more than we had intended in favor of democratic institutions, that we feel ourselves compelled to add a few words in explanation. We are as averse, then, as the most rigid Conservative to sudden or violent political changes. It is to avoid the necessity of any such change, whether it assume its sternest or its mildest form—whether it appear as a Revolution or a Reform Bill—that we think the institutions of every state should be gradually modified in proportion to the intellectual progress of its subjects. Whether that progress will ever attain such a height, as to make unrestrained self-government practicable in any community of human beings, we greatly doubt. Such a change may be an idle, though surely not an ignoble or unimproving hope. But the principle for which we contend is simply this, that the fitness of the people for the exercise of political power, is the sole criterion by which political power can be safely or justly granted or denied them.

Mr. Alison, as might be expected, applies

his whole theory upon popular government to the reforms of the last reign in this country; and most dismal are the forebodings with which it inspires him. We have said that we cannot condemn his devotion to his political creed; but we think we have a right to complain of it as sometimes betraying him into a tone of arrogant assumption. We have been frequently amused, and occasionally, for a moment, provoked, by the cool dogmatical decision with which he finally settles, by a passing remark, the great public controversies of the age, and then proceeds to reason upon his own opinion as upon an indisputable foundation. Thus, he alludes to Catholic Emancipation as 'that loosening of the constitution in Church and State under which the nation has so grievously labored,' (viii. 20.)—'that momentous change in our religious institutions which first loosened the solid fabric of the British empire,' (viii. 43.)—and he pronounces upon the Reform Bill, and the abolition of Slavery, in the same peremptory language. If he would condescend to overthrow our political tenets by deliberate argument, we might endeavor to own his superiority with a good grace; but it is too much for human patience to find them dismissed in a parenthesis, as unworthy serious discussion. Mr. Alison must surely be aware, that many of the best and wisest of his countrymen approved of the changes which we have mentioned, and still expect them to prove fully successful. Are they at once to be condemned, because an overweening and pompous historian chooses to shake his head, with a compassionate sneer, at their 'well-meaning but injudicious' philanthropy? Or is Mr. Alison so much their superior, that he has a right to assume, on his own authority, that they are mistaken, and to draw matter of argument and rebuke from that assumption? If the measures in question were the subject of his narrative—if any part of his work were devoted to their details, and to proof of their pernicious tendency—we should not object to his delivering his opinion, however we might disapprove the self-sufficiency of his language. But we must protest against his practice of interweaving with a history of past events, what lawyers call *obiter dicta* upon the politics of the day. The writer of such a work as the present ought to imitate the dignity and self-restraint of a judge on the bench, and carefully to abstain from throwing out imputations and assertions not strictly warranted by the evidence before the court.

We have no intention, as may be supposed

ed, of discussing with Mr. Alison the merits of the individual changes which have lately caused so much anxiety in the British nation. Those who hold what are called reforming opinions, may possibly have been wrong in the precise measure of the particular innovations which they proposed; but we certainly apprehend no danger to the British constitution from their general tendency. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the general arguments upon the progress of popular influence which we have already advanced; but we think there are many reasons for hoping that its late advance in this country will be as peaceful in its immediate effects, as beneficial in its final result.

Our chief ground for this hope is the high character, moral influence, and peculiar constitution, of the British aristocracy. That body, splendid and powerful as it is, has for ages been so intimately blended with the middle classes, and so frequently recruited from their ranks, that it is now almost impossible to draw the precise line which separates the gentleman from the *roturier*. The social rank of an Englishman depends upon his wealth, his political influence, and his personal character—not upon arbitrary hereditary distinctions. We do not see, as in Vienna, accomplished families excluded from society because their ancestors were enriched by commerce. We do not see, as in Hungary, ignorant menials assuming ridiculous airs of superiority because they trace their pedigree to some obscure baronial family.

Mr. Alison, devoted as he is to the aristocratic form of government, speaks with strong and just detestation of those odious oligarchies, in which an impassable barrier is placed between the nobility and the people, and all political power is treated as the hereditary privilege of a certain number of families. It is this tyrannical system which has so often converted the progress of liberty into a servile war—a struggle between anarchy on the one hand, and slavery on the other. It is this which causes so many rulers to resent every effort for political emancipation as a conspiracy to rob them of their private property: and which so often excites, with the first ray of popular intelligence, the deadly jealousy of the government, and the vindictive discontent of the subject. In France we have seen one dreadful instance of the consequences which an obstinate adherence to such institutions may produce. There are still European states in which the nobility, though mild and just in the exercise of their power, cling to their exclusive privileges with

a tenacity which is beginning to be bitterly resented by the more aspiring of the middle classes. There may be persons to whom an aristocracy constituted upon this system of haughty superiority may appear a singularly chivalrous and interesting race. There may be persons who consider nobility as the ornament of the state—the Corinthian capital of the column—made to be looked at, boasted of, and paid for. We know that there are tourists who judge of the most important institutions of foreign states according to their own ideas—not always the most tasteful or refined—of the picturesque;—who detest democracy because the ladies of Cincinnati are cold and repulsive; who adore despotism because the countesses of Vienna are graceful and polite; and who forget the cowardly cruelty of a cold-blooded tyrant, in their admiration of his simple habits and familiar manners. To such judges an English gentleman may appear a far less romantic personage than the imbecile Spaniard, in whose veins stagnates the *blue blood* of Guzman or Mendoza; or than the servile and frivolous Austrian, whose worst fear is a frown from Prince Metternich; whose noblest ambition is to be *crème de la crème*, and whose proudest boast is his descent from a long succession of titled Teutonic boors. To us, and, we have no doubt, to Mr. Alison, the popular constitution of the British aristocracy appears, not merely a ground of pride and pleasure, but a blessing.

It is certain that the higher classes in England are generally opposed to all political reform. But the existence of a strong minority who hold the contrary opinion, is a sufficient proof that their opposition is that of men acting on conviction, not from sordid *esprit de corps*. They would not risk the peace of the country rather than sacrifice their prejudices; and if they had the wish of doing so, they have no longer the power. The time is past when their influence was able to provoke the collision of physical force. The people, when thoroughly roused, can now find legal and constitutional means of redress, which, slow, toilsome, and painful as they may be, are irresistible when perseveringly used. This state of things is not perfect, but it is tolerable and hopeful. We no doubt believe that it would be best for the country if all Englishmen approved of the gradual progress of reform. But as that cannot be, it is well that there should be a strong party whose error is an over cautious wish to retard it. It is well, while there is such an endless variety of opinions, that there should

be every security against their result being wrong on the more dangerous side.

If the character of the British aristocracy is favorable to the temperate progress of reform, that of the popular party, generally speaking, is, in our opinion, scarcely less so. This is an assertion which we are aware will find many opponents, and none more strenuous than Mr. Alison. But it must be recollected that the Englishmen of the present generation have passed through an ordeal of no common severity—an ordeal which would have driven most nations frantic with party animosity and triumphant exultation. We do not say that they have borne it without some degree of dangerous excitement. But if the great constitutional change of 1832 has encouraged the hopes of a few crazy demagogues—if it has fostered for a time the dreams of Chartists and Socialists—how frequently has it not led to the display of temptation manfully resisted, of distress patiently borne, of power soberly exercised, and of political contests forbearingly carried on!

Mr. Alison thinks that a most alarming symptom in the present state of the British nation is 'the constant and uninterrupted increase of crime, through all the vicissitudes of peace and war, unchecked by penal vigilance, undiminished by intellectual cultivation.'—(vii. 11.) A most alarming symptom, indeed, and withal a most unaccountable one. But is the last clause of the sentence really supported by the fact? It is unfortunately true that crimes of the less atrocious kind have of late years considerably increased in this country. But among whom have they increased? Among the members of the aristocracy?—among substantial farmers and tradesmen?—among decent peasants and mechanics? Far from it. The morals of the educated ranks have indisputably improved. Generations have passed since the peerage was disgraced by a Ferrers or a Lovat. Our fathers were more scandalized by a breach of the peace, or a life of open indecorum, in a man of rank, than our great-grandfathers by murder or felony. The Barrymores and Queensburys of the last generation, were but spiritless successors to such men as Mohun and Charteris, the bravos and libertines of Queen Anne's golden days. Noble lords now find it easy to acquire an unenviable notoriety by frolics which would have appeared ingloriously tame and tranquil to the Mohocks of the last century. They have the honor of a trial before the Lord Chief-Justice for breaking the head of a single constable, while their ancestors were

hardly carried to Bow Street for running half a dozen through the body. Serious crime, in short, is now almost wholly confined to the lowest of the populace. Vice has spread precisely in that direction in which it was not opposed by 'intellectual cultivation.' This is a very natural effect of advancing civilization. In a barbarous community, crime is almost universal. In a well governed community, it concentrates itself in the most ignorant and most destitute classes; but the general enmity which narrows its limits increases its intensity. In such a country as Afghanistan or Caffraria, almost every man is occasionally guilty of violence and dishonesty; but the professed outcasts from society are comparatively few. In such a country as England, nineteen men in twenty are incapable, under any ordinary circumstances of temptation, of a criminal misdemeanor; but there is a large class who entirely subsist by the practice of petty depredation. But why should Mr. Alison pronounce this last stronghold of vice impregnable? Why are our means of improvement unequal to finish what they have so well begun? We do not, indeed, venture to hope that our posterity will ever regard a burglar or a pickpocket with the surprise and curiosity with which we regard a riotous peer of the realm—as a curious specimen of a singular and nearly extinct species. But it will at least be admitted, that the instruction which has produced a change scarcely less striking in the higher ranks, has yet to exert its full influence upon that class of the community which stands most in need of its benefits.

Whether the advance of civilization will necessarily draw with it an advance of political wisdom, let the experience of posterity decide. Hitherto it will scarcely be denied to have done so. We gather from various passages in Mr. Alison's history, that he considers the English constitution, until modified by the Reform Bill, to have been admirably adapted to the state of the nation. Was it equally adapted to the state of the nation three centuries before? Is it not probable, that if that constitution had practically existed in the days of Tyler or Cade, it would have led to anarchy and ruin? This is at least a proof, that at the end of the seventeenth century a degree of popular influence had become useful and necessary, which would have been highly dangerous in the fourteenth or fifteenth. May not a similar improvement have taken place between 1688 and 1842? Might not the restraints swept away by the Reform Bill have become

as exasperating to our descendants as the absolute rule of the Tudors and Stuarts to our ancestors?

It is certainly probable that the present year may be the turning point of British civilization. It is even possible that the British constitution has reached, if it has not overshot, the utmost limit which popular power can safely be allowed to attain, in any community liable to human vice and folly. We only remind our readers that this assertion has been a hundred times made, and a hundred times refuted. In every stage of unbalanced imperfection, the constitution has been extolled as the masterpiece of human wisdom. One part of it after another has been pronounced the keystone of the fabric, and has yet been discovered to be a mere excrescence. In all ages of British history there have been men, deficient neither in sense nor in honesty, who thought that the growth of liberty should have stopped short precisely when they first became acquainted with it. Such were the men who would have rejected the *Habeas Corpus* act because it was omitted in 1216; and who opposed the Reform Bill because it was not thought of in 1688. And we have no doubt there were honest Conservatives in the ninth and thirteenth centuries, who dreaded king Alfred as a radical reformer, and thought *Magna Charta* a fatal innovation. We are none of those who affect contempt for the present or former state of freedom in this country. We avow our faith in British superiority, and our love for British institutions. But we think it presumption, we might almost say impiety, to speak of any system of human origin as sacred from decay and from improvement.

Supposing, however, that in England political innovation is not likely to produce the anarchy of the French Revolution, it is still, in Mr. Alison's opinion, destined to put an end to her prosperity by more lingering means. Two centuries, as nearly as we can gather, are the longest term which he assigns for her independent existence; and the principal causes from which he anticipates her ruin, are the neglect of national defence, and the existence of the national debt. His only plan of safety appears to be, to increase our present expenditure by several millions yearly; to fortify London; to enlarge our naval force; and to establish an effectual sinking fund. But he acknowledges that no government could at the present time carry through such a system as this, and therefore he avowedly despairs of the republic.

It is our intention, as we have elsewhere

noticed, carefully to avoid all questions relating merely to party politics. We shall therefore permit Mr. Alison to assume, that of late years the resources of the British empire have really been suffered to remain dormant to an extent which the present state of our foreign relations renders in the highest degree imprudent. But we are astonished to find him calling this an 'extraordinary decline,' and averring that its 'immediate cause is to be found in the long-continued and undue preponderance, since the peace, of the popular part of the constitution.'—(vii. 777.) When, we would ask, was it otherwise? When did the English nation, or the English government, show themselves wary in providing for remote dangers? How did our ancestors display that far-sighted prudence which Mr. Alison boasts as the characteristic merit of aristocratic governments? By leaving the Thames exposed to the Dutch fleet in 1667? by allowing 5000 daring Highlanders to overrun half England in 1745? by their admirable state of military preparation in 1756, in 1775, and in 1793? The truth is, that the British people have for generations been as impatient of vigilance and precaution in time of peace, as they are daring and obstinate in actual war. The present generation may have inherited the reckless imprudence of their ancestors; but we think they would find considerable difficulty in surpassing it.

Mr. Alison, however, to our utter perplexity, fixes upon the sixty years preceding the peace of 1815, as an example of the mighty effects of 'combined aristocratic direction and democratic vigor.'—(x. 981.) He even maintains, that 'if to any nation were given, for a series of ages, the combined wisdom and energy of England, from the days of Chatham to those of Wellington, it would infallibly acquire the empire of the world.'—(x. 982.) This, if we glance at the history of that period, will appear strange language. A court intrigue cut short the triumphs of Chatham by an abrupt and inglorious peace. Those of Wellington were achieved by the high qualities of a single individual, in spite of the obstacles thrown in his way by an imbecile government. And against these successes are to be set off the loss of the American provinces, the wilful blunders of the revolutionary war, and the Walcheren expedition. We are not insensible to the glory acquired by the national character during the interval of which Mr. Alison speaks. We are aware that neither Lord North nor Mr. Pitt could incapacitate British soldiers and sailors

from doing their duty. But they could, and did, employ the national energies in such a manner as to deprive them of their reward; and it is doubly mortifying to an Englishman to find his countrymen, after a useless display of strength and courage, baffled and dishonored by the folly or corruption of an irresponsible oligarchy.

Mr. Alison has given us a very clear and comprehensive history of the national debt. Its present state he is inclined to view in the most gloomy light; but this feeling of despondency by no means interferes with his admiration of the statesman to whose unparalleled profusion we owe its sudden and enormous increase. His principal arguments in defence of Mr. Pitt's system of finance are two; the absolute necessity of contracting immense obligations, and the effectual provision made for their speedy discharge. On the former point, we shall at present say nothing. It is, as we shall soon see, Mr. Alison's own opinion, that the loans raised during the war were both extravagantly large, and lamentably misapplied. But that war was necessary, and that ample supplies were required to support it, we are not prepared to deny. Of the sinking fund, Mr. Alison speaks in terms of exaggerated, and to us incomprehensible, rapture. He considers it worthy, as a scientific conception, to rank with 'the discovery of gravitation, the press, and the steam-engine.' Surely we are not to believe that Mr. Pitt was the first demonstrator of the simple theorem, that a sum of money accumulating at five per cent will quadruple itself in twenty-eight years. Nor can we imagine that the natural and obvious plan of forming a fund, on this principle, for the reduction of the national debt, had failed to occur to hundreds of arithmeticians from the very first year in which that debt existed. The *expediency* of the plan is another matter. That is a question on which the best-informed financiers have differed, and still differ. If Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Pitt alone, judged rightly on this point, he undoubtedly deserves high credit, not as a discoverer in political arithmetic, but as a practical statesman. Even in this respect, indeed, we are inclined to doubt both the originality and the correctness of his opinion. But we cannot think that the mere *possibility* of his scheme could long escape the notice of any man capable of working a sum in compound interest.

This marvellous invention is sufficient, in Mr. Alison's opinion, to atone for all Mr. Pitt's financial errors; and yet, by his own showing, these were neither few nor trifling.

We pass over his just and forcible remarks on the ruinous system of borrowing in the three per cents; and on the undue extent to which the funding system was carried. These faults, serious as they were, are dust in the balance, compared with the one great blunder of Mr. Pitt's financial policy. We allude to the obvious, the glaring disproportion between the sacrifices and the exertions which the nation made under his direction. He lavished the wealth of England as if he expected to finish the war by one convulsive effort; while he husbanded her other resources so as to ensure its lasting for a whole generation. He wasted the courage of his countrymen in colonial expeditions—he kept eighty thousand of the finest troops in the world in inglorious repose—and he paid Russian and German armies, incomparably inferior in the most formidable qualities of the soldier, to face the enemy on the continent. 'Here,' as Mr. Alison truly and pointedly remarks, 'lay the capital error of Mr. Pitt's financial system, considered with reference to the warlike operations it was intended to promote—that while the former was calculated for a temporary effort only, and based on the principle of great results being obtained in a short time by an extravagant system of expenditure, the latter was arranged on the plan of the most niggardly exertion of the national strength, and the husbanding of its resources for future efforts, totally inconsistent with the lavish dissipation of its present funds.'—(v. 600.) Consider for a moment to what this admission amounts. Simply to this—that Mr. Pitt expended 150 millions of the national treasure without the smallest reasonable chance of any decisive advantage in return! This he did at a moment when half the sum, judiciously applied, would have spared a subsequent expense of 500 millions to England, and twenty years of bloodshed and desolation to Europe. And all this is to be forgiven because he abhorred the French Revolution, and established the sinking fund! Mr. Alison, zealous as he is in Mr. Pitt's defence, has most satisfactorily confirmed the bitter sentence of his enemies, that his war administration, from 1793 to 1799, was at once the most reckless, and the most feeble, that ever disgraced a British cabinet.

Mr. Alison, in concluding his dissertation on the national debt, coolly states that, by the abolition of the sinking fund, 'irretrievable ultimate ruin has been brought upon the state.'—(v. 616.) We would fain dissent from this startling conclusion, and we shall endeavor to state a few plain

reasons which induce us to look upon the present state of our finances, not indeed without anxiety, but still with cheerfulness and hope.

Mr. Alison gives two reasons for his prediction of ruin from the national debt, one of which at least he makes no attempt to prove. 'Not only,' he says, 'is the burden now fixed upon our resources inconsistent with the permanent maintenance of the national independence, but the steady rule has been terminated under which alone its liquidation could have been expected.'—(v. 616.) The latter of these two propositions we in substance admit, but the former we greatly doubt. We admit that there is no immediate prospect of any considerable reduction in the amount of the national debt; but we trust there is every prospect that the resources of the nation will continue to increase so as to make that amount comparatively immaterial. Let us look to the past history of our finances. During the American war, the mad misgovernment of the sovereign and his ministers increased the national debt by more than 100 millions in seven years. In 1783, its whole amount was 240 millions—more than three-fourths of the revenue was eaten up by its interest—and yet, since all parties agreed that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy, it is but fair to conclude that the national expenditure was as large as any reasonable scale of taxation could supply. The wisest statesmen spoke of our prospects as despondently, if not quite as poetically, as Mr. Alison does at present. And yet we know that, if our present debt were no larger than that of 1783, we could, if it were thought advisable, pay it off in ten or twelve years, merely by applying to its reduction the surplus of our present annual income. But the vast strength of the British empire was to be proved in a far more wonderful manner. In 1793 broke out the most dreadful war in modern history. With two brief intervals it lasted twenty-three years. The wealth of England, squandered as it was with wasteful prodigality, was found sufficient to nourish the contest throughout the whole of Europe. In 1815, peace returned, and the British people found themselves nearly 900 millions in debt; and yet their annual expenditure more than tripled the interest of this enormous sum—a proof that the nation, which thirty years before had been nearly ruined by a debt of 240 millions, was now able to support with safety, though not without suffering, a burden nearly four times as large! Have we since become less able to bear it? Have our energies been

paralyzed by this tremendous pressure? Let Mr. Alison himself answer the question. 'Five-and-twenty years of uninterrupted peace have increased in an extraordinary degree the wealth, population, and resources of the empire. The numbers of the people during that time have increased nearly a half; the exports and imports have more than doubled; the tonnage of the commercial navy has increased a half; and agriculture, following the wants of the increased population of the empire, has advanced in a similar proportion.'—(vii. 774.) Surely, if we go no further, there is even here ground for hope. It is easy to see that the increase of our national incumbrances, rapid as it has been, has been less rapid than that of our national resources;—that we now bear a debt of 800 millions, with less difficulty than we bore one of 80 millions a century ago.

Let us suppose that in the year 1783, some soothsayer had hazarded such a prediction as the following:—'It is at present believed, that a long interval of undisturbed peace and rigid economy will barely save the country from open bankruptcy. I aver that in ten years England shall be struggling for existence with the mightiest prince in the world. For twenty years her resources shall be lavished with a profusion never before imagined; and yet, when the trial is over, it shall be found that all her reckless extravagance has barely enabled her embarrassments to keep pace with the vigorous growth of her prosperity.' How wild would such a prophecy have appeared, even to the most penetrating statesman! Yet we know that it would have been literally fulfilled. We have borne the debt which sixty years ago seemed so overwhelming; we have survived a sudden addition of 650 millions to its amount; for a quarter of a century we have thriven and flourished under this monstrous load, and we can already look back with thankfulness to a time when it tasked our strength far more severely than at present. And now, it is dogmatically assumed that it must crush us after all! Surely there is no reason why the progress of British prosperity should, for the first time during so many ages, be suddenly arrested. And if this does not happen, who will pronounce it impossible that our descendants may look upon the debt of 1816 as lightly as we look upon the debt of 1783?

These are the considerations which incline us to hope that the national debt has not yet outrun our ability to bear it. We will now give our reasons for thinking that

it is not likely to do so, and that it may even fail to keep pace with the future progress of the national wealth, as it has hitherto done. The national debt has now existed about one hundred and fifty years; and no addition has ever been made to its amount, except in time of war. Now, during this period, there have been no less than seven important wars, all perilous and burdensome, and one in particular beyond all comparison the most expensive in which this or any other nation was ever engaged. The present is the only peace, for more than a century past, which England has enjoyed during so many as ten successive years. And, upon the whole, more than seventy of the last hundred and fifty years, or about one year in every two since the origin of the debt, have been employed in active hostilities. This proportion is remarkably, indeed almost unprecedentedly, large. During that part of the seventeenth century which preceded the Revolution, only one year in four was occupied by war, and only one in seven by foreign war. During the sixteenth century, the proportion was about one year in five. It is therefore clear that the increase of the national debt has been hitherto promoted by an unusual succession of difficulties; and it does not seem unreasonable to think that, according to the usual course of human events, so long a period of trouble and danger may probably be succeeded by one of comparative tranquillity.

But let us suppose the worst. Let us suppose that England is next year plunged in a fresh struggle with enemies as formidable, and a war administration as imbecile, as in 1793. We have no doubt that, backed by the obstinate courage and vast resources of the British people, the most incapable ministry would sooner or later achieve a triumphant peace. But the result of a prolonged and mismanaged war would of course be a heavy addition to our present burdens. In such a case we admit that national bankruptcy might appear close at hand. But does even this imply loss of national independence? It is now only fifty years since France underwent a national bankruptcy of the most disastrous kind. Is she now less formidable or less prosperous than before that misfortune? But we should not fear even this; for we do not believe that any amount of embarrassments would compel England to a degrading expedient. Even in so dismal an emergency as we are supposing, we will not doubt that the national spirit would be found equal to the trial. We ac-

knowledge that fearful sacrifices might be necessary—sacrifices which would be bitterly felt by every family in the united kingdom—sacrifices which might long impede the advance of prosperity and civilization. But that a nation containing twenty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, crowned and strengthened by a century and a half of foreign glory and domestic freedom, could be deprived of its European rank by pecuniary embarrassments, is what we cannot bring ourselves to think possible.

We have attempted, we trust with proper courtesy and forbearance, to express our dissent from some of Mr Alison's political opinions. But there are passages in his work which we own have made us feel some difficulty in preserving this tone of moderation. We allude to the spirit of contempt and suspicion in which he occasionally permits himself to speculate on the motives and probable conduct of the reforming party in this country. When he predicts the speedy ruin of the British empire from the progress of democratic innovation, we admit that we have no right to complain. The utmost which such a prediction imputes to the most democratic politician, is an error of judgment. But when he accuses the liberal party in England of meditating the most atrocious acts of violence and treachery, and that upon mere conjecture, we certainly find it difficult to restrain our indignation. And we think that these calumnies are rendered, if possible, more offensive by the calm affectation of historical impartiality with which they are delivered. After relating with just abhorrence the atrocities committed by the British troops, in storming some of the Spanish fortresses, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—'A consideration of these mournful scenes, combined with the recollection of the mutual atrocities perpetrated by both parties on each other in England during the wars of the Roses, the horrors of the Tyrone rebellion in Ireland, the cold-blooded vengeance of the Covenanters after the battle of Philiphaugh, the systematic firing and pillage of London during Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780, and the brutal violence in recent times of the Chartists in England, suggest the painful doubt whether all mankind are not at bottom the same, in point of tendency to crime, when exposed to the influence of the same temptations; and whether there do not lie, smouldering beneath the boasted glories of British civilization, the embers of a conflagration as

fierce, and a devastation as widespread, as those which followed and disgraced the French Revolution.'—(ix. 821.) Taken in its literal sense, this passage is a mere truism. Not only are Englishmen capable of such atrocities as disgraced the French Revolution, but they will infallibly be guilty of them, if they are ever situated as the French were fifty years ago. Deprive the British people of their free constitution, oppress and degrade them for a century or two as Louis XV. oppressed and degraded the French, and you will make them what the great body of the French nation was in 1789—a mob of ignorant, degraded, vindictive serfs. But it is impossible to mistake the insinuation which Mr Alison really intends to convey. No one can seriously suppose that he feels real surprise and alarm at finding that his countrymen are not intrinsically exempt from the ordinary vices of human nature. He clearly wishes to impress his readers with the fear, that the *present* temper of the English nation resembles that of the French in 1793; and that the progress of reform in this country is likely to terminate in a violent revolution. It is against this conjecture that we wish to protest.

Nothing can be clearer than that the virtues of our national character do not belong to us by birthright. Two thousand years ago, the inhabitants of Britain offered human sacrifices at Stonehenge. Eight hundred years after, our Saxon ancestors, in morals and humanity, were much upon a par with a modern South Sea islander. The Danes and Normans were some centuries later still in abandoning their savage habits. All this does not, of course, prevent us from claiming a place for the modern English among the most enlightened nations of the world; but it induces us to attribute their sympathy with the fallen, their aversion to blood, their generous spirit of fair play, purely to the humanizing effect of free institutions and protecting laws. For 150 years, the British constitution, however imperfect in some particulars, has been, upon the whole, one of the best that ever existed; and even for some centuries earlier, the English had enjoyed more political freedom, and personal security, than almost any nation in the world. These blessings have done much to improve our character; but they have not eradicated the innate passions and weakness of humanity. They have made us a generous and humane nation; but they have not made us incapable of ever becoming otherwise. The descendants of twenty genera-

tions of English gentlemen continue to be born with the same natural propensities as the nursling of an Indian wigwam. Send them to be educated in Australia or Sumatra, and they will grow up cannibals and barbarians like their comrades. Had Howard or Romilly been kidnapped in their infancy by a Pawnee war party, they would have undoubtedly acquired a taste for stealing horses, taking scalps, and massacring prisoners. In the same manner, had the English people been trodden down by tyrants when their liberties were insecure, they would have become cowardly, cruel, and revengeful. They may still become so, if these liberties should ever be abandoned. But whether this is probable—whether they are likely deliberately to resume the savage habits so long shaken off—this is the true question at issue.

The examples cited by Mr. Alison can mislead no one. They occurred at remote times, or under extraordinary circumstances. He might as well argue the probability of a bloody rebellion from the crimes of Good, or Greenacre, as from the sacking of San Sebastian, or the violence of the Chartist mobs. The question to which his observations point, is this:—whether there are symptoms of an approaching civil war in the British empire. He appears inclined to answer in the affirmative; but how does he support his opinion? We naturally ask whether the British are a sanguinary nation? He tells us that they were so 400 years ago. We ask whether the great body of the people are attached to the laws? He tells us that there have occurred three or four destructive riots during the last half century. We ask whether British citizens are likely to rob and murder their peaceable neighbors? He tells us that British soldiers are sometimes guilty of violence in towns taken by storm. We admit the facts, but we deny that they afford any criterion of the ordinary temper of the nation. We do not flatter ourselves that we are differently constituted from the savage warriors of the middle ages, or the brutal rioters of the last generation. We found our hopes of avoiding their example, simply upon the obvious difference of circumstances. When the English return to the barbarism of the 15th century, or the fanaticism of the 17th, then they will treat their political opponents as the Yorkists treated the Lancastrians, or the Covenanters the Royalists. When the mass of the English nation becomes as crazy or as depraved as the madmen and ruffians of the No Popery mob, then they will imitate the plunder and violence of 1780. When

English citizens engage in political contests with the excitement of soldiers in a desperate attack, then they will accompany political success with the atrocities of a victorious storming party. All this was really the case in France. In 1789, the French populace were as barbarous as the Yorkists, as fanatical as the Covenanters, as depraved as the lowest follower of Lord George Gordon, as hardened by suffering, as mad with triumph, and as thirsty for revenge, as Picton's grenadiers when they carried Badajos. But the violence of human passion is generally proportioned to the provocation received. Men do not feel the same fury at the refusal of a political privilege, as at a tyranny which makes their lives miserable. The English are on the whole a free and happy nation. They may wish to improve their condition, and the wish may be perfectly justifiable; but their present political state is at least tolerable. The progress of reform in England has long been peaceful and constitutional. The Catholic might be indignant when he was refused a fair chance of public honors and profits; the citizen of Birmingham or Manchester might complain when he was denied a representative in the legislature; but they could not feel like the French peasantry under the feudal laws. The measures which they demanded might be anxiously desired, but they were not matter of life and death. Men might dislike Mr. Perceval when he refused Catholic emancipation, or the Duke of Wellington when he opposed Parliamentary reform; but it was impossible that they should hate them as the French populace hated Foulon and Berthier. Angry partisans might be found to abuse them in the papers, or even to throw mud at their windows; but it was not in human nature that any one should wish to hang them upon a lamp-post.

Still we cannot wonder at the sombre influence which Mr. Alison's anxious and prejudiced imagination exercises upon his judgment of the future, when we see how strangely it perverts his memory of the past. Singular as it may appear, he actually discovers a resemblance between the agitation of the Reform Bill, and the excesses of the French Revolution. Now we, in common with numerous writers of the liberal persuasion, have more than once remarked, with satisfaction and triumph, the circumstances which attended the great constitutional change of 1832. A desperate struggle, a complete victory, an important transfer of political power—all took place without the loss of a life, or the con-

fiscation of an acre. But this is not the most remarkable part of the transaction. If the moderation of the popular party had been remarked and admired at the time, we should have thought the example less striking. But it was not so. Not only did the general tranquillity pass as a thing of course, but the few and slight symptoms of insubordination which did appear, excited universal alarm and indignation. Tumultuous assemblies, seditious harangues, and menacing outcries, were deplored as amounting in themselves to unprecedented atrocities. If a rabble of thoughtless rioters cheered for a republic, or displayed a tri-color flag, words were found wanting to characterize the portentous act. A violent party journal ventured to threaten popular violence, and received from the general resentment an opprobrious *soubriquet* which is not yet forgotten. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington was, for the moment, most unjustly indeed, but naturally and excusably, one of the least popular men in England. He was known to be the strenuous opponent of a measure which the great body of the nation sincerely believed to be indispensable; and he was reported, we believe most falsely, to have accompanied the expression of his disapprobation with a haughty and contemptuous threat. An angry mob followed his carriage with hisses, and threw stones at the windows of Apsley House; and throughout all England one party was transported with rage and dismay, and the other overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. Men of all opinions, in short, were shocked and scandalized to find, that in England the surface of society was ruffled by a movement which in most countries would have broken up its very foundations. We would not be thought to palliate the partial irregularities which did occur. Riot and insult may be almost as criminal in a free citizen, as murder and plunder in an ignorant slave. But we may be permitted to exult in a national temper which leaves those irregularities so little excuse. Nobody thought of pausing among the massacres of 1792, to complain of abusive clamors or broken windows. And surely there is a strong presumption of the ordinary gentleness of an individual, when he overwhelms his friends with surprise and consternation by a slight frown, or a peevish murmur.

Such is not Mr. Alison's reasoning. He remembers only the panic of the Conservative party, and forgets the insufficiency of the causes which excited it. In his fourth chapter, he has made some strong and just remarks on the infatuation of the French

nobility, in deserting their country in a body, almost on the first appearance of danger. In a note to this passage, he quotes the pointedly expressed, but very feeble apology of M. de Chateaubriand, which in effect amounts to this—that the French aristocracy ought not to be blamed, because the danger was fearful and imminent, and because no one, living in a peaceful country, can tell whether he himself would have behaved better in such an emergency. The answer to all this is perfectly obvious. M. de Chateaubriand's arguments may induce us to look upon cowardice and folly as venial faults; but cannot possibly prove that the French nobility were brave or wise men. We perfectly agree with him, that it is the height of presumption to speak with violent indignation of persons who, in trying circumstances, have failed in wisdom and courage; and that no man can decide, without trial, whether he possesses such qualities himself. This is an excellent reason for pardoning and pitying those who are guilty of imprudence or pusillanimity; but none at all for permitting them to deny their guilt; M. de Chateaubriand's defence is at best merely a plea for mercy, and can never be taken as a ground for acquittal. Our author's reply is very different. He takes M. de Chateaubriand at his word, and says—We *have* been tried, and we have stood the trial; for the English aristocracy did not fly their country when the Reform Bill passed. For the benefit of the incredulous reader, we hold ourselves bound to quote this most astonishing passage entire. 'Admitting,' says Mr. Alison, 'the caustic eloquence of these remarks, the British historian cannot allow their justice. The example of the nobility of his own country, in the disastrous days which succeeded the passing of the Reform Bill, has furnished him with a decisive refutation of them. The flames of Bristol and Nottingham proved that danger had reached their dwellings as well as those of the French noblemen; and if they had, in consequence, deserted their country and leagued with the stranger, it is hardly doubtful that similar excesses would have laid waste the whole fair realm of England. They did not do so; they remained at home, braving every danger, enduring every insult; and who can over-estimate the influence of such moral courage in mitigating the evils which then so evidently threatened their country?'—(i. 312.) We will fairly compare the circumstances of each case, and for that purpose we will quote from Mr. Alison a few of the threatening symptoms which over-

came the resolution of the French noblesse. 'Everywhere the peasants rose in arms, attacked and burnt the chateaux of the landlords, and massacred or expelled the possessors. The horrors of the insurrection of the Jacquerie, in the time of Edward III., were revived on a greater scale, and with deeper circumstances of atrocity. In their blind fury they did not even spare those seigneurs who were known to be inclined to the popular side, or had done the most to mitigate their sufferings, or support their rights. The most cruel tortures were inflicted on the victims who fell into their hands.'—(i. 228.) We gladly spare ourselves and our readers the revolting details which follow. Now, what parallel has Mr. Alison to produce from English history ten years ago? 'The flames of Bristol and Nottingham!' Two isolated riots, *occurring at an interval of several years*—each confined to a single town, and each effectually put down and signally punished by the power of the law. The disturbances of Bristol undoubtedly originated in a political cause; but it is clear that those who were guilty of the chief excesses committed there, acted merely from thirst of plunder. No vindictive feeling was displayed by the mob; no certain plan, no submission to command, was observable in their excesses,—all was indiscriminate thirst for spoil. The fact is, that the civil authorities failed to do their duty in repressing the first symptoms of tumult, and a rabble of thieves and desperadoes seized the opportunity of license and robbery. But in every large community there are numbers of indigent and depraved men, who gladly plunder their neighbors whenever they can do so with impunity. What happened in Bristol would most certainly happen to-morrow in every large city in Europe, if there were reason to suppose that the attempt would not be properly repressed. But how were the British aristocracy peculiarly menaced by a destructive riot in a great commercial town? Had Clumber or Strathfieldsay been burnt to the ground, instead of half-a-dozen streets in Bristol, the case would have been somewhat different. It was not by disturbances at Lyons or Bordeaux that the French noblesse were driven to Coblenz.

We do not know how we can better expose the injustice of Mr. Alison's comparison, than by requesting our readers to imagine what their feelings of astonishment would have been, on finding by the papers, the day after the Reform Bill passed the House of Lords, that the Conservative gentry of England had emigrated in a body!

Let them imagine an English emigrant peer landing, in 1822, at Calais or New-York. He is eagerly pressed to describe the horrors he has witnessed—to communicate the names of the most illustrious victims—to give the particulars of the new British republic. What is his reply? 'England is in an awful state. At Bristol, only two hundred miles from my family seat, there has been a dangerous riot and great destruction of property. I have been abused in the county newspapers. The *Times* has threatened the aristocracy with brickbats and bludgeons. The Duke of Wellington's windows have been broken.' And all this would have been addressed to men who could remember the Reign of Terror, or the forays of Brandt and Butler. The French emigration is a subject for serious blame; but that of the English aristocracy would have defied the gravity of all Europe. We pity and despise the selfish cowardice of a man who flies from a dangerous conflagration, instead of staying to rescue his family and protect his property. But our pity and contempt give way to a sense of the ludicrous, when we hear of his jumping headlong from a garret window, because a few idlers in the street have raised the cry of fire.

Not only, it seems, are the liberal party in England prepared to imitate the crimes of the French Revolution, but they are, or were, on the point of betraying their country to the actual perpetrators of those enormities. After noticing that Napoleon had intended to follow his descent upon Great Britain by a proclamation, promising 'all the objects which the revolutionary party in this country have ever had at heart,' Mr. Alison proceeds as follows:—'That the French emperor would have been defeated in his attempt, if England had remained true to herself, can be doubtful to no one. . . . But would she have remained true to herself under the temptation to swerve produced by such means? This is a point upon which there is no Briton who would have entertained a doubt, till within these few years; but the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance which has grown up with the spread of democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt, whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. . . . The warmest friend to his coun-

try will probably hesitate before he pronounces upon the stability of the English mind under the influence of the prodigious excitement likely to have arisen from the promulgation of the political innovations which Napoleon had prepared for her seduction. If he is wise, he will rejoice that in the providence of God his country was saved the trial, and acknowledge with gratitude the inestimable obligations which she owes to the illustrious men whose valor averted a danger under which her courage, indeed, would never have sunk, but to which her wisdom might possibly have proved unequal.'—(v. 379.)

We have frequently found occasion to differ from Mr. Alison, but this is one of the few passages of his work which we have read with serious regret and deep displeasure. Its meaning is simply this—that had Napoleon landed in England, those Englishmen who approved of the reforms he intended to promise, would have deserted their countrymen and joined his army. The calumny is most disingenuously enveloped in the language of pretended self-abasement; but this disguise is too slight to conceal its real nature for a moment. The suspicion expressed by Mr. Alison is obviously applicable only to his political opponents. It is therefore of *their* honor alone that he feels all this timid distrust. The temptation of which he expresses so much anxious dread, is one which could not have attracted *him*; the merit which he is so modestly reluctant to vaunt, is one in which *he* could have had no share. This candid renunciation of other people's credit has a twofold advantage; for it combines the grace of humility, with the pleasure of slander.

We might easily show that the political opinions of what Mr. Alison is pleased to call the revolutionary party, are perfectly consistent with the national virtues, and even with the wholesome prejudices, of true born Britons. We might plead, that an honest Englishman may consider the British constitution as the best in the world, without thinking it absolutely perfect; that he may religiously believe himself able to beat three Frenchmen, without longing to be perpetually employed in doing it. We might plead, that it is one thing to desire the support of France abroad, and another to invoke her interference at home; one thing to wish for reform by act of parliament, and another to attempt it by high treason. But we prefer giving Mr. Alison a practical proof of the dangerous nature of such rash and odious imputations. We gather two maxims from the elaborate and insidious

passage we have just quoted. Every man who wishes for any alterations in the British constitution, is willing to become a traitor to obtain them. Every man who wishes for the alliance of a foreign power, is willing to be its slave. Let us see whether these rules will not cut both ways. Mr. Alison is a conscientious opponent of Parliamentary reform, and a warm admirer of Russia. Suppose a Russian army to land at Leith, and to proclaim their intention of repealing the Act of 1832. Is Mr. Alison conscious of the slightest inward misgiving lest he should be tempted to assist the invaders? Does he not feel the same instinctive scorn of such treachery, as of theft or forgery, or any other infamous crime? And what would be his sensations if such a suspicion were publicly expressed, and if some Whig friend of his own were to answer it by moralizing upon the frailty of human resolution, and expressing thankfulness that the test is not likely to be applied? We know and feel that in such a case we could depend upon the loyalty of every respectable Conservative as upon our own; and we are heartily sorry, for Mr. Alison's own sake, that he cannot bring himself to feel the same honest confidence in the opposite party.

British loyalty has not, in Mr. Alison's opinion, survived British honor and patriotism. 'The more advanced of the present generation,' he says, 'still look back to the manly and disinterested loyalty with which, in their youth, the 4th of June was celebrated by all classes, with a feeling of interest increased by the mournful reflection, that amidst the selfish ambition and democratic infatuation of subsequent times, such feelings, in this country at least, must be numbered among the things that have been.'—(viii. 22.) We certainly shall not attempt to maintain that the same feverish and thoughtless loyalty now prevails in England, which was so common thirty or forty years ago. We acknowledge our belief that the men of the present generation would scarcely abandon an important political measure, because it was understood to be repugnant to the private opinion of a 'good old King,' or even of a good young Queen. But we do sincerely believe that there never was a period when Englishmen felt more solid, sober, trustworthy attachment to the throne than at present. No man having the slightest pretension to political importance, has, of late years, expressed dislike of the monarchical form of government. No man having the least regard for his character, has with impunity offered any public insult to the reigning monarch. We do not say this

without warrant, for the attempt has been made. It was thought that a young and inexperienced Princess might possibly be intimidated by slander and invective. We will not remind Mr. Alison with what party the design originated; but we are sure that he remembers, with as much pride and pleasure as ourselves, the signal defeat which it encountered from the generous indignation of the British people. We might go much further than this. We might speak of the general respect, we might almost say the general affection, which is felt for the present occupant of the throne. We might refer to the kindly warmth with which the name of that august lady is almost invariably mentioned in society—to the universal grief and alarm excited by the late supposed attempts upon her life—to the personal unpopularity which certain zealous Conservatives have incurred by a disrespectful mention of her name. Was the return of the fourth of June, we would ask, hailed with a more exuberant loyalty than that the expression of which made the farthest hills and mountains of Scotland echo back its heart-stirring sounds, on the late royal visit to this quarter of the Island?

We have now given a few sketches of Mr. Alison's opinions respecting his liberal countrymen. The person holding these sentiments is, we believe, a well-educated gentleman, of respectable talents, of extensive historical information, of a benevolent temper, of strong religious feelings, and of a calm and contemplative turn of mind. With all these means and capacities for forming a candid judgment, he has, as we have seen, made up his mind that in 1803 the reforming party in England were prepared to betray their country to Napoleon—that in 1831 they were bent upon imitating the worst excesses of the French Revolution—and that at the present moment they would rather see the British empire perish than contribute to its aid at the risk of personal inconvenience. And yet with what contempt and indignation would the author of these imputations listen to the ravings of some poor, angry, ignorant, thick-headed Chartist, about the depraved morals and evil designs of the British aristocracy!

Mr. Alison has shown much good sense and impartiality in his remarks upon the policy of the principal European powers towards France. He speaks with just admiration of the persevering courage displayed by England and Austria; but he notices, with equally just severity, the procrastination, the timidity, the obstinate prejudices, and the unreflecting ignorance

of military affairs, which deprived both nations of so many opportunities of victory, and placed such fearful advantages in the hands of their keen and wary antagonist. The errors of Prussia were of a more serious nature; and Mr. Alison has too much sense of moral rectitude not to visit them with deserved indignation. We need not retrace his account of the truly degrading policy in which, for ten years, the rulers of that state persisted. The guilty parties have been punished by the scorn of every European nation, and of none more signally than their own injured countrymen. We think, however, that Mr. Alison shows far too much lenity in his remarks, upon the personal share of Frederick-William, in the disgrace of this period. It is clear, from his own statements, that the treaty by which Prussia accepted Hanover from France, as the price of her treason to the cause of Germany, originated in the unprincipled cupidity of the King himself. Such an instance of political depravity deserved far stronger censure than any which Mr. Alison has applied to its author.

The unhappy situation of Prussia from 1795 to 1806 is, in our opinion, a most striking example of what Mr. Alison denies,—the close connection between political impotence and social insecurity. The Prussians are generally considered admirable specimens of the true German character;—brave, generous, honest to a proverb, and distinguished by a simplicity of manners and a kindness of heart, which has often surprised and delighted the traveller, accustomed to the levity of the French, or the reserve of the English. The ardor which they displayed in the struggles of 1806 and 1813, proves that they had felt their disgrace as became an honorable nation. But their rulers were irresponsible, and they were without a remedy. Had Frederick-William been a limited sovereign, Napoleon would have been crushed for ever in the campaign of 1805. Even as it was, the grief and indignation of the people did, too late, what their legitimate interference would have done speedily and effectually. Frederick-William, though not a man of strong sense, was not destitute of all manly feeling. The united voice of his honest and loyal subjects, and the rash insults of the French emperor, at length roused him to a sense of his duty. An army of 120,000 men, who had lain idle in their barracks while Napoleon was struggling for life and empire in the valley of the Danube, marched to encounter him returning in triumph from Austerlitz. A decisive battle was fought—

the Duke of Brunswick completed in the field what the King had begun in the cabinet—and a campaign of six weeks left Prussia the powerless slave of France for as many years. Never, with one terrible exception, did a civilized sovereign meet with a more deserved, a more signal, or a more strictly personal chastisement, than Frederick-William. The overthrow of his brave army, the capture of his capital, the misery of his faithful subjects, the shameful defection of his most trusted lieutenants—all this was but the more ordinary part of his punishment. He was compelled to attend at Tilsit, humiliated by his political ruin, and embarrassed by his intellectual incapacity—the helpless suppliant of the triumphant Napoleon, and the acute and accomplished Alexander. He was compelled to endure in person the insulting neglect, or the supercilious condescension of his ungenerous enemy, and his faithless ally. He saw his high-minded queen throw herself in tears at the feet of the French emperor, and receive an obdurate repulse. He returned home to witness her melancholy and lingering death—the result of humbled pride and hopeless sorrow. He survived these miserable events many years—he lived to see his country free and victorious, and he ended his life in peace and prosperity. His early want of faith had brought upon him such a prompt and overwhelming punishment as few princes have undergone in this life; and the honorable consistency of his subsequent conduct may induce us to hope that so dreadful a lesson was not inflicted in vain.

We are glad to find that Mr. Alison's strong monarchical principles have not tempted him to imitate certain historians of that persuasion, in their perverted accounts of the Peninsular war. He relates the many indelible disgraces incurred by the Spanish nation in his usual tone of calm forbearance; but he does not disguise his opinion, that Spain owed to England alone her escape—if escape it can be called, from becoming a French province. We acknowledge, however, that while we admire the steady equanimity of Mr. Alison's remarks, we have occasionally, in reading this part of his history, felt more inclination to sympathize with the scornful indignation of Colonel Napier. We cannot help thinking that the resistance of the Spanish nation, fortunate as it was for Europe, was actually more discreditable to themselves than the tamest submission. Submission would at least have enabled us to suppose that the people were not averse to the French yoke.

Thus the passive conduct of the Italian states in 1796, did not destroy the military reputation of their citizens. It merely proved that their unhappy political condition had, as might be expected, extinguished public spirit among them; and, therefore, no one was surprised at the bravery afterwards displayed by the Italian corps of Napoleon's army. But the struggles of Spain were as furious as they were feeble; and their rancorous violence displayed the resentment of the nation, without disguising its weakness. They made it clear, in short, that every Spaniard hated the French, but that very few had the courage to meet them in the field. Many of our readers will remember the enthusiastic sympathy which the Peninsular contest excited in England. Orators declaimed upon the impotence of military discipline to withstand righteous enthusiasm; as if military discipline tended to extinguish enthusiasm, or as if enthusiasm were impossible except in a righteous cause. Poets wrote sonnets about the power of armies being a visible thing, while national spirit was invisible and invincible;—as if the spirit which impelled a brave German to march manfully to battle, had been less formidable, or less noble, than that which prompted a Spanish peasant to lurk in some remote *sierra*, shooting stragglers and robbing convoys. But the unsparing exposures of Colonel Napier at once and for ever fixed the opinion of the English nation upon the events of the Spanish war; the substance of his narrative is confirmed, generally speaking, by the more lenient statements of Mr. Alison; and their united testimony shows, that the Spanish nation displayed in that struggle a want of common sense, of common honesty, of veracity, of humanity, and of gratitude, scarcely to be paralleled in the history of Bengal or of China.

To some of our readers—though to none, we think, who have given much attention to the subject—these observations may appear unjust and illiberal. Their justice is soon vindicated. Every British writer has allowed that the history of the regular Spanish armies, during the Peninsular war, is a mere tissue of folly, cowardice, and disaster. The shameful names of Somosierra, Rio Seco, Belchite, and Ocana, are sufficient to recall the long succession of their miserable overthrows. Their sole achievement in the field—the surrender of the French army at Baylen—has long been attributed to its true cause—the unaccountable rashness, and more unaccountable despair, of the unhappy Dupont. A few, and

but a few, of the sieges sustained by their towns, have done them more honor. The heroic defence of Gerona stands unrivalled, as an example of Spanish skill and valor. That of Zaragossa, considered merely as a military exploit, was one of far inferior brilliancy. The true glory of that celebrated city consists in the invincible patience with which its defenders endured the ravages of pestilence and famine. That is a species of courage in which the Spaniards have never been deficient. Like many unwarlike nations, they are endued by their moral or physical constitution with a passive courage, under suffering, which is rarely displayed by the bold and hardy soldiers of northern Europe. But, putting this out of the question, it was surely no unparalleled achievement for 30,000 regular troops, aided by 15,000 well-armed peasants, to defend an imperfectly fortified town for six weeks against 43,000 Frenchmen.

There are persons who think the desultory exploits of the *Partidas* sufficient to redeem the honor of Spain; and who judge of Castilian skill and prowess, not from the disgraces of Blake and Cuesta, but from the adventurous feats of Mina and the Empecinado. We own that we attach little importance to the isolated and imperfect successes of such leaders as these. We see little glory in firing from a thicket, or rolling rocks down a ravine, especially at a moment when a regular force was vainly summoning recruits for the open defence of Spanish independence. It was not so that the gallant Tyrolese defended their country. They did not desert their Emperor to ensconce themselves in the fastnesses of their mountains. While a hope remained of resisting the enemy in the open field, they were constantly foremost in the ranks of the Austrian army. The partisan warfare of the Spanish peasantry may captivate romantic imaginations; but such are not the means by which a great nation should assert its independence. The details of modern warfare may wear an aspect of formal routine; but it is in the ranks of disciplined armies, with all their unpoetical accompaniments, that the true post of honor and danger is to be found. A regiment of grenadiers trudging along the high-road, may be a less picturesque spectacle than a party of brigands wandering among forests and precipices; but if they do their duty, they incur more risk, and perform more service, and therefore deserve more credit. Even were it otherwise, it is not the bravery of a few straggling guerillas that can efface

the dishonor incurred by the regular Spanish armies. It would be a poor consolation to a Spaniard, that his country, with a population of twelve millions, and a military force of 70,000 regular soldiers under arms, found her most effectual defenders in a few thousand undisciplined sharpshooters.

The accusation of illiberality we are less careful to answer. We confess that we have no idea of complimenting away the hardly-won glory of our gallant countrymen—of displaying modesty and generosity at the expense of the heroic army which really delivered the Peninsula. Still less are we restrained by any scruple of delicacy from exposing the infamy of that unworthy ally, whose jealousy constantly thwarted our generals; whose cowardice repeatedly betrayed our soldiers; whose imbecility caused our dreadful loss at Albuera; who shamefully deserted our wounded at Talavera; and who actually assassinated our stragglers during the retreat from Burgos. The inflexible justice of Angelo is all that we can grant the Spaniards:—if in the strict letter of history they can find credit or excuse, it is well; if not, let them not seek it from us.

We now come to what we certainly consider the most incomprehensible peculiarity of Mr. Alison's work—the strong and apparently causeless interest which he seems to feel in favor of the Russian nation. If this predilection had displayed itself by misrepresentations of the real history of Russia—by the suppression, or the sophistical palliation, of her numerous political crimes—it would have called for a tone of remonstrance very different from any which Mr. Alison's work has given us occasion to employ. But we have been able to detect no such attempt. Judging solely from the account before us, we should unhesitatingly conclude that the national character of the Russians is very unamiable; that their domestic government is very corrupt; and that their foreign policy is very unprincipled. How far a hostile historian might have aggravated the picture, we shall not venture to pronounce; but certain we are that the ordinary prejudices against Russia require no stronger confirmation than the statements of Mr. Alison. If, after fairly laying the case before his readers, the historian chooses to retain his own prejudices in defiance of his own facts and arguments, we cannot see that we are called upon to interfere. The truth, we suppose, is, that the formidable power and deep policy of Russia have excited in Mr. Alison's mind that species of capricious *quasi*-admiration, which

good and clever men sometimes feel for certain worthless characters, so long as they are not seriously called upon to form any practical judgment respecting them. The pleasure with which the characters alluded to are contemplated, proceeds entirely from the taste and imagination; and rather resembles our admiration of a striking work of art than our love or esteem for a human being. If this is all that Mr. Alison feels toward Russia, we have little more to say. The prepossession, however, is not such as we should have expected to remark in a British historian of the nineteenth century, nor is its display always regulated by the best taste. Still it may amount to no more than this—that while Mr. Alison acknowledges the numerous faults of the Russian character, he is involuntarily dazzled and attracted by some of its peculiarities. We do not, by any means, sympathize with this feeling; but so long as it does not betray its entertainer into any serious defence of Russian policy, we are content to look upon it as a harmless though somewhat displeasing caprice.

The most interesting subject of Mr. Alison's history, next to the great Revolution which forms the groundwork of the whole, is undoubtedly the character of the extraordinary man who made that Revolution the instrument of his power. We scarcely know any stronger illustration of the genius and influence of Napoleon Bonaparte, than the simple fact, that for twenty years his life and the history of Europe are convertible terms. During the whole of that time, the annals of the smallest European state would be absolutely unintelligible without a clear view of the policy and character of the French emperor; and, on the other hand, every change of rulers in the pettiest principality—every intrigue at Petersburg or Naples—every motion in the British Parliament—was of immediate and vital concern to Napoleon. This is more than can be said of any other conqueror or statesman in modern times. The direct influence of Louis, Frederick, and Catharine, was comparatively limited. A Russian or a Turk cared little for the invasion of Holland or the Spanish succession; and an Italian was comparatively indifferent to the conquest of Silesia or the division of Poland. But no such supineness prevailed during the wars of the French empire. Wherever the great conqueror was engaged, the breathless attention of all Europe was fixed. Every citizen of every state felt his hopes or his fortunes raised or depressed by the event. The death of an English minister

was hastened by the battle of Marengo; the treaty of Tilsit was felt as an object of interest in the deserts of Central Asia; the battle of Leipzig roused or paralyzed every European from Cadiz to the North Cape. The French empire, in a word, resembled the talismanic globe of the sorcerers in *Thalaba*, the slightest touch upon which caused the whole universe to tremble.

There are few subjects upon which public opinion has differed more widely than upon the moral character of Napoleon. Thirty years ago, most Englishmen believed him to be one of those wretched monomaniacs who have seemed to feel a pleasurable excitement in tormenting their fellow-creatures. Even now, he is generally considered as a man naturally cold and unfeeling, and hardened by habit into a total indifference to human suffering. But we do not think that either opinion will satisfy any person who impartially examines the present account of his actions and policy.

Mr. Alison has supplied us with a new and very plausible palliation of Napoleon's ambition. He repeatedly and very reasonably insists on the precarious foundation of the French empire, and on the irresistible necessity which compelled its chief at once to dazzle and unite his subjects, by engaging them in successful war. If, indeed, this excuse stood alone, we should think comparatively little of its force. Necessity is the tyrant's plea. No spectacle can be more painfully interesting than that of a character naturally great and noble, whose moral sense has been blunted by the influence of early habit, and the encouragement of vulgar applause. But we feel no such sympathy for the man who knowingly and wilfully prefers his interest to his duty. Many a mind, which would have defied both intimidation and seduction, has been warped and weakened by the imperceptible force of custom; but when the strong temptation is combined with the enervating influence, we may well cease to wonder at its victory. Napoleon, bred, and almost born, a soldier and a revolutionist, preferred unjust war to political extinction. How many legitimate sovereigns have preferred it to undisturbed security!

We have been much gratified by the calm and impartial spirit in which Mr. Alison discusses the general character of this extraordinary man. Indeed, we feel bound to remark, that throughout the whole of the present work, we do not recollect a single case in which the political prejudices of the author, uncharitable as they sometimes appear, have been able to hurry his calm and

patient mind into a harsh or hasty condemnation of individuals. His censure of Napoleon's ambition is, as we have seen, lenient almost to excess. Of his other misdeeds, real and imputed, he speaks with equal, though we trust better merited, forbearance. He is willing to acquit the First Consul of the mysterious deaths of Wright and Pichegru, which he ascribes to the apprehensive cruelty of the French police—men too well known to have been familiar with every form of violence and treachery. His narrative of the lamented fate of the Duc d'Enghien does the highest credit both to his humanity and his self-command. Nothing can be more feelingly expressed than his commiseration of the brave and innocent sufferer; but he has not permitted it to hurry him into rash or unthinking denunciations against the guilty party. He represents the crime of Napoleon in its true light—not as an act of wanton murder, but as the blind vengeance of a violent man, justly alarmed and enraged by the atrocious attempts of the French Royalists against his life. But there is one scene in Napoleon's career which no sophistry can palliate—which no imagination can elevate—which his most devoted partisans can but endeavor to forget. We allude to the treacherous detention of the English families travelling in France in 1801. We do not say that none of Napoleon's acts were more criminal; but we think that none were so inconsistent with the character of a great man. His other crimes, heavy as they may be, were at least the crimes of a conqueror and a statesman. They were crimes such as Attila or Machiavel might have committed or approved—crimes of passion, or of deep and subtle policy. The massacre of Jaffa, and the invasion of Spain might have been forgotten by a generation which had witnessed the atrocities of Ismail and Warsaw—which had pardoned Frederick-William for his sordid occupation of Hanover—and Alexander for the vile treachery which wrested Finland from his own brave and faithful ally. The ambition which provokes unjust war—the passions which prompt a violent and bloody revenge—even the craft which suggests deep-laid schemes of political treachery—have but too often been found consistent with many brilliant and useful virtues. But the measure of which we speak displayed the spirit of a Francis or a Ferdinand—the spirit which has peopled Siberia with Polish nobles, and crowded the dungeons of Austria with Italian patriots. It displayed the cold unrelenting spite of a legitimate despot, injured

from childhood to the heartless policy of what is called a *paternal* government. We are not partial to a practice in which Mr. Alison frequently indulges—that of attempting to trace the immediate interference of Providence in every remarkable coincidence of human affairs; but we cannot avoid being struck by a melancholy resemblance between the captivity in which Napoleon ended his life, and the lingering torments which he had wantonly inflicted on ten thousand of his harmless fellow-creatures.

We are pleased to find in Mr. Alison a zealous, though discriminating admirer of the military genius of Napoleon. The contrary judgment has lately been proclaimed by a few military critics, and supported with a vehement and disdainful asperity, which strikes us, to say the least, as singularly ungraceful. This is perhaps most unsparingly and offensively exemplified in a series of essays which appeared some years since in a professional Journal, and which, if we are rightly informed, excited considerable notice among military men. They are understood to be the production of an officer in the British army, well known for his speculations in the theory of war, and possessing, we believe, much experience in actual service. They are full of ingenious reasoning, of contemptuous invective, and of ironical derision. Now we have not the slightest wish to set up authority against argument. We shall not turn upon this critic and say, 'The oldest and bravest generals in Europe still tremble at the memory of the man whom you undertake to prove a mere fortunate fool:—is it likely that your judgment should be more correct than theirs?' But we think that the opposition of authority is a good reason, not for suppressing a theory, but for delivering it in modest and tolerant language. We know that argument is a weapon which the weakest may successfully wield, and which the strongest cannot resist. As the Chevalier Bayard complained of the arquebuse, in the hands of a child it may strike down the most valiant knight on earth. We therefore think it no presumption in the youngest ensign in the army to plead against Napoleon's claims to military glory. Let him fairly state his opinion, and fairly endeavor to establish it. The greater the impostor, the more dazzling the illusion—the higher will be our obligation to the bold and keensighted advocate who brings him to justice. We do not, therefore, complain of the military critics in question for attempting to place Napoleon's military reputation a step

below that of Cope or Mack. But we protest against the advocate's usurping the functions of the judge. We protest against his assuming that he has triumphed—against his referring to the question as one irrevocably settled in his favor—against his pouring upon the accused the contempt and ridicule to which posterity alone can fitly sentence him. This is worse than mere disrespect to the memory of a celebrated man; it is arrogant and ridiculous self-flattery. A century and a half ago Louis XIV. acquired a high reputation as a general. Posterity has weighed and found him wanting. But suppose that a young officer of that day had written of Louis as the critics of whom we speak write of Napoleon. We should have said that he might be a clever, clear-headed man; but that, if he chose to deliver a paradox in the tone of an oracle, it was his own fault that nobody listened to him. But this is the most favorable point of view. What do we say of the detractors whom posterity has pronounced in the wrong? What do we say of the slanderers of Marlborough and of Moore? The destruction of a brilliant but unmerited reputation is the most useful, the most difficult, the most invidious, and therefore, perhaps, the noblest task of an honest investigator of historic truth. But it requires candor and delicacy no less than boldness and acumen. When it is attempted from an obvious sense of duty, we admire the unflinching sincerity of the assailant, even though we condemn his severity. But when he undertakes it in the exultation of superior discernment—when he performs it with the insolence of personal antipathy—his victory will be unhonored and unsympathized with, and his defeat will be embittered by universal scorn and indignation.

We do not possess the technical knowledge necessary to dissect the criticisms to which we have alluded. We can only judge as unlearned mortals, let scientific tacticians say what they will, always must judge—by general results. We can only consider what Napoleon did, and whether, according to the ordinary doctrine of chances, it is conceivable that he could have done so much had he been a man of no extraordinary powers. Napoleon, then, commanded in person at fourteen of the greatest pitched battles which history has recorded. Five times—at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram—he crushed the opposing army at a blow; finished the war, in his own emphatic phrase, by a *coup-de-foudre*; and laid the vanquished power humbled and hopeless at his feet. Five

times—at Borodino, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Ligny—he was also decidedly victorious, though with less overwhelming effect. At Eylau the victory was left undecided. At Leipsic, the French were defeated, as is well known, by a force which outnumbered their own as five to three. At Waterloo, it is generally acknowledged that the overthrow of Napoleon was owing, not to any deficiency in skill on his part, but to the invincible obstinacy of the British infantry, who are admitted, even by the French accounts, to have displayed a passive courage, of which the most experienced warrior might be excused for thinking human nature incapable. At Aspern alone, to judge from the able account of Mr. Alison, does the partial defeat of the French emperor appear to have been owing to any faulty arrangement of his own. Five of his ten actions were gained over equal or superior forces; and among the generals defeated by him, we find the distinguished names of Wurmser, Melas, Benningsen, Blücher, and above all, the Archduke Charles. We might produce still stronger testimonies. We might relate the glorious successes of his first Italian campaign, in which four powerful armies were successively overthrown by a force comprising, from first to last, but 60,000 men. We might notice his romantic achievements in Egypt and Syria, against a new and harassing system of hostility. We might enlarge on the most wonderful of all his exploits—the protracted struggle which he maintained in the heart of France, with a remnant of only 50,000 men, against the quadruply superior numbers of the Allies. But all this is unnecessary. If the successes to which we have alluded are insufficient to prove that Napoleon was a general of the first order, the reputation of no soldier who ever existed can be considered as established. If such numerous and extraordinary examples are insufficient to establish a rule, then there is no such thing as reasoning by induction. It is in vain to endeavor to explain away such a succession of proofs. Technical cavils can no more prove that Napoleon was a conqueror by chance, than the two sage Sergeants mentioned by Pope could persuade the public that Lord Mansfield was a mere wit. The common sense of mankind cannot be permanently silenced by scientific jargon. Plain men, though neither lawyers nor mathematicians, see no presumption in pronouncing Alfred a great legislator, or Newton a great astronomer. It is equally in vain to attempt to neutralize the proofs of

Napoleon's superiority, by balancing them with occasional examples of rash presumption; or, even did such exist, of unaccountable infatuation. No number of failures can destroy the conclusion arising from such repeated and complete victories. The instances in which fools have blundered into brilliant success are rare; but the instances in which men of genius have been betrayed into gross errors are innumerable. And, therefore, where the same man has brilliantly succeeded and lamentably failed, it is but fair to conclude, that the success is the rule, and the failure the exception. Every man constantly forms his opinions respecting the affairs of real life upon this theory. In literature, in science, in the fine arts, no man's miscarriages are allowed to diminish the credit of his successes. Nobody denies that Dryden was a true poet because he wrote *Maximin*; for it was more likely that a true poet should write *Maximin* than that a dunce should write *Absalom and Achitophel*. Nobody denies that Bacon was a true philosopher because he believed in alchemy; for it was more likely that a true philosopher should believe in alchemy, than that an empiric should compose the *Novum Organum*. No classical scholar denies the merit of Bentley's edition of Horace, because he failed in his edition of Milton. No man of taste refuses to enjoy the wit and humor of Falstaff, because the same author imagined the pedantic quibbles of Biron.

We shall not attempt to sketch the personal character of Napoleon. Yet it is a subject upon which, could we hope to do it justice, the ample materials supplied by the present history might well tempt us to linger. No labored eulogium could impress us with so much admiration for his surpassing genius, as the simple details collected by Mr. Alison. We never before so clearly appreciated the mighty powers of Napoleon—his boundless fertility of resource—his calm serenity in the most desperate emergencies—his utter ignorance of personal fear—his piercing political foresight—the vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge collected by the almost involuntary operation of his perspicacious and tenacious intellect—the rapid and vigorous reasoning faculties, which applied themselves, with the ease and precision of some exquisite machine, to every subject alike which for an instant attracted his attention.

In his seventy-second chapter, Mr. Alison has collected a variety of highly interesting details, respecting the private manners and habits of Napoleon. It is scarce-

ly possible to describe the impression which its perusal leaves on the mind. The strange contrast of warm affection and vindictive hatred, of fiery impetuosity and methodical precision, of royal luxury and indefatigable self-denial, of fascinating courtesy and despotic harshness—the indomitable pride, the vehement eloquence, the magnanimous power of self-command, the fearful bursts of passion—all combine to produce an effect by which the duller imagination must be enchanted, but which the most versatile genius might fail of depicting. The interest of the portrait is augmented by those minute personal peculiarities on which the romantic devotion of Napoleon's followers has so often dwelt—by the classical features, the piercing glance, the manners, now stern, abrupt, and imperious, now full of princely grace—even by the small plain hat, and the *redingote grise*, which have supplanted the white plume of Henri Quatre in French song and romance. We almost sympathize with the attachment of his soldiers, wild and idolatrous as it was, when we remember Mr. Alison's simple but imposing narrative of the events of the empire—of the congress of Tilsit, the farewell of Fontainebleau, and the unparalleled—the marvellous march to Paris. It is impossible, in reading the striking details which record the personal demeanor of Napoleon during such scenes as these, not to recall the noble lines in which Southey has described Kehama :

"Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his front
Depart ; yet whoso had beheld him then
Had felt some admiration mix'd with dread,
And might have said
That sure he seem'd to be the king of men ;
Less than the greatest, that he could not be,
Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

PROGRESS OF THE OPIUM-WAR.

From the Spectator.

It is impossible to read the accounts of the military operations in China without shame and disgust. It is not war, but sheer butchery—a *battu* in a well-stocked preserve of human beings. Captain BINGHAM, of the Royal Navy, in a book which we have not seen, but which the *Standard* has quoted with a justly indignant commentary, thus describes the capture of Ningpo :

"About 12,000 [Chinese] advanced upon the southern and western gates, the guards retiring before them. On the Chinese penetrating to the market-place in the centre of the city, they were received by a heavy fire from our troops drawn up.

This sudden check so damped their ardor, that their *only object appeared to be to get out of the city as fast as they could* ; in doing which they were crowded in dense masses in the narrow street. The Artillery now coming up, unlimbered within one hundred yards of the crowded fugitives, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. So awful was the destruction of human life, that the bodies were obliged to be removed to the sides of the streets to allow the guns to advance ; and the pursuit was followed up by them [the Artillery and the Forty-ninth Regiment for several miles."

Such scenes, it appears, are continually recurring in Captain BINGHAM's narrative. For instance, we read of the British placing a large body of Chinese between two fires, and killing six hundred with the loss of only one man : "the Chinese could do nothing against the terrific broadsides of the ships, the shells, and the rockets." Again, we are told of a Chinese army thrown into confusion by the unexpected appearance of two bodies of troops, which had advanced under cover while they were engaged with a third, and of fifteen hundred of them being killed with the loss of sixteen British killed and a few wounded. Nor are the armed soldiery the only sufferers :

"With such a tremendous bombardment as had been going on for two hours in this densely-populated neighborhood, it must be expected that pitiable sights were to be witnessed. At one spot were four children struck down, while the frantic father was occasionally embracing their bodies, or making attempts to drown himself in a neighboring tank. Numerous similar scenes were witnessed."

There can be no mistake as to these facts. The Chinese are a muscular race : that they do not effeminately shrink from pain—that they can brave death—has been shown repeatedly in the course of these massacres. But they have no practical experience of war ; they are ill-armed ; and the tremendous effects of British artillery, bombs, and rockets, are to them at once fearful and inconceivable. The contest between them and the British forces is more unequal than that between the surprised bewildered mob of Manchester and the armed soldiery of Peterloo. They are hacked, shot, and drowned, without resistance, overcome by their own sense of helplessness and their excited imaginations ; and the details of the butchery are such that we should feel sickened to see it exercised on cattle or game.

And it is a butchery of which there can be no end so long as British troops remain in China. The territories subject to the Emperor of China are as large as the whole of Europe. The superficial extent of the

densely-peopled part of China alone (the districts on the sea-coast, the great canal, and the two great rivers) is more than twice the size of the British Islands. This large space is dotted at brief intervals with towns as large and crowded as our first-rate and second-rate manufacturing towns. The inhabitants are prejudiced against foreigners: they are identified with the civil government of the country; for the career of office is open to every one who chooses to study, and schools and colleges and foundations for poor scholars are numerous. Such a population can only be kept in subjection by a present force. It will effect nothing to take one town and move on to another: every town that is taken must be garrisoned, or after the capture of every second town the British army must move back to retake that which surrendered to them before it. The occupation of China by the British must be a constant succession of popular insurrections and military executions. And in the perpetration of these continuous outrages on humanity, one British army after another will be absorbed, as a tall frigate is sucked down into a quicksand, producing no effects, leaving no trace of its having been there. The troops necessary for the defence of the rest of the empire will be drafted off for the still beginning never ending conquest of China, leaving us naked to the aggression of any enemy. The Chinese Government is aware of this source of strength arising out of its very weakness. It is strong in the power of countless numbers infinitely dispersed. It feels confident, that though the foreign invaders were to kill year by year ten times as many as they have killed since the war began, the natural increase of the population would more than fill up the vacuum. Army after army is sent into the field, where certain defeat awaits it; town after town is defended with a foreknowledge that it must fall. The Chinese Government looks forward, and not without reason, to the time when their fierce and irresistible assailants will be stretched in sheer exhaustion on the top of the hecatombs they are slaughtering—passing away like pestilence, famine, and other mysterious visitations. And as the rulers think, so think and feel the people.

Is it a sign of wisdom in the British nation to persist in a struggle which can only weaken it? Is it a sign of humanity to sanction such wholesale butchery of human beings? Is it a sign of morality to do all this in order that a poisonous drug may be smuggled into the markets of China?

AMERICAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

From the Spectator.

American Criminal Trials. By PELEG W. CHANDLER. Volume I.

WHEN we received this volume, in the height of the London season, we could do little more than chronicle its arrival and commend its scope and purpose. The autumnal leisure having enabled us to peruse it with attention, we propose to notice it more fully, as well for the merits of its execution as for the curious picture of old colonial manners it presents, and the suggestions it offers to the students of history and human nature.

The plan and execution of the *American Criminal Trials* are rather peculiar. They are not a mere servile copy or dry abridgment of existing reports, where the only merit of the compiler consists in calling public attention to certain proceedings, and facilitating their perusal by collecting the scattered records into a series; nor are they merely a skilful and elaborate description of singular trials, suppressing what is formal or subordinate and bringing out the more striking points. Although skilful in his treatment and often graphic in his effects, Mr. Chandler, by accident or design, has generally chosen such American criminal trials as throw a light upon American colonial history, or exhibit the phases of public opinion—it may be, of public madness. Hence there is frequently an interest over and above that of the facts of the trials themselves, from the public events with which they were connected, or the singular and criminal public delusion which they record; whilst Mr. Chandler, by introductory notices, or observations intermixed with the text, makes the reader sufficiently acquainted with the period to follow the trials with advantage, as by judicious observations at their close he often points the moral which they illustrate.

The volume commences in 1637, with the case of Anne Hutchinson for "sedition and heresy," and closes in 1770, with the trial of Captain Preston and some soldiers for murder, in consequence of firing on the people in the riot, called at the time the Boston Massacre. The principal other cases are those connected with the New England persecution of the Quakers, 1656–1661; the bloody and fanatical proceedings against witchcraft in 1692; the trial of John Peter Zenger for libel on the Government of New York, in 1735; the Negro Plot trials at New York, in 1741, for a conspiracy to burn the city, murder the inhabitants, erect a White pot-house-keeper as

King, with a certain Black called Cæsar as Governor; to which panic was added the terror of a Spanish-Popish-plot. Of these cases, Anne Hutchinson's is curious, not only in itself, as exhibiting the fanaticism of a female apostle, but for the indirect picture it furnishes of New England at the time, where every individual seems to have been a theological controvertist, and where a private woman, by very nice and not always very intelligible points of doctrine, could throw a whole community into confusion. The trial of the soldiers at Boston has an interest as being the first blood shed in the dispute which eventually lost England her colonies, and for the picture it furnishes of the excitable and excited state of the American mind at the time. The case of Zenger is chiefly remarkable for the boldness of the advocate's line of defence, in which he maintained that the jury in cases of libel were judges of *law* as well as fact, and for the jury's coincidence in that view; a point that was doubtful in England for half a century afterwards.* The trials for Witchcraft and the Negro Plot are specimens of that panic fear affecting a whole society, and satiating itself in blood, which arises at certain periods without any adequate cause that is apparent to an inquirer; of which the Popish plot in England is another example, and, on a much larger scale, the Reign of Terror in France. The persecutions of the Quakers have often been adduced as an example of New England fanaticism, and of the bloody spirit that animated the Puritans. Of the fanaticism there is no doubt; but, looking at the opinion of the age and the circumstances under which the colony was founded, the charge of bloody-minded persecution must be received with some limitations. The Quakers were intruders into the colony, and, bating that they were English subjects, foreign intruders. A cruel and extremely penal spirit, no doubt, characterizes the laws against them, (it was also characteristic of the age,) but the *object* was to deter persons from bringing them into the jurisdiction, and to confine them until they could be expelled. When these measures failed of effect, they were banished, under pain of death; and though several, on returning, were executed, the execution rested with themselves: they had the option of

* In the case of Junius's "Letter to the King," the jury, puzzled by Lord Mansfield's charge, brought in a special verdict "guilty of printing and publishing *only*"; which, after various delays, and a question as to how far judgment for libel could be pronounced upon such a verdict, ended in the triumph of the printer.

undertaking to leave the colony; but, as they had come into it without any secular vocation or rational purpose, and solely to brave their fate in obedience to the "inner light," they refused. It must also be remarked, that freedom of opinion for themselves was not so much their aim as the freedom of insulting the opinion of others.

"Many of the sect, which at this day is remarkable for a guarded composure of language, an elaborate stillness, precision, and propriety of demeanor, were at the time referred to as guilty of conduct 'which the experience of a rational and calculating age finds it difficult to conceive.' They openly denounced the Government of New England as treason. They reviled at all orders of magistrates, and every civil institution. They stigmatized a regular priesthood as a priesthood of Baal. Some of them, in the apprehension of the colonists, were guilty of the most revolting blasphemy against the Sacraments, which they termed carnal and idolatrous observances. They interrupted public worship in a manner as indecent as it was illegal and unbecoming. The female preachers exceeded their male associates in these acts of frenzy and folly, and excited the utmost disgust among a people remarkable for their staid and sober deportment. * * * * *

"In 1665, Lydia Wardell, a respectable married woman, entered stark naked into the church in Newbury where she formerly worshipped; and was highly extolled for her submission to the inward light, that had revealed to her the duty of illustrating the spiritual nakedness of her neighbors by this indecent exhibition of her own person. 'The people,' says Besse the Quaker, who wrote long after the excitement attending these scenes had subsided, and in another country, 'instead of religiously reflecting on their own condition, which she came in that manner to represent to them, fell into a rage, and presently laid hands on her and hurried her away to the court at Ipswich;' where she was hastily sentenced to be severely whipped at the next tavern-post. She was accordingly stripped, and tied with her naked breasts against the splinters of the post, and lashed with more than a score of stripes; 'which, though they miserably tore her bruised body, were yet to the great comfort of her husband and friends, who, having unity with her in those sufferings and in the cause of them, stood by to comfort her in so deep a trial.' In the same year, Deborah Wilson, a young and respectable married woman, made a similar display in the streets of Salem; for which she was sentenced to be tied to the cart's tail and whipped, with her mother and sister, who, it was said had counselled her. Her young husband, who was not a Quaker, followed after, sometimes thrusting his hat between the whip and her back.

"In July 1675, four women and one man were arrested in Boston, for 'creating a horrible disturbance, and,' as the warrant set forth, 'affrighting people in the South church at the time of the public dispensing of the word on the Lord's day, whereby several women are in danger of miscarrying.' Margaret Brewster, the leader of the band, appears to have arrived in the town from Barbados on the Lord's day, and leaving her riding-

clothes and shoes at the door of the South church, she rushed into the house with her female companions, creating an alarm in the astonished assembly that baffles description. She was clothed in sackcloth, with ashes upon her head, and her hair streaming over her shoulders: her feet were bare, and her face was begrimed with coal-dust. She announced herself as an illustration of the black-pox, which she predicted as an approaching judgment on the people. Upon her examination before the Magistrates, she said that God had three years since laid this service upon her in Barbados, and she had her husband's consent to come and perform it. She and her female companions were sentenced to be stripped from the middle upwards, and tied to a cart's tail at the South meeting-house, and drawn through the town, receiving twenty lashes on their naked backs."

The true moral of the whole, however, is the *uselessness* of persecution. As long as the Quakers were made objects of attention and punished, so long they persisted in disturbing the colony; when neglected or treated with contempt, they came not to it, or sank down into quiet citizens. Rhode Island, founded on a principle of perfect freedom, saw this from the beginning; and the letter in which the colony announced to the Government of Massachusetts their determination to pass no laws upon the subject, contains the rationale of civil interference with religious freedom, which so many have yet to learn.

"We find," they said in a letter to the General Court, "that in those places where these people aforesaid, in this colony, are most of all suffered to declare themselves freely, and are only opposed by arguments in discourse, there they least of all desire to come; and we are informed that they began to loathe this place, for that they are not opposed by the civil authority, but with all patience and meekness are suffered to say over their pretended revelations and admonitions: nor are they like or able to gain many here to their way: and surely we find that they delight to be persecuted by civil powers; and when they are so, they are like to gain more adherents by the consequence of their patient sufferings than by consent to their pernicious sayings."

As matter of attraction respecting what Cotton Mather's title calls "The Wonders of the Invisible World," the trials for witchcraft are the most amusing. They are also the best treated (perhaps they admitted of the best treatment) by Mr. Chandler; a brief narrative telling the history of the public delusion, and the general mode of carrying on the trials, whilst any particular case is exhibited at length. Except in the illegality of the proceedings, the Governor having no power to appoint the court he nominated to try the witches, the proceedings do not essentially differ from similar cases in this country, unless in the predomi-

nance of the evidence touching acts of the accused when they were "not present in the body"—a species of evidence so easy to invent, and of course impossible to disprove. It is difficult to say whether the following statements are pure inventions of folly or malice, or optical delusions, arising from deranged health and the melancholy temperament so likely to be induced by the fanaticism of New England, and taking the shape of the current superstition. The evidence was given on the trial of Bridget Bishop, an old woman who had been in ill-repute as a witch for more than twenty years.

PRANKS OF A WITCH NOT PRESENT IN THE BODY.

Samuel Gray testified, that about fourteen years ago (1678) he waked on a night and saw the room where he lay full of light; and that he then saw plainly a woman between the cradle and the bedside, which looked upon him. He rose and it vanished, though he found the doors all fast: looking out at the entry-door, he saw the same woman in the same garb again, and said, "in God's name, what do you come for?" He went to bed and had the same woman assaulting him. The child in the cradle gave a great screech, and the woman disappeared. It was long before the child could be quieted; and though it was a very lively thriving child, yet from this time it pined away, and after divers months died in a sad condition. He knew not Bishop nor her name; but when he saw her after this, he knew by her countenance and apparel, and all circumstances, that it was the apparition of this Bishop which had thus troubled him. * * * * *

Richard Cowan testified, that eight years ago, as he lay awake in his bed, with a light burning in the room, he was annoyed with the apparition of the prisoner and of two more that were strangers to him, who came and oppressed him so that he could neither stir himself nor wake any one else; and that he was the night after molested again in the like manner; the said Bishop taking him by the throat and pulling him almost out of the bed. His kinsman offered for this cause to lodge with him; and that night, as they were awake discoursing together, the witness was once more visited by the guests which had formerly been so troublesome, his kinsman being at the same time struck speechless and unable to move hand or foot. He had laid his sword by him; which those unhappy spectres did strive much to wrest from him, but he held it too fast for them. He then grew able to call the people of his house; but although they heard him, yet they had not power to speak or stir, until at last, one of the people crying out "what is the matter?" the spectres all vanished. * * * * *

John Louder testified, that upon some little controversy with Bishop about her fowls, going well to bed, he awoke in the night by moonlight and saw clearly the likeness of this woman grievously oppressing him; in which miserable condition she held him unable to help himself till near day. He told Bishop of this; but she utterly denied it, and

threatened him very much. Quickly after this being at home on a Lord's day with the doors shut about him, he saw a black pig approach him; which endeavoring to kick, it vanished away. Immediately after, sitting down, he saw a black thing jump in at the window and come and stand before him. The body was like that of a monkey, the feet like a cock's, but the face much like a man's. He being so extremely affrighted that he could not speak, this monster spoke to him and said, "I am a messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some trouble of mind; and if you will be ruled by me you shall want for nothing in this world." Whereupon he endeavored to clap his hands upon it; but he could feel no substance, and it jumped out of the window again; but immediately came in by the porch though the doors were shut, and said, "you had better take my counsel." He then struck at it with a stick; but struck only the groundsel, and broke the stick. The arm with which he struck was presently disabled; and it vanished away. He presently went out at the back door, and spied this Bishop in her orchard, going toward her house; but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon, returning into the house, he was immediately accosted by the monster he had seen before, which goblin was going to fly at him; whereat he cried out, "the whole armor of God be between me and you!" So it sprung back and flew over the apple-tree, shaking many apples off the tree in its flying over. At its leap, it flung dirt with its feet against the stomach of the man; whereon he was then struck dumb, and so continued for three days together.

"Upon the producing of this testimony," says Cotton Mather, "Bishop denied that she knew this deponent. Yet their two orchards joined, and they had often had their little quarrels for some years together."

William Stacy testified, that receiving money of this Bishop for work done by him, he was gone but a matter of three roods from her, and looking for his money found it unaccountably gone from him. Some time after, Bishop asked him whether his father would grind her grist for her? He demanded why? She replied because folks count me a witch. He answered, "no question but he will grind it for you." Being then gone about six roods from her with a load in his cart, suddenly the off-wheel slumped and sunk down into a hole, upon plain ground; so that the witness was forced to get help for the recovering of the wheel. But, stepping back to look for the hole which might give him this disaster, there was none at all to be found. Some time after, he was waked in the night; but it seemed as light as day, and he perfectly saw the shape of this Bishop in the room troubling of him; but upon her going out all was dark again. He charged Bishop afterwards with it; and she denied it not, but was very angry. Quickly after, this witness having been threatened by Bishop, as he was in a dark night going to the barn, he was very suddenly taken or lifted from the ground and thrown against a stone wall; after that, he was again hoisted up and thrown down a bank at the end of his house. After this, again passing by this Bishop, his horse, with a small load, striving to draw, all his gears flew to pieces and the cart fell down; and this deponent going then

to lift a bag of corn of about two bushels, could not budge it with all his might. Many other pranks of this Bishop the witness was ready to relate. He also testified, that he verily believed the said Bishop was the instrument of his daughter Priscilla's death: "of which suspicion, pregnant reasons were assigned."

John Bly and William Bly testified, that being employed by Bridget Bishop to help take down the cellar wall of the old house wherein she formerly lived, they did in holes of the said old wall find several poppets, made up of rags and hog's bristles, with headless pins in them, the points being outward; "whereof the prisoner could now give no account unto the Court that was reasonable or tolerable."

Before we quit this able and interesting volume, let us note two points: either Colonial America produced no case of private crime so atrocious as to be remarkable for its atrocity, or Mr. Chandler has not recorded it: how rapidly opinion changes if the change be marked at some elapsed time, and not in its gradual progress. It is customary to talk of the wonderful fluctuations in public opinion during the present century, and no doubt they have been very great; but they are nothing so great as took place during a similar space of time in the Plantations respecting Quakers and Witchcraft—although some suppose the age of the Stuarts was an age of stagnation. The fact is, history is progress; and it would form a curious chapter of it to note the changes that have taken place in the world's mind at comparatively short periods.

DIETETICS.

From the Spectator.

Food and its Influence on Health and Disease; or an Account of the Effects of different kinds of Aliment on the Human Body. With Dietetic Rules for the Preservation of Health. By MATTHEW TRUMAN, M. D.

THIS is a very pleasant volume on a very vital subject, and in which the most philosophical engage some twice or thrice a day, unless they belong to that unfortunately large class (which Dr. Truman expressly excludes from consideration) whose ill condition arises from a "paucity rather than a superabundance of food." In this essay on aliment, an immense number of facts are brought together, relating to some of the four thousand articles with which man at various times and under various circumstances has gratified his palate or satisfied his hunger. The curious epicure may obtain from Dr. Truman's essay on Food, a précis of the history, not of eating, but of things eaten; and learn the reason why certain

national dainties, to him nauseous—as whale-blubber—are desired by the peoples which indulge in them. Here too he will find a judicious and discriminating advocacy of cookery as a chemical art, whose object, like that of all arts, is to develop for the gratification of man the qualities found in nature; a medical inquiry into the nutritive properties of the different classes of food—animals, vegetables, fish, and so forth; together with some hints touching the management of his own diet, and an interesting exhibition of some physiological wonders in our microcosm or little world. The execution of the whole, moreover, is as agreeable as the matter is attractive; the style, with a gossip character, possessing a closeness and neatness which rise to easy clearness in the chemical or physiological expositions.

The reader must not extend this praise, or expect from the work, what it does not possess, and probably never aimed at: essentially it has no principle of any novelty; the account of the elements of animal and vegetable food—the fibrin, albumen, &c. of animals—the gluten, mucilage, &c. in vegetables—with the respective proportions of nourishment they yield, and their respective facilities of digestion—may be found in many books on chemistry and dietetics. Some of the physiological expositions, though not new, are less popularly known; and many of the facts are not to be called new in strictness, for we all knew that Frenchmen eat frogs, and cannibals human flesh. The attraction lies in the clear arrangement, the novel air imparted to the facts by bringing so many of them together, and the easy pleasantness of style with which they are presented.

The defect of the book, to us, is its want of conclusion. When we have read it through, we are much where we were as regards specific rules of diet. Dr. Truman says, indeed, that many constitutions have an idiosyncrasy which enables them to take, and even with benefit, things that are injurious to others: but this we knew before. He cautions the reader against improper abstinence, as likely to be injurious: but Celsus, nearly two thousand years ago, announced a somewhat similar opinion, when he warned mankind, in varying their mode of life (by sleep, watching, food, fasting, &c.) to tend towards the benign extreme. Our author dwells upon the advantage of influencing the body by diet rather than medicine: but Bacon, and probably others before him, propounded a similar rule, and for the reason that “diets alter the body

more and trouble it less.” Dr. Truman, however, gives the *modus operandi* of diet—which, no doubt, imparts more impress and conviction to the rule. The principal axiom we have deduced from *Food and its Influence on Health and Disease*, is the popular and genial one—Live variously and well; eat mixed food; Nature intended man to live on variety; and do not be deluded into Cornaro systems of diet, for the old Venetian had a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and was an invalid to boot.

“The instance of Cornaro, who improved his health so much by great frugality of diet, is therefore frequently most improperly quoted; for, though the plan of living he followed might suit some persons, it would infallibly cause disease, and ultimately death, if rigorously adopted by most people. The account he has left of the small quantities of food he was in the habit of subsisting on, is alone sufficient to show how injurious the majority of individuals would find an attempt to live in a similar manner. He tells us that he was extremely unhealthy and decrepid up to the age of forty, when he determined on adopting a most abstemious plan of diet, and eating every thing by weight. The entire quantity of food he took daily consisted of twelve ounces of bread, eggs, &c., and fourteen ounces of liquids, making altogether only twenty-six ounces of food, solid and liquid. By following this course, he recovered his health, and lived to be one hundred and four years of age. Many may suppose that the long life he attained proves the healthiness of his mode of living; it was certainly healthy for him, and might be so for any other person in a similar state of body to himself: but he must always be considered as a sort of invalid, in whom the powers of nutrition were very weak, and unable to assimilate a larger quantity of nourishment; for if he had ever required more food, he could not have borne it—as was proved by the addition of merely two ounces of solid food to his usual allowance always causing him fever; and yet a more generous diet would undoubtedly have been very beneficial to him, if he could have supported it. It is by no means desirable to try and subsist upon too little food; for this practice occasionally induces a peculiar condition of the stomach, which renders it incapable of bearing the stimulus of the quantity of nourishment necessary for a vigorous state of body.”

As we know not that our general account of Dr. Truman's book has conveyed a sufficiently distinct idea of its nature and execution (which is indeed not very easily conveyed by description), we will draw pretty freely upon its varied contents, that they may speak for themselves.

REPTILE FOOD.

The animals belonging to the class Reptilia which afford food to man are not numerous. The turtle supplies a very nutritious and wholesome article of diet; and, now that the voyage between this country and the West Indies is made in such

a short time by steamboats, it will no doubt be imported in greater abundance, with much advantage to our population at large. Turtle was first introduced into this country, as an article of food, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1753 shows it was at that time considered a great rarity:—"Friday, August 31. A turtle weighing 350 pounds was ate at the King's Arms Tavern, Pall Mall: the mouth of an oven was taken down to admit the part to be baked." The greater number of turtle consumed in London are brought from Jamaica; where much care is bestowed on breeding and preserving them: they are sold in the shops in that island at a less cost than beef or mutton. Some of them are so large, that one would be a sufficient repast for a hundred persons, and admit of fourteen men standing with ease at the same time on its back.

Serpents are eaten in many parts of the world: the American Indians are very fond of rattlesnakes, cooked as we dress eels. The anaconda, and other boas, afford a wholesome diet to the natives of the countries they inhabit. Ad-ders are stated to be used as food in many parts of France and Italy. Crocodiles, the guana, and other lizards, are eaten in South America and the Bahama Islands. The bull-frog is considered in America as good as turtle.

THE DELUDED PARISIANS.

The *Rana esculanta*, or edible frog, is a favorite article of diet in France, Germany, and Italy. Toads seem also to be eaten by the French, though unwittingly. Professor Dumeril used to relate, in his lectures at the Jardin des Plantes, that the frogs brought to the markets in Paris are caught in the stagnant waters round Montmorenci, in the Bois de Vincennes, Bois de Boulogne, &c. The people employed in this traffic separate the hind-quarters and legs of the frog from the body, denude them of their skin, arrange them on skewers as larks are done in this country, and then bring them in that state to market. In seeking for frogs, these dealers often meet with toads; which they do not reject, but prepare them in the same way as they would frogs; and, as it is impossible to determine whether the hind-quarters of these creatures, after the skin is stripped off, belong to frogs or toads, it continually happens that great numbers of the supposed frogs sold in Paris for food are actually toads.

INSECT FOOD.

Humboldt says, the children in some parts of South America may be seen dragging enormous centipedes from their holes and craunching them between their teeth without compunction. The white ant is eaten by the Indians in Brazil, Guana, on the banks of the Rio Negro, and Cassiquiare. The Negroes in the West Indies are very partial to a caterpillar found on the palm-tree. The Caffre hordes of South Africa feed upon locusts, ants, and a variety of insects too numerous for detail. Locusts and grasshoppers are eaten in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Abyssinia, Madagascar, and China. The Chinese also eat the chrysalises of the silk-worm, the larva of the

sphinx-moth, and a grub found at the root of the sugar-cane. Snails are taken as food in many parts of Europe. The earth-worm is eaten in Van Diemen's Land. The Greenlanders, Negroes, and Chinese eat the pediculus humanus; the Javans have also been accused of eating these insects, but this they deny, though they confess to biting them.

PRE-EMINENCE OF MILK.

This is one of the most important articles of diet derived from the animal kingdom, and has many remarkable properties worthy of notice belonging to it. In the course of this work it will be shown, that the higher orders of animals require a mixture of different alimentary substances for their nutrition; for when they are limited to any one kind of food, their condition is either deteriorated, or disorganization of structure ensues. Milk is the only aliment which offers an exception to this rule—that is to say, which is capable of supporting life alone. Dr. Prout has well remarked, that all other alimentary matters exist for themselves, or for the use of the animal or vegetable of which they form a constituent part. Milk, however, is prepared by nature expressly as food, being of no other use to animals whatever. It would naturally be expected, that since milk possesses the nutrient property in so eminent a degree, its composition must be peculiar, and contain a greater diversity of the principles forming alimentary matter than other kinds of food. Such, indeed, is the fact; for every sort of animal milk is composed of albumen, oil, and sugar, suspended in a large quantity of water. The proportions in which these three substances are united in different kinds of milk vary exceedingly, but they have always been found to exist in the milk of all animals.

RATIONALE OF RAW OYSTERS.

Albumen coagulates on being exposed for a few minutes to a temperature of 165 deg. Fahrenheit; which causes different processes of cookery greatly to vary the digestible properties of substances containing an abundance of it. Eggs exposed to a high temperature, merely long enough to cause partial coagulation of the albumen, are much lighter and more digestible than they are after the application of heat to them has been continued to complete it, or as it is termed, till they are boiled hard. The digestible qualities of oysters may be modified in a similar manner. In a raw state, or when the albumen they contain is uncoagulated, a great number may be eaten without causing any bad effects. One of the most distinguished French physiologists of the present day used to declare, he did not care about eating oysters unless he could be supplied with at least twelve or fourteen dozen for his own share; a number he was continually in the habit of taking at one meal, without experiencing any symptoms of indigestion. Numerous other instances could be adduced of persons eating similar quantities with impunity. Stewed oysters, however, in which the albumen is coagulated, could not, in all probability, be partaken of with similar freedom, without causing a great derangement of the stomach.

TAPIOCA.

Starch is often combined with poisonous substances; and many anxious mothers will be surprised to hear that the mild, bland, demulcent tapioca, is obtained from the root of the *jatropha manihot*, a plant indigenous to the Brazils, Guiana, and the West India Islands, which is one of the most active poisons known, causing death in a few minutes after it has been swallowed. The roots of this plant, which contain a great quantity of sap, are peeled and subjected to pressure in bags made of rushes. The juice thus forced out is so deadly a poison, that it is employed by the Indians as a poison for their arrows. On being allowed to stand, however, it soon deposits a white starch, which, when properly washed, is quite innocent. This starch is then dried in smoke, and afterwards passed through a sieve; and is the substance from which tapioca and the cassava bread of the Indians is prepared. The discovery of the process for separating this powder from the *jatropha manihot* has been of the greatest importance to the human race, since it enables us to obtain a most valuable article of food from a plant that is of a highly poisonous nature, but which contains an enormous quantity of nutritious matter; for it is asserted that one acre of *manihot* will afford nourishment for more persons than six acres of wheat.

MODERN EPICUREAN EXPLOITS.

Europeans may justly lay claim to the merit of having been most instrumental in conveying the different animals and vegetables most useful as articles of diet from one country to another. From Europe and Asia they have carried our common ruminants, and fowls, corn, sugar, rice, tamarinds, tea, coffee, some spices, oranges, and many other vegetables, to America and Australasia. They have brought back from America in return, the turkey, maize, potatoes, manihot, the pine-apple, &c., and transported them to different regions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, where the climate and soil are fitted for their existence and growth. They have thus conferred a great benefit on the human race in general; for the more completely this interchange is carried out, the more will the means for nourishing the body be multiplied, which is the best way to improve its condition.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE.

The almond, with its tough coriaceous husk, has been changed by long culture into the peach, with its beautiful, soft, and delicious pulp; the acrid sloe, into the luscious plum; and the harsh, bitter crab, into the golden pippin. Attention to nutrition has produced quite as marked changes in the pear, cherry, and other fruit-trees; many of which have not only been altered in their qualities and appearance, but even in their habits. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of the *apium graveolens*, the taste of which is so acrid and bitter that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflowers and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely-developed coleworts, that grow wild on the sea-shore, and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. The rose has been produced by cultivation from the common wild-brier. Many plants may be modi-

fied with advantage by suppressing the growth of one part, which causes increased development of other parts.

MOFFAT'S MISSIONARY LABORS AND SCENES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

From Tait's Magazine.

THIS, in its leading feature, the personal record of its author, is a very remarkable book, and one which is better calculated to show the utility of missions to Africa than any work that has appeared for many years back. It is the narrative of a man who has been for twenty-three years a faithful and diligent laborer among the heathen, as the agent, in South Africa, of the London Missionary Society,—of a man of quick intelligence, and remarkable sagacity, and one who appears to have been in every way singularly well adapted to the difficult situation into which Providence has thrown him. From youth to middle age he has spent his life in privations, vicissitudes, and dangers, of which stay-at-home people can hardly form an idea; and which few men possess the courage, fortitude, and physical hardihood to encounter, and much less to persevere under.

The missionary to barbarous or half-civilized countries is the true hero of modern times. He is the successor of the hardy and enterprising navigator and discoverer of the middle ages; though he follows in their track for much nobler purposes, and in the strength of a purer spirit. But, independently altogether of his sacred vocation, we have seldom read any narrative which more powerfully stirs the sympathies than this of Moffat; or which interests the reader more deeply, in the perils, conflicts, and personal adventures of the actor, and in the display of those varied intellectual and physical qualities and resources which, in the face of what seemed insurmountable obstacles, has enabled him to work what looks like miracles, among the barbarous tribes for whose improvement he has labored with untiring courage; often cast down, but never despairing. He and his coadjutors may now be hailed as the civilizers of the barbarous tribes of South Africa, whom they have conquered and civilized by Christianizing. But these—civilization and Christianity—are phrases which ought to be synonymous.

From the published Reports of the Missionary Society, and the African Narratives of the Rev. John Campbell, late of King'sland, some of our readers must probably have some previous knowledge of the author of this work. At a very early age he

was sent out to Africa by the London Society. The principal scene of his missionary labors has been among the *Bechuanas*; and his head-quarters is now the flourishing Kuruman Station, which he was mainly instrumental in planting. But his has been a wandering life, and one wholly spent among "savage tribes and roving barbarians;" nor does John Campbell, over-rate Moffat's extraordinary powers and achievements when he says,—“To master the language he wandered the deserts with the savage tribes, sharing their perils and privations. He *outdid* Paul in accommodating himself to all men, in order to save some. Paul never became a *savage* in lot, to save savages. Many might indeed thus stoop to conquer, but few could retain both their piety and philosophy in such society!” On Campbell's second journey to Africa, Mr. Moffat was his companion from Cape Town into the interior. Though much younger in years, and perhaps inferior to Campbell in some secondary attainments, we should infer that Moffat is a man of loftier intellect, and one who possesses, in a far higher degree, those qualities which enable the missionary to acquire and retain influence over a barbarous people. His personal courage alone, and skill in the chase and in many useful arts, must have given him an immense advantage with the Africans.

In the course of his long sojourn among the *Bechuanas* and *Namaquas*, and the neighboring tribes, Mr. Moffat has made several journeys to Cape Town on private business, or for objects connected with his missionary labors. On one of these journeys he was married to a young lady to whom he appears to have been engaged before he left England, and who has been his faithful companion in the desert. In the wilds of Africa he has had a large family, and experienced a full share of domestic affliction and calamity, though his wife must have been not only a very great addition to his happiness, but to his usefulness as a laborer among the heathen. The year before last, Mr. Moffat, for the first time since his departure, visited England, to give an account of his extraordinary labors, and more extraordinary ultimate success. This, we understand, he has frequently done orally, but better by the publication of the interesting work before us, which he has bequeathed as a legacy to the multitudes of friends of all classes who have shown him kindness, before he shall finally return to the far-distant scene of his labors, his conflicts, and his triumphs. The country of his adoption

has become that of his affections; the wilderness, now no longer a wilderness, his beloved home. We presume that Mr. Moffat is now far on his way to the shores of Africa.

In an old note-book of John Campbell's, there appears this notice of Mr. Moffat, which we cite in the first place:—"His education does not qualify him to preach at Cape Town; but I believe him to be a first-rate missionary to the heathen. He is also acquainted with agriculture, carpentry work, the sextant, map-making," &c. &c. A knowledge of medicine and surgery appear to have been among Mr. Moffat's useful acquirements; and with his own hands he printed the Gospels, which he had translated into the language of the country, as well as school-books, hymn-books, and other useful tracts. To own the truth, we are not certain that Campbell was able to appreciate the full merits of this breaker-up of the fallow-ground, in a field to which he was himself but a transient though a most useful visitor. As to Moffat not being qualified to preach at Cape Town, if such be the fact, the fault must rest with the audience, and not with the *Preacher*;—the actor in, and the author of, the remarkable narrative before us. Preaching—and we wish this was as generally understood among the clergy as it is among the laity—admits of much greater variety than is usually imagined, and of a far wider range of topics. If a man who has spent an active life, replete with wild adventure and daring enterprise, among the barbarous hordes of Africa, propagating the Gospel by exhibiting its fruits in his lessons and in his life, be not an adept in the conventionalities and usages of monotonous sermonizing, as they are practised among us and transmitted from generation to generation almost unchanged—if he may not be what is called a "good preacher," he is something of a far higher character, which not one "good preacher" in a thousand is fitted to become. A feeling of undue humility has led Mr. Moffat to make superfluous apologies for the imperfections of his style, and for his inability to enter upon philosophical disquisition and analysis. He has done much better; he has supplied philosophers, and all orders of men, with copious materials, and much novel matter for reflection; and the actor in the wild scenes he describes, the witness of the strange facts he relates, could not fail of apt expressions to convey his own vivid feelings and recollections of the events he had witnessed; could not, in short, fail to be imaginative and

eloquent in the best sense. Moffat is so in an eminent degree. He is a native of Scotland, which says something for the early nurture of the higher faculties of his mind; and his residence in the wilderness has wonderfully preserved the originality and raciness of his mental constitution. An able man he must have been under all circumstances; but had he lived at home, aiming to become such a preacher as, for a season, is pretty sure to captivate a town or *civilized* audience, he would probably have been tamed down into respectable mediocrity.

He was accepted by the Directors of the Society, and set apart for his work at the same time with the lamented Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga." His career has been more arduous, his conflict more protracted; and when the nature of his position is closely examined, his final success appears to us more remarkable. He has eminently been a breaker-up of the fallow-ground; one who bears the burden in the heat of the day. His volume must, we imagine, engage the attention of many who are not particularly interested in missionary enterprise, from the curious and novel aspects in which it presents a portion of the great human family, and from its copious additions to natural history. Intelligent travellers, passing through these tribes, describe superficially their condition and manners; but men like Moffat, who have spent a lifetime among them, studied and used their language, and adopted their usages so far as this was advisable, becoming, as it were, children of their family, are able to do much more. The missionaries, if tolerably enlightened men, are certainly much better qualified to tell us of the people among whom they labor, than any other description of travellers.

Mr. Moffat's volume opens with a general view of the condition of the tribes of Southern Africa; and a retrospective history of missions to that division of the great continent. He begins with Schmidt, who was sent forth by the Moravians to the Hottentots upwards of a century since. The fascinating history of Schmidt's successful labors has long been familiar to the world. They were suspended by the jealousy of the Dutch East India Company; but fifty years afterwards, when Missionaries were again sent out, the good fruits of Schmidt's labors were still visible, and his memory paved the way for the favorable reception of Vanderkemp and others. The retrospect of the various South-African Missions, from their commencement until the period when Mr. Moffat became himself an

actor in the scenes he describes, and the principal hero of his own tale, is interesting, though it falls below the personal narrative, both from the tamer nature of the events, and the greater animation of the author, when he comes to be the actor, instead of the chronicler, of those daring and perilous adventures. From the Hottentots the missions were gradually extended to the Bushmen, the Namaquas, Corannas, Griquas, and Bechuanas; the native converts becoming efficient instruments in spreading religious knowledge among their savage and nomade neighbors. In 1806, the Orange River was first crossed by the missionaries, and the mission of Namaqua-land established, under very disastrous circumstances, by the brothers Albrechts. A fierce, predatory chief, named *Africaner*, a name which afterwards became familiar and dear to the friends of African Missions, was at that time the scourge and terror of the country, but particularly of the Dutch settlers on the frontier of the colony. The history of this noble African is not a little romantic. The first missionaries were ready to despond, and to abandon the enterprise under the many and grievous discouragements; and, among other reasons, from their proximity to this noted freebooter and cattle-stealer. One day this dreaded personage appeared at the station, and thus addressed them:

"As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man." . . . Jager, the eldest son of the old man, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age. He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aborigines, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P—. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In *Africaner*, P— found a faithful, and an intrepid shepherd; while his valor in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master, enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly ma-

tured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P—— treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honorably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed, which quickly followed that melancholy event.

We omit the tragedy, in which the farmer, by treachery, provoked his fate. When the horrible outrage was completed,

Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly-scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

The subsequent wild adventures of this bold and generous outlaw, carry the imagination back to the days of Johnny Armstrong and Robin Hood, or of the "landless" Macgregor; but his end was of a very different character. The man who lived in continual strife with all around him, whose hand was against every man; whose business was rapine, and whose passion revenge; whose name was a terror not only to the colonists on the north, but to the native tribes of the south; "whose name carried dismay into the solitary places," became an eminent instance of the power of the principles of the Gospel over a mind which, however fierce and untaught, had never been treacherous nor ungenerous. Mr. Moffat relates, that after this great change had taken place—

As I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other: "Look," said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, "there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I" (patting his chest with his hand) "have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."

Another native chief, with whom Africaner was at deadly feud, was named Berend. Several of their bloody conflicts and cattle forays are described, in which great skill as well as prowess were displayed upon both sides. Theirs were generally drawn battles, and they continued to harass and to breathe hatred and defiance to each other,

until Berend also was subdued by the power of the Gospel of Peace. Probably both the chiefs about the same time began to perceive the unprofitable nature of their sanguinary quarrels. Of Nicholas Berend, a brother of the chief, and one of his best captains, it is told that he was afterward attached to different missions as a native teacher. He was, says Moffat,

A very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently travelled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valor in days of heathenism, in which this struggle with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow. Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Bochuap. His end was peace.

Among the earlier exploits of Africaner was sacking the Namaqua mission-station, probably for the sake of plunder, but avowedly because some of his property had been unjustly seized by a settler. A conciliatory letter, which John Campbell, when travelling through Namaqua-land, in deadly terror of Africaner, addressed to the formidable freebooter, is said to have produced a powerful effect upon his naturally intelligent and elevated mind. Two of his brothers were converted by the preaching of the missionary Ebner, and were baptized shortly before Mr. Moffat, in 1817, left Cape Town for Africaner's village in the wilderness. He says—

It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were skeptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

But we shall see more of this remarkable person. The privations and dangers of the journey to Africaner's village might have interest in the narrative of an ordinary traveller; but Moffat's subsequent adventures far eclipse these early trials of his faith and patience, his manliness and hardihood. His reception by the tamed Wolf, and scourge of the desert, is interesting. Africaner had

applied for a missionary; but as Moffat advanced, the inhabitants of another *kraal* intercepted and wished to detain him among them, and almost forced him to remain, until the appearance of a party of the chief's people and three of his brothers ended the contest. Moffat's reception seemed cold; and his brother missionary Ebner, who had baptized the Africaners, described the whole inhabitants as a "wicked, suspicious, and dangerous people, baptized and unbaptized." The chief was so long of making his appearance that young Moffat's heart began to fail, but at length Africaner welcomed him with frank kindness; hoped that as he was so young he would live long among them; and he immediately set the laborers, the usual drudges, the beasts of burden, the poor women, to build a hut for the missionary:

A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour.—Since that time, I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses, (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation,) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past,—the home and friends I had left, perhaps, for ever; the mighty ocean which rolled between, the desert country through which I had passed, to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night's repose, I often involuntarily said and sung,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come."

The inimitable hymn from which these lines are taken, was often sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman and myself, while passing through the lonely desert. But my mind was frequently occupied with other themes. I was young, had entered into a new and responsible situation, and one surrounded with difficulties of no ordinary character. Already I began to discover some indications of an approaching storm, which might try my faith. The

future looked dark and portentous in reference to the mission.

This was a cheerless beginning, and worse evils were at hand. Mr. Ebner, the missionary at this station, was, from some unexplained cause, on very ill terms with Titus Africaner, and he shortly after this abandoned the station, and returned to Germany, his native land. It is not unfair to conclude that he was not well adapted to a situation so difficult, and requiring so much sagacity; and it appears to have been owing to the presence and influence of Moffat that he at last got away unharmed. The condition of the solitary young man he left was painful in the extreme; and he had not yet made trial of himself. He tells—

I was left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about £25 per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. Soon after my stated services commenced—which were, according to the custom of our missionaries at that period, every morning and evening, and school for three or four hours during the day—I was cheered with tokens of the Divine presence. The chief, who had for some time past been in a doubtful state, attended with such regularity, that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn, as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace. To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the hivelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references; but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by experience that that contained heights and depths, and lengths and breadths,

which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature; and he would regard the heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Before seasons like these to which I am referring, Titus, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, as well as a fearful example of ungodliness, had become greatly subdued in spirit. . . . He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives, and fearing the influence of example, I have occasionally made a delicate reference to the subject, and, by degrees, could make more direct remarks on that point, which was one of the barriers to his happiness; but he remained firm, admitting, at the same time, that a man with two wives was not to be envied; adding, "He is often in an uproar, and when they quarrel, he does not know whose part to take." He said he often resolved when there was a great disturbance to pay one off.

This poor man's trials and perplexities with his brace of wives are amusing enough; but in the character of his brother, the once fierce heathen, there is a mild dignity, a noble simplicity, which illustrates the influence of the pure faith of the Gospel better than a hundred homilies. Of him we have this testimony:

But to return to the character of Africaner; during the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to "lean to virtue's side." One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human wo." He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain. It was, however, found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. . . .

. . . . At an early period I became an object of his charity, for, finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace; and though I could not expound to him that the "sword

of the magistrate" implied, that he was calmly to sit at home, and see Bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle, and slay his servants: yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the Gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals, or villages, contending with one another. He who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent any thing like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and, pointing to his past life, ask, "What have I of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?" At an early period of my labors among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was my reply; and I added, that he need be under no apprehensions if I were called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, but his joy was full, when he saw me speedily restored, and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days.

In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the mission, especially in the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interest of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot, while defending the place against an unexpected attack made on it by the people of Warm Bath.

After Moffat had labored for a considerable time among the Bechuanas, and had made several distant excursions on objects connected with his mission, he induced Africaner to accompany him on a visit to the Cape, though the expedition was not without danger to the chief, who for his former marauding upon the settlers was still an outlaw with 1000 rix-dollars offered for his head. He said, when the journey was proposed, that he thought Mr. Moffat had loved him better than to give him up

to the government to be hanged. The affair was for three days publicly discussed; and when it was concluded, nearly the whole inhabitants of Africaner's village—all his subjects, or clansmen—accompanied them to the banks of the Orange River, and parted from them with tears. At Warm Bath, the place referred to in the subjoined extract, there was a mission-station, from whence religion and civilization had emanated to the wilds; and on the journey, it is said—

Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's wo; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love.

We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony, congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were skeptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited

the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. . . . I gave him in a few words my views of Africaner's present character, saying, "He is now a truly good man." To which he replied, "I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world: that would be the eighth." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time, we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, "This, then, is Africaner!" He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

The Governor at the Cape was Lord Charles Somerset, who was somewhat surprised to learn that the lion of the wilderness had been led in to him like a lamb. About this time, Dr. Philip and John Campbell had arrived from England to examine the state of the African missions. It was Mr. Campbell's second visit to Africa, and it appeared—

To be one of the happiest moments of Mr. Campbell's life to hold converse with the man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Often while interpreting for Mr. C., in his inquiries, I have been deeply affected with the overflow of soul experienced by both, while rehearsing the scenes of bygone days.

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his

demeanor, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape Town, and at a public meeting at the Paarl, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a Catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.

Might it not be inquired whether the absence of catechisms and theological works, and the careful study of the Scriptures, without gloss or commentary, might have been the main cause of Africaner's growth in true knowledge, as in true grace; and that many things esteemed helps, as often prove impediments? The conduct of Africaner to his dying hour was edifying and consistent. His latter years were spent in conducting the public offices of religion at the station, and in teaching in the schools. In his dying exhortation to the people, whom he had called together to hear his last words, when he had given them directions for their future conduct in temporal affairs, he bade them remember that they were no longer *savages*, but men professing to be taught by the Gospel, and that it was accordingly their duty to walk by its precepts. In summing up the character of Africaner, who from a fierce predatory warrior, the chief of a savage tribe, had by the power of the Gospel been converted into the Alfred of his subjects, Mr. Moffat remarks:

Many had been the refreshing hours we had spent together, sitting or walking, tracing the operations of the word and Spirit on his mind, which seemed to have been first excited under the ministry of Christian Albrecht. Subsequent to that period, his thoughts were frequently occupied while looking around him, and surveying the "handy-works" of God, and asking the question, "Are these the productions of some great Being?—how is it that his name and character have been lost among the Namaquas, and the knowledge of Him confined to so few?—has that knowledge only lately come to the world?—how is it that he does not address mankind in oral language?"

. . . . In trying to grasp the often indistinct rays of light, which would occasionally flit across his partially awakened understanding, he became the more bewildered, especially when he thought of the spirit of the Gospel message, "Good-will to man." He often wondered whether the book he saw some of the farmers use said any thing on the subject; and then he would conclude, that if they worshipped any such being, he must be one of a very different character from that God of love to whom the missionaries directed the attention of the Namaquas.

How often must the same doubt have oc-

curred to the Hindoo, the Mussulman, and the gentle savage of many other regions!

Mr. Moffat gives a very interesting account of the rise and progress of the Griqua mission, in which he was personally concerned; and a retrospective view of other inroads on heathendom, which will be perused with pleasure, were it only from the enterprise and bold adventures of the daring pioneers, and the light incidentally thrown upon the moral and physical condition of the barbarous tribes that they visited. His relation of his own conflicts and long fruitless endeavors have yet deeper interest. His actual experiences bring great doubt upon the theories of a natural conscience, a *moral sense*, and the idea of a "vicarious offering" or atonement said to be diffused over the whole globe, and also of man being a religious creature. The existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul of man, had never, even in a shadow or tradition, been heard of among these people:

A chief, after listening attentively to me while he stood leaning on his spear, would utter an exclamation of amazement, that a man whom he accounted wise, should vend such fables for truths. Calling about thirty of his men, who stood near him, to approach, he addressed them, pointing to me, "There is Ra-Mary, (Father of Mary,) who tells me, that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard any thing to be compared with this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of Morimo; as also that Morimo causes winter to follow summer, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud;" and casting his arm above and around him, added, "God works in every thing you see or hear! Did ever you hear such words?" Seeing them ready to burst into laughter, he said, "Wait, I shall tell you more; Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us, which will never die; and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day; did you ever hear *litlamane* (fables) like these?" This was followed by a burst of deafening laughter; and on its partially subsiding, the chief man begged me to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think me mad!

One day, while describing the day of judgment, several of my hearers expressed great concern at the idea of all their cattle being destroyed, together with their ornaments. They never for one moment allow their thoughts to dwell on death, which is according to their views nothing less than annihilation. Their supreme happiness consists in having abundance of meat. Asking a man who was more grave and thoughtful than his companions what was the finest sight he could desire, he instantly replied, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat;" adding, "how ugly the fire looks without a pot!"

The grander phenomena of nature had

no power to awaken or fix their attention. The following is a true picture of these wandering children of the wilderness, of man in his natural state :

"They looked on the sun," as Mr. Campbell very graphically said, "with the eye of an ox." To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith, would extort an interjection or superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. . . . What they heard was all right, provided they got a bit of tobacco, or some little equivalent for their time—a thing of no value to them—which they spent in hearing one talk. Some would even make a trade of telling the missionary that they prayed, by which means God directed them to their lost cattle, at a few yards' distance, after having been in search of them several days ; and that in the same way he had brought game within reach of their spears. Replies to questions as to what they thought of the Word of God, were very cheap ; and if they supposed that by such means they had obtained favor and respect, their success would be the subject of merriment in their own circles. Some individuals, to my knowledge, who had carried on this deception in the early period of the mission, many years afterwards boasted how expert they had been in thus gulling the missionary.

Although they had received much instruction, they appeared never for one moment to have reflected upon it, nor did they retain traces of it in their memories, which are generally very tenacious. Accordingly, most of those who at an early period made professions to please, died as they had lived, in profound ignorance. Munameets, though an early friend of the mission, the travelling companion of Mr. Campbell, and one of the most sensible and intelligent men of the nation, than whom no one at the station had enjoyed equal privileges, made the following remark to the writer, in his usual affectionate way, not long before his death—"Ra-Mary, your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach," putting his hand on his own ; "I would like to live with you, because you are kind, and could give me medicine when I am sick. Though I am the uncle of Mothibi, I am the dog of the chief, and must gather up the crumbs (gorge at festivals). I am one of the elders of the people, and though I am still a youth (seventy years!) my thoughts and perceptions are neither so swift nor acute as they were. Perhaps you may be able to make the children remember your mekhua (customs)."

They could not see that there was any thing in our customs more agreeable to flesh and blood than in their own, but would, at the same time, admit that we were a wiser and a superior race of beings to themselves. For this superiority some of their wise heads would try to account: but this they could only do on the ground of our

own statements, that a Great Being made man.

A wily rain-maker, who was the oracle of the village in which he dwelt, once remarked after hearing me enlarge on the subject of the creation, "If you verily believe that that Being created all men, then, according to reason, you must also believe, that in making white people he has improved on his work ; he tried his hand on Bushmen first, and he did not like them, because they were so ugly, and their language like that of the frogs. He then tried his hand on the Hottentots, but these did not please him either. He then exercised his power and skill and made the Bechuanas, which was a great improvement ; and at last he made the white people : therefore," exulting with an air of triumph at the discovery, "the white people are so much wiser than we are, in making walking-houses (wagons), teaching the oxen to draw them over hill and dale, and instructing them also to plough the gardens instead of making their wives do it, like the Bechuanas." His discovery received the applause of the people, while the poor missionary's arguments, drawn from the source of Divine truth, were thrown into the shade.

In a country where extreme drought is the greatest natural calamity to be dreaded, the *rain-maker* is an important personage ; and one who, if clever and cunning, turns his knavery to excellent account. The arts of the rain-maker among these African tribes are very similar to those described by Catlin, as employed by the rain-makers among the Indians on the Upper Missouri. Though the Bechuanas, like the Hottentots, have now adopted many of the customs of civilized life, and made considerable progress in the useful arts, they, in the early period of Mr. Moffat's labors, despised and ridiculed European customs, and gave a decided preference to their own :

They could not account for our putting our legs, feet, and arms into bags, and using buttons for the purpose of fastening bandages round our bodies, instead of suspending them as ornaments from the neck or hair of the head. Washing the body, instead of lubricating it with grease and red ochre, was a disgusting custom, and cleanliness about our food, house, and bedding, contributed to their amusement in no small degree. A native, who was engaged roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for me on the coals, was told that he had better turn it with a stick, or fork, instead of his hands, which he invariably rubbed on his dirty body for the sake of the precious fat. This suggestion made him and his companions laugh extravagantly, and they were wont to repeat it as an interesting joke wherever they came.

Mr. Moffat gives a long and minute account of their national usages, ending thus :

These ceremonies were prodigious barriers to the gospel. Polygamy was another obstacle, and the Bechuanas, jealous of any diminution in their

self-indulgence, by being deprived of the services of their wives, looked with an extremely suspicious eye on any innovation on this ancient custom. While going to war, hunting, watching the cattle, milking the cows, and preparing their furs and skins for mantles, was the work of the men, the women had by far the heavier task of agriculture, building the houses, fencing, bringing firewood, and heavier than all, nature's charge, the rearing of a family. The greater part of the year they are constantly employed; and during the season of picking and sowing their gardens, their task is galling, living on coarse, scanty fare, and frequently having a babe fastened to their backs, while thus cultivating the ground.

The men, for obvious reasons, found it convenient to have a number of such vassals, rather than only one; while the women would be perfectly amazed at one's ignorance, were she to be told that she would be much happier in a single state, or widowhood, than being the mere concubine and drudge of a haughty husband, who spent the greater part of his life in lounging in the shade, while she was compelled, for his comfort as well as her own, to labor under the rays of an almost vertical sun, in a hot and withering climate.

While standing near the wife of one of the grandees, who, with some female companions, was building a house, and making preparations to scramble by means of a branch on to the roof, I remarked that they ought to get their husbands to do that part of the work. This set them all into a roar of laughter. Mahuto, the queen, and several of the men drawing near to ascertain the cause of the merriment, the wives repeated my strange, and, to them, ludicrous proposal, when another peal of mirth ensued. Mahuto, who was a sensible and shrewd woman, stated that the plan, though hopeless, was a good one, as she often thought our custom was much better than theirs. It was reasonable that woman should attend to household affairs, and the lighter parts of labor; while man, who wont to boast of his superior strength, should employ his energy in more laborious occupations; adding, she wished I would give their husbands medicine to make them do the work. This remark was made rather in a way of joke.

The government of the Bechuanas is similar to that found everywhere in the same state of society,—patriarchal, but monarchical, mild in its character, and essentially popular. The head chief, or king, is restrained by the petty chiefs; and in the public assemblies or parliaments an eloquent speaker will often attack the chief, and turn the weight of opinion against him:

I have heard him inveighed against for making women his senators and his wife prime minister, while the audience were requested to look at his body, and see if he were not getting too corpulent; a sure indication that his mind was little exercised in anxieties about the welfare of his people. He generally opens the business of the day with a short speech, reserving his eloquence and wisdom to the close of the meeting, when he analyzes the speeches that have been delivered, and never for-

gets to lash in the most furious language those who have exposed his faults, and who, as he would express it, have walked over his body, placing their feet upon his neck. This is all taken in good part, and the exhausted chieftain is heartily cheered when the meeting dissolves. These assemblies keep up a tolerable equilibrium of power between the chiefs and their king: but they are only convened when differences between tribes have to be adjusted, when a predatory expedition is to be undertaken, or when the removal of a tribe is contemplated; though occasionally matters of less moment are introduced.

Any custom which might be construed into some vague idea of the necessity of an atoning sacrifice and of a future state, is by Mr. Moffat assigned to the cunning of the sorcerers or rain-makers, who order an ox to be sacrificed for the benefit of their own stomachs, though the ostensible purpose is the public weal, or to avert national calamity, or cure disease.

One will try to coax the sickness out of a chieftain by setting him astride of an ox, with his feet and legs tied, and then smothering the animal by holding its nose in a large bowl of water. A feast follows, and the ox is devoured, sickness and all. A sorcerer will pretend he cannot find out the guilty person, or where the malady of another lies, till he has got him to kill an ox, on which he manoeuvres, by cutting out certain parts. Another doctor will require a goat, which he kills over the sick person, allowing the blood to run down the body; another will require the fat of the kidney of a fresh slaughtered goat, saying, that any old fat will not do; and thus he comes in for his chop. These slaughterings are prescribed according to the wealth of the individual, so that a stout ox might be a cure for a slight cold in a chieftain, while a kid would be a remedy for a fever among the poor, among whom there was no chance of obtaining any thing greater. The above ceremonies might with little difficulty be construed into sacrifices, if we felt anxious to increase the number of traditionary remains. Is it, however, to be wondered at, among a pastoral people, whose choicest viand is broiled or boiled meat, and to whom fat of any kind is like the richest cordials, that they should solemnize every event or circumstance with beef?

A treaty or covenant between parties is always ratified by the slaughter of one or more animals, and a consequent feast. In brief, Mr. Moffat's reasoning goes far to demolish many plausible theories of the innate perception of a Supreme Being, and an innate sense of rectitude in the human mind, and of the universal idea of the necessity of a vicarious atonement.

Years rolled on, and the benighted, or rather the embruted people, remained in apparently the same state of apathy and ignorance as at the first. As long as they were gratified with presents they remained good-humored; but when the streams of

bounty or bribery ceased to flow they became rude, abusive, and even dangerous. The life passed by Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, and their fellow-laborer Mr. Hamilton, was not only one of great discomfort and hardship, but of peril and bitterness.

Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and laboring frequently for the meat that perished; but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped. . . . The native women, seeing the fertilizing effect of the water in our gardens, thought very naturally that they had an equal right to their own, and took the liberty of cutting open our water-ditch, and allowing it on some occasions to flood theirs. This mode of proceeding left us at times without a drop of water, even for culinary purposes. It was in vain that we pleaded, and remonstrated with the chiefs,—the women were the masters in this matter. Mr. Hamilton and I were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade, about three o'clock p. m., the hottest time of the day, and turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that we might have a little moisture to refresh our burnt-up vegetables during the night, which we were obliged to irrigate when we ought to have rested from the labors of the day. Many night watches were spent in this way; and after we had raised with great labor vegetables, so necessary to our constitutions, the natives would steal them by day as well as by night, and after a year's toil and care, we scarcely reaped anything to reward us for our labor. . . . When we complained, the women, who one would have thought would have been the first to appreciate the principles by which we were actuated, became exasperated, and going to the higher dam, where the water was led out of the river, with their picks completely destroyed it, allowing the stream to flow in its ancient bed. By this means the supply of water we formerly had was reduced to one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of those who loved us only when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted. But all this, and much more, failed to soften their feelings towards us. Mrs. Moffat, from these circumstances, and the want of female assistance, has been compelled to send the heavier part of our linen a hundred miles to be washed.

Our situation might be better conceived than described: not one believed our report among the thousands by whom we were surrounded. Native aid, especially to the wife of the missionary, though not to be dispensed with, was a source of anxiety, and an addition to our cares; for any individual might not only threaten, but carry a rash purpose into effect. . . . As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making every thing they touched the color of their own greasy red attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands upon. This would keep the housewife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed, they left ten times more than their number behind—company still more offen-

sive. As it was not pleasant to take our meals amongst such filth, our dinner was often deferred for hours, hoping for their departure; but, after all, it had to be eaten when the natives were despatching their game at our feet. Our attendance at public worship would vary from one to forty; and these very often manifesting the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob when the missionary was engaged in public service. . . .

Some nights, or rather mornings, we have had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. . . . Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back, beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted, our metal spoons they melted; and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed in working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return. . . .

Sometimes the missionary is called to suffer much greater privations than have now been described. This may be the most proper place, briefly to introduce a sketch of the general character of my manner of living, while on this station. As before noticed, I had neither bread nor vegetables. But Mr. Bartlett, of Pella, once sent me a bag containing a few pounds of salt, but, on examining it, I could scarcely tell whether there was most sand or salt, and having become accustomed to do without it, I hung it upon a nail, where it remained untouched. My food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one, and then for a while on the other, and again on both together. All was well so long as I had either, but sometimes they both failed. . . . I shall never forget the kindness of Titus Africaner, who, when he visited the station, would come and ask what he could do for me, and, on receiving a few shots, would go to the field, and almost always bring me home something, for he was an extraordinary marksman.

The contents of my wardrobe bore the same impress of poverty. The supply of clothes which I had received in London were, as is too often the case, made after the dandy fashion, and I being still a growing youth, they soon went to pieces. There were no laundry-maids there, nor any thing like ironing or mangling. The old woman who washed my linen sometimes with soap, but oftener

without, was wont to make one shirt into a bag and stuff the others into it, and I just took them out as they were, and more than once have I turned one to feel the comfort of a clean shirt. My dear old mother, to keep us out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught me both to sew and knit; and when I would tell her I intended being a man, she would reply, "Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast." She was right, for I have often had occasion to use the needle since.

These are but a specimen of the privations and hardships to which all these good men and their families had, more or less, to submit.

One main object with Moffat was the acquisition of the language, in which he has since made so great a proficiency. But this important acquirement was attended with many difficulties, and made under the most unfavorable circumstances. He relates—

It was something like groping in the dark, and many were the ludicrous blunders I made. The more waggish of those from whom I occasionally obtained sentences and forms of speech, would richly enjoy the fun, if they succeeded in leading me into egregious mistakes and shameful blunders; but though I had to pay dear for my credulity, I learned something. After being compelled to attend to every species of manual, and frequently menial, labor for the whole day, working under a burning sun, standing on the saw-pit, laboring at the anvil, treading clay, or employed in cleaning a water-ditch, it may be imagined that I was in no very fit condition for study, even when a quiet hour could be obtained in the evening for that purpose. And this was not all; an efficient interpreter could not be found in the country; and when every thing was ready for inquiry, the native mind, unaccustomed to analyze abstract terms, would, after a few questions, be completely bewildered.

Upon this subject Mr. Moffat makes observations not less important to persons endeavoring to acquire an unwritten language than to philologists. Among the most formidable enemies of the missionaries were the sorcerers or rain-makers, whose province they had, it was suspected, come to usurp; for these crafty vagabonds, who live by adroitly cheating and deluding the people, seemed to think that the missionaries and themselves were of the same calling. A famous rain-maker, of grand pretensions, had been sent for from a great distance during a season of extreme drought, of whom it is told:

The rain-makers, as I have since had frequent opportunities of observing, were men of no common calibre; and it was the conviction of their natural superiority of genius, which emboldened them to lay the public mind prostrate before the reveries of their fancies. Being foreigners, they generally amplified prodigiously on their former feats. The present one, as has been noticed,

was above the common order. He kept the chiefs and nobles gazing on him with silent amazement, while the demon of mendacity enriched his themes with lively imagery, making them fancy they saw their corn-fields floating in the breeze, and their flocks and herds returning homewards by noonday from the abundance of pasture. He had in his wrath desolated the cities of the enemies of his people, by stretching forth his hand, and commanding the clouds to burst upon them. He had arrested the progress of a powerful army, by causing a flood to descend, which formed a mighty river, and arrested their course. These, and many other pretended supernatural displays of his power, were received as sober truths. The report of his fame spread like wildfire, and the chiefs of the neighboring tribes came to pay him homage. We scarcely knew whether to expect from him open hostility, secret machinations, or professed friendship. He, like all of his profession, was a thinking and calculating soul, in the habit of studying human nature, affable, engaging, with an acute eye, and exhibiting a dignity of mien, with an ample share of self-esteem, which, notwithstanding all his obsequiousness, he could not hide. . . . He found we were men of peace, and would not quarrel. For the sake of obtaining a small piece of tobacco, he would occasionally pay us a visit, and even enter the place of worship. He was also studious not to give offence. While in the course of conversation, he would give a feeble assent to our views, as to the sources of that element, over which he pretended to have a sovereign control. . . .

It might be briefly noticed, that in order to carry on the fraud, he would, when clouds appeared, order the women neither to plant nor sow, lest they should be scared away. He would also require them to go to the fields, and gather certain roots and herbs, with which he might light what appeared to the natives mysterious fires. Elate with hope, they would go in crowds to the hills and dales, herborize, and return to the town with songs, and lay their gatherings at his feet. With these he would sometimes proceed to certain hills, and raise smoke; gladly would he have raised the wind also, if he could have done so, well knowing that the latter is frequently the precursor of rain. He would select the time of new and full moon for his purpose, aware that at those seasons there was frequently a change in the atmosphere. It was often a matter of speculation with me whether such men had not the fullest conviction in their own minds that they were gulling the public; and opportunities have been afforded which convinced me that my suspicions were well grounded. I met one among the Barolongs, who, from some service I had done him, thought me very kind, and, before he knew my character, became very intimate. He had derived benefit from some of my medicines, and consequently viewed me as a doctor, and one of his own fraternity. In reply to some of my remarks, he said, "It is only wise men who can be rain-makers, for it requires very great wisdom to deceive so many;" adding, "you and I know that." At the same time he gave me a broad hint that I must not remain

there, lest I should interfere with his field of labor.

As those savages who are idolaters become enraged with their gods when their desires are not complied with, and break and tear them in pieces, so do these Africans act with their sorcerers. This great rain-maker was afterwards put to death by a chief; and his wife, who was considered too handsome for him, given to the chief's son. When all his arts, contrivances, and shifts had failed—and some of them were most ingenious—he insinuated that the cause of his failure was the presence of the missionaries, who rendered the clouds “hard-hearted,” and “dried up the teats of heaven.” The situation of the missionaries became at this juncture extremely perilous. It is said—

The people at last became impatient, and poured forth their curses against brother Hamilton and myself, as the cause of all their sorrows. Our bell, which was rung for public worship, they said, frightened the clouds; our prayers came in also for a share of the blame. “Don't you,” said the chief rather fiercely to me, “bow down in your houses, and pray and talk to something bad in the ground?” A council was held, and restrictions were to be laid on all our actions. We refused compliance, urging that the spot on which the mission premises stood, had been given to the missionaries. The rain-maker appeared to avoid accusing us openly; he felt some sense of obligation, his wife having experienced that my medicines and mode of bleeding did her more good than all his nostrums. He would occasionally visit our humble dwellings, and when I happened to be in the smith's shop, he would look on most intently when he saw a piece of iron welded, or an instrument made, and tell me privately he wished I were living among his people, assuring me that there was plenty of timber and iron there.

One day he came and sat down, with a face somewhat elongated, and evincing inward dissatisfaction. On making inquiry, I found, as I had heard whispered the day before, that all was not right; the public voice was sounding ominous in his ears. He inquired how the women were in our country; and supposing he wished to know what they were like, I pointed him to my wife, adding, that there were some taller, and some shorter than she was. “That is not what I mean,” he replied; “I want to know what part they take in public affairs, and how they act when they do so?” I replied, “that when the women of my country had occasion to take an active part in any public affairs, they carried all before them;” adding, in a jocose strain, “wait till we missionaries get the women on our side, as they now are on yours, and there will be no more rain-makers in the country.” At this remark he looked at me as if I had just risen out of the earth. “May that time never arrive!” he cried, with a countenance expressive of unusual anxiety. I replied, “that time would assuredly come, for Jehovah, the mighty God, had spoken it. He was evidently chagrined,

for he had come for advice. “What am I to do?” he inquired; “I wish all the women were men; I can get on with the men, but I cannot manage the women.” I viewed this as a delicate moment, and, feeling the need of caution, replied, “that the women had just cause to complain; he had promised them rain, but the land was dust, their gardens burned up, and were I a woman, I would complain as loudly as any of them.”

The rain-maker kept himself very secluded for a fortnight, and, after cogitating how he could make his own cause good, he appeared in the public fold, and proclaimed that he had discovered the cause of the drought. All were now eagerly listening; he dilated some time, till he had raised their expectation to the highest pitch, when he revealed the mystery. “Do you not see, when clouds come over us, that Hamilton and Moffat look at them?” This question receiving a hearty and unanimous affirmation, he added that our white faces frightened away the clouds, and they need not expect rain so long as we were in the country. This was a home-stroke, and it was an easy matter for us to calculate what the influence of such a charge would be on the public mind. We were very soon informed of the evil of our conduct, to which we pleaded guilty, promising, that as we were not aware that we were doing wrong, being as anxious as any of them for rain, we would willingly look to our chins, or the ground, all the day long, if it would serve their purpose. It was rather remarkable, that much as they admired my long black beard, they thought that in this case it was most to blame. However, this season of trial passed over, to our great comfort, though it was followed for some time with many indications of suspicion and distrust.

Matters were now coming to extremity. The long-continued drought, and all its attendant miseries, were attributed to the missionaries, who were ordered to leave the country; and it was hinted that violence would be employed unless the orders of the chiefs for their departure were obeyed. The missionaries refused to go away, and stated their reasons for remaining, which were of a nature quite incomprehensible to the aborigines, who however remarked, “These men must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality.” The suspicions excited among these people, from the most trivial causes, forcibly illustrate the power of prejudice over ignorant minds. Two little images of soldiers, stuck upon a Dutch clock fixed in the wall in the place of worship, were magnified into something vast and sinister.

The little images in the clock were soon magnified into Goliaths, and the place of worship looked upon as an *einllu ea kholego*, a house of bondage. It was necessary to take down the fairy-looking strangers, and cut a piece off their painted bodies, to convince the affrighted natives that the objects of their alarm were only bits of colored wood. Many, however, thought themselves too wise to be

thus easily deceived. Though perfectly convinced of the egregious folly of believing that the little *liséto*, "carved ones," would one day seize them by the throat in the sanctuary, they nevertheless continued to suspect, that the motives of the missionary were any thing but disinterested.

Mr. Moffat had been, even when matters looked the darkest, unconsciously laying the foundation of his future success; and now a crisis was at hand, of which he availed himself with singular boldness and sagacity, and at length fully gained the confidence and regard of the people, who could no longer doubt of his will and power to serve them. The details of those transactions which gained him the esteem and confidence of the tribe, exhibit one of the most complete pictures of savage warfare,—where the great impeller is hunger, and where one horde pours forth from the wilderness after another, spreading dismay and devastation in their course,—that ancient or modern literature affords.

For more than a year, numerous wild rumors of war, brought by the hunters and traders, had reached the mission-station, but of so extravagant a nature, that they were at first treated as the dreams of madmen. It was said that a mighty woman named *Mantatee*, was coming on at the head of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, marching onward among the interior nations, bringing devastation and ruin wherever she appeared; and that she nourished the army with her own milk, sent out hornets before her, and was laying the world desolate. Mr. Moffat began to think that there must be some foundation for these extraordinary gazettes, and concluded that they were magnified rumors of the destructive wars carrying on by Chaka the tyrant of Zoolus; and though this monster was at too great a distance to cause alarm, the missionary had various reasons for wishing to ascertain the state of public affairs among the neighboring tribes, and he accordingly resolved to visit *Makaba*, the chief of the Bauangketsi; and by opening a friendly intercourse, or mediating between hostile tribes, prevent, if possible, their perpetual bloody conflicts. He wished, besides, to become acquainted with their manners and language. The chief and people among whom he had so long resided on the Kuruman, were averse to his journey. *Makaba* was represented as a ferocious murderer, from whose territory he would never return alive. He however persisted in his purpose, and had not advanced far on his march when he ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the fierce and

warlike tribe of Mantatees, typified by the gigantic woman, had actually reached some of the neighboring tribes, whose towns were already in the hands of the marauders. The spies sent out to ascertain the movements of this advancing army,—which, like the ancient hordes, moved onward, accompanied by their wives, children, cattle, and dogs,—could give no satisfactory tidings; and Mr. Moffat and his company proceeded for the town of the chief, *Makaba*; but the party had not advanced much farther when they were driven to their wits' end.

We were on the alert, and made inquiries of every stranger we met about the invaders, but could learn nothing, although we were not more than fifteen miles from the town, of which it was reported the enemy were in possession. We saw, on a distant height, some men who were evidently looking our way, and their not approaching our wagons was so unusual with hungry natives, that we thought they must be strangers from a great distance, or some of the Mantatees. Two days passed over, and on the next, when we were about to start for the Bauangketsi, two Barolongs passing by, informed us of the fact that the Mantatees were in possession of the town, which lay rather in our rear, behind some heights, which we distinctly saw. As one of these men had narrowly escaped with his life in the conflict with that people, no doubt was left in our minds as to the propriety of returning immediately to the place whence we had come, particularly as there was a probability that our course might be intercepted, some prisoners who had escaped having reported that the enemy were about to start for Lithako. We lost no time in returning to Nokaneng, and were met there by individuals who authenticated my report to some thousands, who were pleasing themselves with the idea that there was no such enemy. When I arrived at our station the fearful news spread rapidly. A public meeting was convened, and the principal men met, to whom I gave a circumstantial account of all the information I had gathered respecting the character and progress of the Mantatees. That they were really a numerous and powerful body, had destroyed many towns of the Bakone tribes, slaughtered immense numbers of people, laid Kurrechane in ruins, scattered the Barolongs, and, in addition, were said to be cannibals! The alarming tidings produced at first a gloom on every countenance, and when I had finished speaking, a profound silence reigned for some minutes. Mothibi then replied in the name of the assembly, that he was exceedingly thankful that I had been *tloga e thata*, hard-headed, and pursued my journey, for, by so doing, I had discovered to them their danger.

All were now ready to bless me for having taken my own way. They solicited counsel, but all I could give was to flee to the colony, or call in the assistance of the Griquas; that as the Bechuanas were entirely unable to resist so numerous and savage a force as the Mantatees, I would proceed instantly to Griqua Town, give information, convey their wishes, and obtain assistance and wagons to remove our goods from the station. Some pro-

posed fleeing to the Kalagare desert: but from this I strongly dissuaded them, fearing that many would perish from want. As no time was to be lost, in the absence of horses, I proceeded with my wagon to Griqua Town, where I had the pleasure of meeting, at Mr. Melvill's house, George Thompson, Esq., of Cape Town, who was on a tour, and about to visit Lithako.

In brief, the services which Mr. Moffat, by his promptitude and sagacity, rendered to the tribe at this critical period, gained for him an ascendancy which he never afterwards lost. A public meeting or parliament was instantly assembled; the proceedings and eloquence of which are minutely described, and at which there was "little cheering, and less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly stated his sentiments." Our specimen of the eloquence of the *pitsho* must be brief. An old chief, when his turn came to address the assembly, said,—

"Ye sons of Molehabangue, ye have now had experience enough to convince you that it is your duty to proceed against the Mantatees, who have no object but to steal and destroy. Ye sons of Molehabangue! ye sons of Molehabangue! ye have done well this day. You are now acting wisely, first to deliberate and then to proceed: the missionary has discovered our danger like the rising sun after a dark night; a man sees the danger he was in when darkness shuts his eyes. We must not act like Bechuanas, we must act like Makooas (white people). Is this our *pitsho*? No, it is the *pitsho* of the missionary; therefore we must speak and act like Makooas."

But we have no space for eloquence. The time for action had come; the Griqua auxiliaries arrived; and the *commando* marched forth, accompanied by Mr. Moffat. It had been resolved in council, that the scene of combat had best be chosen at a distance from their town. The bold, yet becoming and consistent part which the missionary acted throughout this campaign, must have raised him still higher in the esteem of the tribe, though he only acted as the consistent servant of the Prince of Peace. He and another individual advanced before the main body to learn how matters stood, and, if possible, to prevent a collision; but the Mantatees would not approach him; and he relates,—

At sunset I left Waterboer and the scouts, and rode back, to confer with Mr. Melvill and the Griqua chiefs, and to advise some scheme to bring the enemy to terms of peace, and prevent, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle. The Griquas had come, headed by their respective chiefs, Adam Kok, Berend Berend, Andries Waterboer, and Cornelius Kok; but it was unanimously agreed that Waterboer should take the command. Cornelius, nobly and generously, insisted on my taking

his best horse, urging that my life was far more valuable than his. This kind act was the more sensibly felt as the horse was one of the strongest in the *commando*; and but for this circumstance, I could not have done what I did, nor, humanly speaking, could I have escaped with my life.

Having spent an almost sleepless night on the plain, from extreme cold, we were all in motion next morning before daylight. The attempt made the preceding day to bring about a friendly communication having entirely failed, it was judged expedient for the *commando* to ride up to the invaders, hoping, from the imposing appearance of about one hundred horsemen, to intimidate them, and bring them to a parley. For this purpose the *commando* approached within 150 yards, with a view to beckon some one to come out. On this the enemy commenced their terrible howl, and at once discharged their clubs and javelins. Their black dismal appearance, and savage fury, with their hoarse and stentorian voices, were calculated to daunt; and the Griquas, on their first attack, wisely retreated to a short distance, and again drew up.

Soon after the battle commenced, the Bechuanas came up, and united in playing on the enemy with poisoned arrows, but they were soon driven back; half-a-dozen of the fierce Mantatees made the whole body scamper off in wild disorder. After two hours and a half's combat, the Griquas, finding their ammunition fast diminishing, at the almost certain risk of loss of life, began to storm; when the enemy gave way, taking a westerly direction. The horsemen, however, intercepted them, when they immediately descended towards the ravine, as if determined not to return by the way they came, which they crossed, but were again intercepted. On turning round, they seemed desperate, but were soon repulsed. Great confusion now prevailed, the ground being very stony, which rendered it difficult to manage the horses. At this moment an awful scene was presented to the view. The undulating country around was covered with warriors, all in motion, so that it was difficult to say who were enemies or who were friends. Clouds of dust were rising from the immense masses, who appeared flying with terror, or pursuing with fear. To the alarming confusion was added the bellowing of oxen, the vociferations of the yet unvanquished warriors, mingled with the groans of the dying, and the widows' piercing wail, and the cries from infant voices. The enemy then directed their course towards the town, which was in possession of a tribe of the same people, still more numerous. Here again another desperate struggle ensued, when they appeared determined to inclose the horsemen within the smoke and flames of the houses, through which they were slowly passing, giving the enemy time to escape. At last seized with despair, they fled precipitately. It had been observed during the fight that some women went backward and forward to the town, only about half a mile distant, apparently with the most perfect indifference to their fearful situation. While the *commando* was struggling between hope and despair of being able to rout the enemy, information was brought that the half of the enemy under Chuane were reposing in the town,

within sound of the guns, perfectly regardless of the fate of the other division, under the command of Karaganye. It was supposed they possessed entire confidence in the yet invincible army of the latter, being the more warlike of the two. Humanly speaking, had both parties been together, the day would have been lost, when they would, with perfect ease, have carried devastation into the centre of the colony. When both parties were united, they set fire to all parts of the town, and appeared to be taking their departure, proceeding in an immense body towards the north. If their number may be calculated by the space of ground occupied by the entire body, it must have amounted to upwards of forty thousand. The Griquas pursued them about eight miles; and though they continued desperate, they seemed filled with terror at the enemies by whom they had been overcome.

As soon as they had retired from the spot where they had been encamped, the Bechuanas, like voracious wolves, began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and war-axes. As fighting was not my province, of course I avoided discharging a single shot, though, at the request of Mr. Melvill and the chiefs, I remained with the commando, as the only means of safety. Seeing the savage ferocity of the Bechuanas, in killing the inoffensive women and children, for the sake of a few paltry rings, or of being able to boast that they had killed some of the Mantatees, I turned my attention to these objects of pity, who were flying in consternation in all directions. By my galloping in among them, many of the Bechuanas were deterred from their barbarous purposes. It was distressing to see mothers and infants rolled in blood, and the living babe in the arms of a dead mother. All ages and both sexes lay prostrate on the ground. Shortly after they began to retreat, the women, seeing that mercy was shown them, instead of flying, generally sat down, and, baring their bosoms, exclaimed, "I am a woman, I am a woman!" It seemed impossible for the men to yield. There were several instances of wounded men being surrounded by fifty Bechuanas, but it was not till life was almost extinct that a single one would allow himself to be conquered. I saw more than one instance of a man fighting boldly, with ten or twelve spears and arrows fixed in his body. The cries of infants which had fallen from the breasts of their mothers, who had fled or were slain, were distinctly heard, while many of the women appeared thoughtless as to their dreadful situation. Several times I narrowly escaped the spears and war-axes of the wounded, while busy in rescuing the women and children. The men, struggling with death, would raise themselves from the ground, and discharge their weapons at any one of our number within their reach; their hostile and revengeful spirit only ceased when life was extinct. . . . The Mantatees are a tall, robust people, in features resembling the Bechuanas; their dress consisting of prepared ox hides, hanging double over the shoulders. The men during the engagement were nearly naked, having on their heads a round cockade of black ostrich feathers. Their ornaments were

large copper rings, sometimes eight in number, worn round their necks, with numerous arm, leg, and ear rings of the same material. Their weapons were war-axes of various shapes, spears, and clubs; into many of their knob-sticks were inserted pieces of iron resembling a sickle, but more curved, sometimes to a circle, and sharp on the outside. Their language was only a dialect of the Sechuana, as I understood them nearly as well as the people among whom I lived. They appeared more rude and barbarous than the tribes around us, the natural consequences of the warlike life they had led. They were suffering dreadfully from want; even in the heat of battle, the poorer class seized pieces of meat and devoured them raw. At the close of the battle, when Mr. Melvill and I had collected many women and children, and were taking them to a place of safety, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them forward. They willingly followed till they found a piece of meat, which had been thrown away in the flight, when nearly all would halt to tear and devour it, though perfectly raw.

When, a few days afterwards, upon an alarm reaching the station that the Mantatees were advancing to attack the Kuruman town, the female captives were carried along with the people who fled towards Griqua Town. We are told,—

Halting in the evening, a dead horse was found that had belonged to one of the Griquas, and which had been killed by the bite of a serpent. Next morning the women fell on the swollen and half-putrid carcase, and began, like so many wolves, to tear it limb from limb, every one securing as much as she could for herself. Mr. Hamilton, who looked on with utter amazement, advised them to avoid the part where the animal was bitten. To his friendly warning they paid no attention whatever; in the space of about an hour a total dissection was effected, and every particle of skin, meat, bone, the entrails, and their contents, were carried off. Mr. H. was obliged to remain the whole day, finding it absolutely impossible to induce them to leave the spot till every particle was devoured, and in the evening they actually danced and sang with joy! This will appear the more astonishing, as the women were allowed a regular supply of rations; but when people have fasted for a year they require quantities of food, which, if mentioned, would appear incredible, and a long period elapses before the stomach regains its wonted tone. It would only excite disgust were the writer to describe sights of this kind which he has been compelled to witness. . . .

In the preceding sketch, I have glanced but very briefly at the varied scenes connected with the mournful picture of that day. It would have been an easy matter to give more facts, but my mind still shrinks from farther details of seats of savage barbarity, and lion-like ferocity, which I witnessed among the Mantatee warriors. No less furious and revengeful was the spirit manifested by the Batlapi and other tribes, who though the most accomplished cowards, compared with the invaders, showed that they were, if less inured to war, still as cruel as those who, for years, had been imbruing

their hands in the blood of thousands. The wounded enemy they baited with their stones, clubs, and spears, accompanied with yellings and countenances indicative of fiendish joy. The hapless women found no quarter, especially if they possessed any thing like ornaments to tempt the cupidity of their plunderers. . . .

The women evinced the most entire indifference to the objects of terror by which they were surrounded; but still mothers clung to their infants, whose piteous cries were sufficient to melt a heart of stone. With all their conquests and the many thousands of cattle which they must have captured, they were dying from hunger. Their march for hundreds of miles might have been traced by human bones. Not having seen horsemen before, they imagined horse and rider constituted only one animal; but this, as we afterwards heard, did not intimidate them, for their determination was fixed on attacking the colony, having heard that there were immense flocks of sheep there. Had they succeeded in reaching the Orange river, or the borders of the colony, where they would most probably have been defeated, the destruction of human life would have been even more dreadful, as they must have perished from want, when retreating through exasperated thousands of the tribes they had vanquished, towards their own country. Some of the Bechuanas were so sensible of this, that they secretly wished that it might be so, in order that they might satiate their vengeance on a conquered foe. . . .

The Mantatees, after finally leaving the country, separated into two divisions. The one proceeded eastward, towards the Bakone country, while the other proceeded to that of the Basuto, from the eastern parts of which they had emigrated, or rather been driven, by the destructive inroads of the Zoolu, Matabele, and other tribes. Like many other pastoral people, when robbed of their cattle, they have nothing left; and thus must either perish or rob others; and from being wild men they became more like wild beasts. It is a deeply interesting fact, that a missionary is now laboring with success among the latter, conquering them with far other weapons than those which were found necessary to arrest their devastating career at Old Lithako.

We have next this picturesque account of a night alarm in an African village:

This was a night of great anxiety. Messengers arrived announcing the certain approach of the Mantatees. It was dark and dreary. The town, without lights of any description, except the few embers of the house-fires, round which sat the trembling families. Most of the men were out of doors, listening to any thing like an unusual sound. The dogs kept up incessant barking. No watches were set, no spies sent out. There was no inhabitant between us and the field of battle. Every one appeared afraid to move from the spot where he stood. A cry of sorrow was raised in one part of the town which made every heart palpitate. It was the intelligence of one newly arrived,—the melancholy tale of the parent of a family having been slain by the Mantatees. Occasionally a chief would come to our houses to announce his terror. Imagination painted the town surrounded by a host of the enemy, waiting the

dawn of day to commence a general massacre. The Mantatee women in our kitchens and out-houses perceived the alarm, and looked on, or slept with the most perfect indifference. Again and again parties came and knocked violently at our door, relating new fears,—the spectres of their feverish minds. Mrs. M. put warm clothes on the two sleeping babes, in case of being able to escape on foot towards the mountain, while I hung my cloak on my gun fast by the door, ready to seize it for protection in our flight, from beasts of prey. A woman who had the day before but scarcely escaped the deadly weapons of the enemy, ran the whole night, and on reaching the threshold of one of the houses, fainted with fatigue, and fell to the ground. On recovering, the first word she articulated was, "The Mantatees!" This went through the thousands like an electric shock. As morning light drew near, the intensity of feeling increased a hundred-fold. This was a season for the exercise of prayer, and faith in the promises of our God. The name of Jehovah was to us a strong tower, for, on looking back to that as well as to similar periods, we have often wondered that our fears were not greater than they were.

It was not until tranquillity was restored, after this alarming invasion, that Mr. Moffat accomplished his visit to Makaba. The picturesque details of all his journeys form delightful reading; but we press onward to the head-quarters of this formidable chief, who, as is proverbially said of another great personage, was found to be not quite so bad as he was sometimes called. They were welcomed by one of his sons and a party of his warriors; and—

Next day, before we had proceeded far, we were met by messengers from Makaba, who said he had not slept for joy, because of our approach. We passed many women, who were employed in their gardens, who, on seeing us, threw down their picks, and running to the wagons, lifted up their hands, exclaiming, "Ruméla," (their manner of salutation,) which was followed by shrill cries sufficient to affright the very oxen. Our guide conducted us through a winding street to the habitation of Makaba, who stood at the door of one of his houses, and welcomed us to the town in the usual way. He seemed astonished and pleased to see us all without arms, remarking, with a hearty laugh, that he wondered we should trust ourselves, unarmed, in the town of such a *villain* as he was reported to be. In a few minutes a multitude gathered, who actually trode on each other in their eagerness to see the strangers and their horses. Meanwhile Makaba walked into a house, and sent us out a large jar, or pot of beer, with calabashes, in the form of a ladle. Being thirsty, we partook very heartily of the beer, which possessed but little of an intoxicating quality. . . .

Having thus reached the metropolis of the Baungketsi, and having cast our eyes over a dense population, we were in some measure prepared for the din of many thousands of voices on the coming day. We were not mistaken, for, early next morning, and long before we were out of bed, we were surrounded by crowds, so that it was with difficulty

we could pass from one wagon to another. On going up the hill to have a view of the neighboring country, I was followed by a number of men, who, while I was taking some bearings, were not a little surprised at the compass, which they regarded as an instrument certainly belonging to a sorcerer, though they laughed when I asked them if they thought that I was one.

About ten o'clock A. M., Makaba made his appearance, with his retinue, and sat down opposite to my wagon. The bustling crowd retired to a distance, and a dead silence ensued. He addressed us nearly as follows:—"My friends, I am perfectly happy; my heart is whiter than milk, because you have visited me. To-day I am a great man. Men will now say, 'Makaba is in league with white people.' I know that all men speak evil of me. They seek my hurt. It is because they cannot conquer me that I am hated. If they do me evil, I can reward them twofold. They are like children that quarrel; what the weaker cannot do by strength, he supplies with evil names. You are come to see the villain Makaba; you are come, as the Batlapis say, 'to die by my hands.' You are wise and bold to come and see with your eyes, and laugh at the testimony of my enemies," etc. A long conversation afterwards ensued respecting the state of the country, and the Mantatee invasion. On this topic he was eloquent while describing the manner in which he entrapped many hundreds of the enemy by ambuscades; and stretching forth his muscular arm in the direction of the field of conflict, he said, "There lie the bleached bones of the enemy who came upon our hills like the locusts, but who melted before us by the shaking of the spear;" adding, with a stentorian voice, and with superlative self-complacency, "Who is to be compared to Makaba, the son of Meleta, the man of conquest?" The listening multitude broke the silence in deafening applause. I then told him that the object of my present journey was to open a communication, that we might consider him in future as one of our chief friends.

Makaba's city was very large for an African town. He had many wives, each of whom had a large separate establishment. The houses, or clusters of huts, though not larger, were neater and better built than those of the tribe among whom Mr. Moffat lived; and there was one rare feature in their economy—cleanliness.

The accuracy with which circles were formed, and perpendiculars raised, though guided only by the eye, was surprising. Their outer yards and house-floors were very clean, and smooth as paper. No dairy-maid in England could keep her wooden bowls cleaner and whiter than theirs were. In this respect they formed a perfect contrast to the Batlapis. Makaba frequently referred to the barbarous manners of his southern neighbors, and asked me, with an air of triumph, if the Batlapis ever washed a wooden bowl, or if ever they presented me with food which did not contain the mangled bodies of flies, in a dish which had had no better cleaning than the tongue of a dog.

In the early part of the day Makaba was gen-

erally employed in cutting out skins to sew together for cloaks, and in the afternoon he was frequently found in a measure intoxicated, from a stronger kind of beer made for his own use. He appeared aged, although his mother was then alive. He was tall, robust, and healthy; had rather the appearance of a Hottentot; his countenance displayed a good deal of cunning; and, from his conversation, one might easily discern that he was well versed in African politics. He dreaded the displeasure of none of the surrounding tribes; but he feared the Makoöas, or civilized people. . . . While walking to a neighboring height, I was able to count fourteen considerable villages; the farthest distant about one mile and a half; and I was informed that there were more towns, which I could not see.

Though Makaba was a shrewd man about all ordinary affairs, and very fond of what he called *news*, it was impossible to engage, or even to awaken his attention to any of those serious topics upon which his visitor wished to converse. When told that he was to be entertained with news,

His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics had solely a reference to the Great Being of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air. One of his men, sitting near me, appeared struck with the character of the Redeemer, which I was endeavoring to describe, and particularly with his miracles. On hearing that he raised the dead, he very naturally exclaimed, "What an excellent doctor he must have been, to make dead men live!" This led me to describe his power, and how that power would be exercised at the last day in raising the dead. In the course of my remarks the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!" "Yes," was my reply, "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," I answered, "your father will arise." "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes." "And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?" "Yes; and come to judgment." "And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?" he asked with a kind of triumph as if he had now fixed me. "Yes," I replied, "not one will be left behind." This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice;—"Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard of news?" . . . Makaba, then turning and addressing himself to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, "Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence

have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!" "Why," I inquired, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not 'add to words' and speak of a resurrection?" Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands, (*bontsintsi*), and shall they arise?"

There is much to interest in the character and romantic history of this barbarous chief, who, in his own fashion, treated his visitors with princely munificence. Before their departure, he entreated Mr. Moffat to let him see muskets discharged on horseback. Mr. Moffat says,

I declined, observing that there were others of the company far more expert; but he would not be satisfied unless I did it, as I was a white man. After much persuasion I submitted, and going into my wagon, professedly to fetch my jacket, put into my pocket a brace of pistols, charged with powder only. After going a few turns round the smooth grassy plain, while the king and his attendants were roaring aloud with admiration, I galloped past them, discharging the contents of both pistols nearly at once, which astonished the *Bauangketsi* more than any thing they had ever seen, and frightened them too, for they all fell prostrate to the earth, supposing they were shot. As soon as I alighted from the horse, Makaba began to unbutton my jacket to see the "little rogues," as he called them, exclaiming, "What a blessing that you white men seek to be friends with all nations, for who is there that could withstand you?" Laying his hand on my shoulder, he added, "I do, indeed, see that you were without fear, or you would have had your pistols this morning." After remaining for a couple of hours we parted, Makaba highly gratified, and the *Griquas* [they had been distrustful] no less so with the explanation which had taken place.

A still more remarkable and more distant chief named *Moselekatse*, the king of a division of *Zoolus* named the *Matabele*, had heard of the white men of Peace, and sent two of his chief men, in company with some traders who had ventured into his country, to make themselves acquainted with the manners and arts of the *Kuruman* teachers. Knowledge of the art of war, of the means of destroying their enemies was, at first, the great object of all the chiefs in these embassies to the mission-stations. The strangers were astonished at all they saw—

Our houses, the walls of our folds and gardens, the water-ditch conveying a large stream out of the bed of the river, and the smith's forge, filled them with admiration and astonishment, which they expressed not in the wild gestures

generally made by the mere plebeian, but by the utmost gravity and profound veneration, as well as the most respectful demeanor. "You are men, we are but children," said one; while the other observed, "*Moselekatse* must be taught all these things." . . . Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in our chapel. They saw men like themselves meet together with great decorum; mothers hushing their babes, or hastily retiring if they made any noise, and the elder children sitting perfectly silent. When the missionary ascended the pulpit, they listened to the hymn sung, and though from their ignorance of the *Bechuana* language they could not understand all that was said, they were convinced that something very serious was the subject of the address. . . . We embraced every opportunity of telling them the simple truths of the Gospel, and labored to impress on their minds the blessings of peace.

It is often remarked that the Roman Catholic religion, from its imposing and, in some respects, impressive ceremonial, is the form of Christianity which is best adapted to a barbarous people; because it appeals at once to their senses. But may not this imposing ritual, with its attendant pomps and ceremonies, which so powerfully affect the untutored mind, in reality interpose a barrier between the understanding and the reception of spiritual truth?—may not those endless outward observances continue to hold the place of what they are meant to typify, and thus become hinderances and obstacles instead of helps? A picture of the *Madona*, a strain of music, the priests' vestments, the lights, the altar, and the picturesque celebration of the Catholic worship may, like any other spectacle, arrest the attention of those who cannot all at once apprehend the unadorned and simple, but sublime truths of the Gospel; but to gain this early advantage, is it wise to lay a false foundation and endanger the rearing of a superstructure of idle pageantry and useless ceremonial, while professing to teach the heathen that "God is a spirit, and that they that worship Him aright must worship him in spirit and in truth?"

When these intelligent barbarians had satisfied their curiosity, they proposed to return to their tyrannical and capricious sovereign, to report their embassy; but their way home, lying through hostile tribes, was unsafe, and any evil happening to the ambassadors of the fierce and warlike chief of the powerful and hostile tribe of the *Matabele*, must be productive of the worst consequences to the *Bechuana*s, and to the interests of the missionary cause in South Africa. Mr. Moffat, accordingly, resolved to become their escort as far as the *Bahu*—

rutsi country, after which they could safely proceed to their own land. The adventures on this journey are, like the details of all Moffat's wanderings in those wild regions, full of incident of the most stirring kind. We shall refer to them again in connection with some of the other encounters and perils from lions and other wild animals, which so often in this narrative freeze one's blood. We now take up the travellers on the tenth day of their journey :

We arrive at Mosega, the abode of Mokhatla, regent over the fragments, though still a large body, of the Bahurutsi. These had congregated in a glen, and subsisted on game, roots, berries, and the produce of their corn-fields; having been deprived of their flocks by the Mantatees. They were evidently living in fear, lest Moselekatse should one day make them captives. From these people I received a hearty welcome, though I was known to few of them except by name.

Having fulfilled my engagement, in conveying my charge in safety to the Bahurutsi, I, in a solemn and formal manner, delivered them over to the care of Mokhatla, requesting him either to go himself, or send a strong escort to accompany them until they reached the outposts of the Matabele. To this proposal the Tunas were strongly opposed, and entreated me most earnestly to accompany them to their own country; urging, that as I had shown them so much kindness, I must go and experience that of their king, who, they declared, would kill them if they suffered me to return before he had seen me. Mokhatla came trembling, and begged me to go, as he and his people would flee if I refused. I pleaded my numerous engagements at the Kuruman; but argument was vain. At last, to their inexpressible joy, I consented to go as far as their first cattle outposts. Mokhatla had long wished to see the fearful Moselekatse, who had desolated the Bakone country, and the proximity of whose residence gave him just reason to tremble for the safety of his people; and it was only because they were not the rich owners of herds of cattle, that they had not already become the prey of this African Napoleon.

The rain fell heavily for successive days, during which they halted with Mokhatla, who did not stand high in favor of the missionary. His

Physiognomy and manœuvres evinced, that, while he had very little of what was noble about him, he was an adept at intrigue, and exhibited too much of the sycophant to command respect. He resolved to make himself one of my retinue. The country through which we had to travel was quite of a different character from that we had passed. It was mountainous, and wooded to the summits. Evergreens adorned the valleys, in which numerous streams of excellent water flowed through many a winding course towards the Indian Ocean. During the first and second day's journey I was charmed exceedingly, and was often reminded of Scotia's hills and dales. As it was a rainy season, every thing was fresh; the clumps of trees that studied the plains being covered with rich and living

verdure. But these rocks and vales, and picturesque scenes, were often vocal with the lion's roar. It was a country once covered with a dense population. On the sides of the hills and Kashan mountains were towns in ruins, where thousands once made the country alive, amidst fruitful vales now covered with luxuriant grass, inhabited by game. The extirpating invasions of the Mantatees and Matabele had left to beasts of prey the undisputed right of these lovely woodland glens. The lion, which had revelled in human flesh, as if conscious that there was none to oppose, roamed at large, a terror to the traveller, who often heard with dismay his nightly roaring echoed back by the surrounding hills. We were mercifully preserved during the nights, though our slumbers were often interrupted by his fearful howlings. We had frequently to take our guns and precede the wagon, as the oxen sometimes took fright at the sudden rush of a rhinoceros or buffalo from a thicket. More than one instance occurred when, a rhinoceros being aroused from his slumbers by the crack of the whips, the oxen would scamper off like race-horses; when destruction of gear, and some part of the wagon, was the result.

We have little space for African landscapes; yet, for the sake of our juvenile readers, we must copy this pretty picture of a singular community, which will remind some of them of a description given by Humboldt of the Ottomaques on the banks of the Orinoco.

Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten any thing that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighboring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet.

The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load they removed these for fire-wood.

In the original work there is a wood engraving of the tree in which are perched those human nests. It is of the fig species, and, we need not say, very large. The houses in the boughs look like so many bee-hives. Though anxious to return to his station on the Kuruman, Mr. Moffat was induced to go forward by the eloquent entreaties of his companions, of whom he conceived a very high opinion. When for the last time he proposed to go back,

'Umbate laying his right hand on my shoulder, and the left on his breast, addressed me in the following language: "Father, you have been our guardian. We are yours. You love us, and will you leave us?" and pointing to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, "Yonder," he added, "dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence, if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us; for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descend on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution, because you are not."

. I now found myself in a perplexing position, these noble suppliants standing before me, 'Umbate, whose intelligent countenance beamed with benevolence, while his masculine companion, another Mars, displayed a sympathy of feeling not to be expected in the man of war, who could count his many tens of slain warriors which had adorned his head with the ring or badge of victory and honor. My own attendants, whom I had the day before been commending for their intrepidity, were looking on the transaction as if the destinies of an empire were involved; and heard, not without strong emotion, my consent to accompany the strangers to their king.

We now travelled along a range of mountains running near E. S. E., while the country to the north and east became more level, but beautifully studded with ranges of little hills, many isolated, of a conical form, along the bases of which lay the ruins of innumerable towns, some of which were of amazing extent. The soil of the valleys and extended plains was of the richest description. The

torrents from the adjacent heights had, from year to year, carried away immense masses, in some places laying bare the substratum of granite rocks, exhibiting a mass of rich soil from ten to twenty feet deep, where it was evident native grain had formerly waved; and water-melons, pumpkins, kidney-beans, and sweet reed, had once flourished. The ruins of many towns showed signs of immense labor and perseverance; stone fences, averaging from four to seven feet high, raised apparently without mortar, hammer, or line. Every thing was circular, from the inner walls which surrounded each dwelling or family residence, to those which encircled a town. In traversing these ruins, I found the remains of some houses which had escaped the flames of the marauders. These were large, and displayed a far superior style to any thing I had witnessed among the other aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa. The circular walls were generally composed of hard clay, with a small mixture of cow-dung, so well plastered and polished, a refined portion of the former mixed with a kind of ore, that the interior of the house had the appearance of being varnished. The walls and door-ways were also neatly ornamented with a kind of architraves and cornices. The pillars supporting the roof in the form of pilasters, projecting from the walls, and adorned with flutings and other designs, showed much taste in the architectresses.

In short, there were many signs of a comparatively advanced state of civilization visible in the dominions of the terrible Moselekatse, dominions not long obtained by his conquest of the Bakones, whose beautiful country had recently been desolated by the Matabele. Mr. Moffat relates:

Having Matabele with me, I found it extremely difficult to elicit local information from the dejected and scattered aborigines who occasionally came in our way. These trembled before the nobles, who ruled them with a rod of iron. It was soon too evident that the usurpers were anxious to keep me in the dark about the devastations which everywhere met our eyes, and they always endeavored to be present when I came in contact with the aborigines of the country, but as I could speak the language some opportunities were afforded. One of the three servants who accompanied the two ambassadors to the Kuruman was a captive among the Mantatees, who had been defeated at Old Lithako. He, as well as his fellow-servants, felt a pleasure in speaking with us in Sechuana, their native language. He was a native of the regions through which we were now passing, and would sometimes whisper to me events connected with the desolations of his father-land. These nations he described as being once numerous as the locusts, rich in cattle, and traffickers, to a great extent, with the distant tribes of the north. On a Sabbath morning I ascended a hill, at the base of which we had halted the preceding evening, to spend the day. I had scarcely reached the summit and sat down, when I found that my intelligent companion had stolen away from the party, to answer some questions I had asked the day before, and to which he could not reply, because of the pre-

sence of his superiors. Happening to turn to the right, and seeing before me a large extent of level ground covered with ruins, I inquired what had become of the inhabitants. He had just sat down, but rose, evidently with some feeling, and stretching forth his arm in the direction of the ruins, said, "I, even I, beheld it!" and paused as if in deep thought. "There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-colored cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle. This shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle!" It is impossible for me to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgment. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.

This extract shows Moffat's command of the language, besides affording a fine specimen of the natural eloquence of the men we are pleased to call savages. One of the

ambassadors preceded Moffat to announce his arrival to the king; "to make his path straight" to the place where dwelt "the great King of Heaven, the Elephant, the Lion's paw." The inhabitants, who for the first time beheld men on horseback, scampered off in great alarm when Mr. Moffat and some of his attendants appeared mounted. The account of this African sovereign, his metropolis, his court, and his army, is one of the most original parts of the work, and that which will probably have the greatest interest for the geographer. We pass at once into the august presence of the monarch, which was not reached until due care had been taken to impress the white man with a sense of his power and dignity.

We left our intrepid missionary making his way to the court of the renowned African sovereign, Moselekatse, the king of the warlike Matabeles, "The Great King of Heaven," "The Elephant," "The Lion's paw." Moffat was the first white man who had ever penetrated so far in this direction. It will be remembered that he came hither with the ambassadors whom Moselekatse had sent to the mission station to examine and report on the wonders to be seen there; and with other secret diplomatic objects which were not avowed. In his reception of the white man, the representative of the powerful race of whom so many fables were told—this barbarous sovereign, the Napoleon of the desert, endeavored to impress him with a due sense of his own power and dignity. As this is the most important of the native tribes whom Mr. Moffat visited, and equal in interest to any of the relations given by Park or Clapperton, we must present the "Lion's Paw" with some ceremony.

He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the wagons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. "The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." When the "moving houses," as the wagons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the wagon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the

wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained,—how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. "My eyes," he said, "saw that very hand," pointing to mine, "cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them." A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. "Does he give medicine to the iron?" was the monarch's inquiry. "No," said 'Umbate, "nothing is used but fire, a hammer and a chisel." Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

Some thousands of the Matabele, composing several regiments, are distinguished by the color of their shields, as well as the kind and profusion of feathers which generally adorn their heads, having also a long feather of the blue crane rising from their brows, all which has an imposing effect at their onset. Their arms consist of a shield, short spear, and club. The club, often made of the horn of a rhinoceros or hard wood, they throw with unerring precision, so as even to strike dead the smaller antelope. . . . Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honor, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighboring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem, with long white wands, marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. . . . Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Baite!* or *Aaite!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant, &c.

The farther account of the court and the nobles of "the great king" is full of interest. The history of an officer of the king's, degraded for some crime, but who was

saved from death by the intercession of the missionary, shows that the proud, conventional sense of honor, the feelings "of chivalry," may glow as intensely in the sable breast of a barbarian in South Africa, as in the heart of a descendant of the highest Norman nobility. The sable warrior disdained the poor boon of life if deprived of his rank and privileges, and the badges of his honors; and rejected the commutation of his sentence which, to the astonishment of the other nobles, the missionary had obtained.

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But, no! holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, "O king, afflict not my heart! I have merited thy displeasure; let me be slain like the warrior; I cannot live with the poor." And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued: "How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honor which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!" His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now, my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honors he had won at the point of the spear—honors which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom! This was a Sabbath morning scene, such as heathenism exhibits to the view of the Christian philanthropist; and such as is calculated to excite in his bosom feelings of the deepest sympathy. This magnanimous heathen knew of no hereafter. He was without God and without hope. But, however deplorable the state of such a person may be, he will not be condemned as equally guilty with those who, in the midst of light and knowledge, self-separated from the body, recklessly rush into the presence of their Maker and their Judge.

Moselekatse's conduct in this affair produced a strange impression among his people, some of whom regarded me as an extraordinary being, who could thus influence one more terrible to them than the fiercest lion of the forest. His government, so far as I could discover, was the very essence of despotism. The persons of the people, as well as their possessions, were the property of their monarch. . . . Although his tyranny was such, that one would have supposed his subjects would execrate his name, they were the most servile devotees of their master. Wherever he was seated, or wherever he slept, a number of sycophants, fantastically dressed, attended him, whose business was to march, jump, and dance about, sometimes standing adoring his person, then

manœuvring with a stick, and vociferating the mighty deeds of valor performed by himself and Machobane. The same things are repeated again and again, and often with a rapidity of articulation which baffles the understanding of their own countrymen. After listening many times, I was able, with the assistance of one of these parasites, to pick up the following expressions:—"O Pezoolu, the king of kings, king of the heavens, who would not fear before the son of Machobane, mighty in battle! Where are the mighty before the presence of our great king? Where is the strength of the forest before the great elephant? The proboscis is breaking the branches of the forest! It is the sound of the shields of the son of Machobane. He breathes upon their faces; it is the fire among the dry grass! His enemies are consumed before him, king of kings! Father of fire, he ascends to the blue heavens; he sends his lightnings into the clouds, and makes the rain to descend! Ye mountains, woods, and grassy plains, hearken to the voice of the son of Machobane, king of heaven!" This is a specimen of the sounding titles which incessantly meet the ear of this proud mortal, and are sufficient to make the haughty monarch believe that he is what the terror of the name of Dingaan convinced him he was not; for, notwithstanding all his vain boasts, he could not conceal his fears of the successor of the bloody Chaka, against whose iron sway he had rebelled.

Monarchy was seen here in its highest perfection. The character of the monarch, the Napoleon, or the Nicholas of Africa, is of itself a study. We can only give a faint indication of his previous career, which is described at great length.

Though but a follower in the footpaths of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zoolu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal; and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. . . . In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger.

The above is but a faint description of this Napoleon of the desert,—a man with whom I often conversed, and who was not wanting in consideration and kindness, as well as gratitude. But to

sympathy and compassion his heart appeared a stranger. The following incident, for a day or two, threw a mystery over my character which he could not understand, though it was only an illustration of the principles I labored to implant in his heart, apparently impervious to any tender emotion which had not self for its object.

The affecting incident which afforded the missionary an opportunity to display what are Christian feelings and principles, tended, with many other circumstances, to excite Mokhatla's curiosity, is too long for us. The missionary was to him a completely new specimen of humanity, and consequently a mystery, whose motives of action were incomprehensible. Mr. Moffat says—

He asked me if I could make rain. I referred him to the Governor of the universe, who alone could give rain and fruitful seasons. 'Umbate was more than once called to bear his testimony as to our operations and manner of living at the Kuruman. Our leaving our own country for the sake of the natives, obedient to the will of the invisible Being whose character I described, was to him a bewildering fact; for he did not appear to doubt my word; and how we could act independently of our sovereign, or without being his emissaries, he could not understand: but his greatest puzzle was, that I had not seen my king, and could not describe his riches, by the numbers of his flocks and herds. I tried to explain to him the character of the British government, the extent of our commerce, and the good our nation was doing in sending the Gospel of peace and salvation to the nations which know not God; and told him also, that our king too had his instructors to teach him to serve that God, who alone was "King of kings, and King of the heavens." "Is your king like me?" he asked. I was sorry I could not give him a satisfactory reply. When I described the blessed effects of peace, the populousness of my own country, the industry of the people, the number of sheep and cattle daily slaughtered in the great towns, the reigning passion again burst forth in the exclamation, "Your nation must be terrible in battle; you must tell your king I wish to live in peace."

The day after this conversation he came to me, attended by a party of his warriors, who remained at a short distance from us, dancing and singing. Their yells and shouts, their fantastic leaps, and distorted gestures, would have impressed a stranger with the idea that they were more like a company of fiends than men. Addressing me, he said, "I am a king, but you are Machobane,"* and I am come to sit at your feet for instruction." This was seasonable; for my mind had just been occupied in contemplating the miseries of the savage state. I spoke much on man's ruin, and man's redemption. "Why," he asked, "are you so earnest that I abandon all war, and not kill men?" "Look on the human bones which lie scattered over your dominions." was my reply. "They speak in awful language,

* The name of the king's father, which he in reverence gave to the missionary.—E. T. M.

and to me they say, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also will his blood be shed.' This was fearful language in the ears of such a murderer. "You say," he added, "that the dead will rise again." My remarks on this subject were startling in the ears of a savage, and he interrupted by hastily assuring me that he would not go to war. While we were yet speaking, a body of *Machaha* soldiers advanced, and bowed behind their shields at a distance, to wait his awful nod. The Entoto (married man) their leader, then addressed him in language and attitude the most suppliant. The burden of the petition was, "Permit us, O king of heavens, to obtain new shields:" in other words, "Allow us to go and attack some distant town, to acquire new spoils and fresh glory." This was an inauspicious moment for these ambitious men. Turning to me, the monarch said, "You see it is my people who wish to make war," and instantly dismissed them from his presence.

As he was rather profuse in his honorary titles, especially in calling me a king, I requested him rather to call me teacher, or any thing but a king. "Then," he said, "shall I call you my father?" "Yes," I rejoined, "but only on condition that you be an obedient son." This drew from him and his nobles a hearty laugh. When I recommended a system which would secure not only safety, but plenty to his people, without the unnatural one of keeping up a force of many thousands of unmarried warriors, he tried to convince me that his people were happy; and to a stranger they might appear so, for, alas! they dared not let any murmur reach his ear; but I knew more than he was aware of. I knew many a couch was steeped with silent tears, and many an acre stained with human blood. About ten minutes after the conversation, a lovely boy, the son of one of his many wives, sat smiling on my knee, caressing me as if I were his own father. As some of the king's harem were seated near, I asked the boy which was his mother. He shook his little head and sighed. I asked no more, but learned soon after that the mother, who was the daughter of a captive chief, was a superior woman, and took the liberty of remonstrating with her lord on the multitude of his concubines. One morning she was dragged out of her house, and her head severed from her body.

The happiness of the king and his subjects appeared to be entirely derived from their success in war, and the reward of a wife was a stimulus to his men to multiply their victims. Days of fasting were held, when they glutted themselves with flesh. The bloody bowl was the portion of those who could count the tens they had slain in the day of battle.

The parting scene of the missionary and this barbarous monarch is characteristic:

Having resolved on returning, Moselekatse accompanied me in my wagon a long day's journey to one of his principal towns. He soon became accustomed to the jolting of an African wagon, and found it convenient to lay his well-lubricated body down on my bed, to take a nap. On awaking he invited me to lie down beside him; but I begged to be excused, preferring to enjoy the scenery around me. Two more days we spent together, during which I renewed my entreaties that he

would abstain from war, promising that one day he should be favored with missionaries, which he professed to desire. Having obtained from me my telescope, for the purpose, he said, of seeing on the other side of the mountains if Dingaan, the king of the Zoolus, whom he justly dreaded, was approaching, I bade him farewell, with scarcely a hope that the Gospel could be successful among the Matabele, until there should be a revolution in the government of a monarch, who demanded that homage which pertains to God alone. . . . To my solemn exhortations he only replied, "Pray to your God to keep me from the power of Dingaan."

Mr. Moffat made a subsequent visit to this monarch, who had in the interval been constantly engaged in wars, and has since been driven from his conquests. Before he fled, the influence and admonitions of Moffat had this good effect:

Overwhelmed by such superior and unexpected forces, he fled to the north; and it merits notice, that before his departure he allowed all the captive Bahurutsi, Bakhatla, and other neighboring tribes, to return to their own land. This was a measure which astonished the natives, who have since congregated on the ancient domains of their forefathers; and if no foreign power again drive them from their native glens, they will ere long become the interesting objects of missionary labor.

By this time the tide had fairly turned in favor of the missionaries among the people amidst whom Mr. Moffat was stationed. The progress of evangelizing and civilizing, slow in the beginning, became rapid. The country, which had suffered from several successive years of great drought, had, in the season after he returned from visiting the Matabele, been blessed with plenteous fertilizing rains, and the fields and gardens teemed with a plenty which had been unknown for years. The native settlers began to cultivate the new sorts of grain and vegetables presented to them by the missionaries, and to plant fruit-trees; and all was cheerfulness and good-humor. The new converts among the natives soon became eminently useful in spreading knowledge and the love of improvement. Many were learning to read their native language; and Mr. Moffat had translated the Gospel of St. Luke, and Dr. Brown's Scripture Texts. A neat chapel, a school-house, dwellings for the missionaries, and workshops, had been substantially built by the voluntary assistance of the natives; and the important improvement of irrigation had been attended to: the natives, seeing the uses of water-courses, imitated what they saw, and gradually adopted those barrows, ploughs, harrows, spades and mattocks, which they had formerly ridiculed and despised, as innovations on the wisdom of their ancestors. Great progress was

made at the station during the year in which Mr. Moffat was at Cape Town getting his translations printed, and acquiring a knowledge of the art of printing, which, together with that of the blacksmith, the mason, the carpenter, &c., was now brought to the station. A small hymn-book was first printed there. We are told—

Among the treasures brought with us from the colony, was a box of materials for clothing, for the encouragement of such as were making efforts to clothe themselves. This was the first supply of the kind, and nothing could be more seasonable to a people just beginning to emerge from barbarism, the impoverished remains of scattered tribes, but the first-fruits of the Gospel among the Bechuanas. The needy were supplied, and many a heart was made glad.

Mr. Moffat contends that "evangelization must precede civilization." Among his converts they seem to have gone hand in hand. It was either made a condition or was a decent custom observed, that those who were baptized should previously procure decent clothing. How much of happy change to a whole people is comprehended in the following passage.

Hitherto, a sewing school had been uncalled for, the women's work being that of building houses, raising fences and cultivating the ground, while the lords of the creation, for their own convenience and comfort, had from time immemorial added to their pursuits the exercise of sewing their garments, which, from their durability and scanty supply, was any thing but a laborious work. It was a novel sight to observe women and young girls handling the little bright instrument, which was scarcely perceptible to the touch of fingers accustomed to grasp the handle of a pickaxe, or to employ them to supply the absence of trowels. But they were willing, and Mrs. M., in order to encourage them, engaged to meet them as often as her strength would permit. She had soon a motley group of pupils, very few of the whole party possessing either a frock or gown. The scarcity of materials was a serious impediment to progress; and living as we did far beyond the reach of traders, and six hundred miles from a market town, it was next to impossible to obtain them, at least just when wanted. The same Gospel which had taught them that they were spiritually miserable, blind, and naked, discovered to them also that they needed reform externally, and thus prepared their minds to adopt those modes of comfort, cleanliness and convenience, which they had been accustomed to view only as the peculiarities of a strange people. Thus, by the slow but certain progress of Gospel principles, whole families became clothed and in their right mind. Ornaments which were formerly in high repute, as adorning, but more frequently disfiguring their persons, were now turned into bullion to purchase skins of animals, which being prepared almost as soft as cloth, were made into jackets, trousers, and gowns. When opportunity was

afforded by the visit of a trader, British manufactures were eagerly purchased.

For a long period, when a man was seen to make a pair of trousers for himself, or a woman a gown, it was a sure intimation that we might expect additions to our inquirers; abandoning the custom of painting the body, and beginning to wash with water, was with them what cutting off the hair was among the South Sea islanders, a public renunciation of heathenism.

The garments were, and probably still are, awkward, grotesque, and incongruous enough, according to European ideas; but what an advance from the grease and ochre besmeared persons and filthy customs of former times!

Our congregation now became a variegated mass, including all descriptions, from the lubricated wild man of the desert, to the clean, comfortable, and well dressed believer. The same spirit diffused itself through all the routine of household economy. Formerly a chest, a chair, a candle, or a table, were things unknown, and supposed to be only the superfluous accompaniments of beings of another order. Although they never disputed the superiority of our attainments in being able to manufacture these superfluities, they would however question our common sense in taking so much trouble about them. They thought us particularly extravagant in burning fat in the form of candles, instead of rubbing it on our bodies, or depositing it in our stomachs.

A bunch of home-made candles hanging from the wall of a hut was now often to be seen; and afforded the missionary more gratification than the most charming picture; as an indication that instead of moping over the embers, unable to see what they were eating, or each other, the inmates could now read, work, and converse by the steady light of a candle. "We have been like the beasts," the poor Bechuanas would now exclaim; "what shall we do to be saved?"

The lovers of Natural History, and juvenile readers, will find much to gratify their tastes in this volume, which abounds in anecdotes of lions, elephants, baboons, hyenas, buffaloes, &c.; and of the dangers incurred in numerous encounters with them, while the missionary was travelling through the arid deserts. The perils and adventures of Mr. Catlin among the Red Indians, and the buffaloes and bison of the "Far, far west," are not nearly so stirring as those of the missionary Moffat, in the wilds of Africa, while bivouacking or seeking food for himself and his attendants in the chase. And he appears to have handled a rifle quite as bravely and as skilfully as a text. One night, when sorely in want of "a collop," he went with two of his company, to watch

at a place where wild cattle were likely to come to drink, resolving to shoot whatever first appeared, rather than be, next day, exposed to the burning sun, on an arid plain, in hunting for food. The hunters lay in a hollow place, close by the fountain.

It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. "What is that?" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmala," (be silent,) he said; "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

The thrilling adventures of Mr. Moffat, and other travellers in Africa, throw the feats of our lion-tamers of the theatre into the shade.

In another place our hunter relates—

When I had occasion to hunt, in order to supply the wants of myself and people, a troop of men would follow, and as soon as a rhinoceros or any other animal was shot, a fire was made, and some would be roasting, while the others would be cutting and tearing away at the ponderous carcase, which is soon dissected. During these operations they would exhibit all the gestures of heathenish joy, making an uproar as if a town were on fire. I do not wonder that Mr. Campbell once remarked on a similar occasion, that from their noise and gestures he did not know his travelling companions. Having once shot a rhinoceros, the men surrounded

it with roaring congratulation. In vain I shouted that it was not dead: a dozen spears were thrust into it, when up started the animal in a fury, and tearing up the ground with his horn, made every one fly in terror. These animals were very numerous in this part of the country; they are not gregarious, more than four or five being seldom seen together, though I once observed nine following each other to the water. They fear no enemy but man, and are fearless of him when wounded and pursued. The lion flies before them like a cat; the mohohn, the largest species, has been known even to kill the elephant, by thrusting the horn into his ribs.

On another occasion, when Moffat was traversing the desert, bound on a distant expedition, he relates—

Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, (Khokhole,) we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and, amid the darkness were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoors* of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and though I recommended their making her fast also, they very humorously replied that she was too wise to leave the wagon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet. A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its bel-lowings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by ex-

amination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn-bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visitors were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when, coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced any thing but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcase in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcase instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer. . . . Much has been written about African lions, but the half has not been told. The following trait in their character may not be intrusive, or partaking of

the marvellous, with which the tales of some travellers are said to abound. I give it as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods too. The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe, and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the mean time, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires, the others, watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas, [who abandon their aged parents.]

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their footmarks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept towards a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the mean time two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said; and, fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

At an earlier period, and in another part of the country, the following circumstance occurred, and formed Mr. Moffat's first introduction to the companionship of lions :

One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the 'Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard: our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monster is perceived, they start like race-horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

While travelling with the ambassadors of Mokhatla, the chief or king mentioned above, he relates—

As we were retiring to rest one night, a lion passed near us, occasionally giving a roar, which softly died away on the extended plain, as it was responded to by another at a distance. Directing the attention of these *Balala* to this sound, and asking if they thought there was danger, they turned their ears as to a voice with which they were familiar, and, after listening for a moment or two, replied, "There is no danger; he has eaten, and is going to sleep." They were right, and we slept also. Asking them in the morning how they knew the lions were going to sleep, they replied, "We live with them; they are our companions."

There is greater loss of human life from the hyenas entering the towns and villages by night, and lying in wait at the pools whence the women and children fetch water, than from the "monarch of the wild." Upon one occasion Mr. Moffat ran more danger from what are considered very ignoble animals—from baboons, than he ever had done from the lion. The whole passage is full of beauty, and shows the author to be a man who really need not fear to preach before the most cultivated audience that Cape Town or any other town could furnish. When travelling towards Griqua Town, and near the Orange River, he had the following animating series of adventures:—

On one occasion I was remarkably preserved when all expected that my race was run. We had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride across a plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village, on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch, from which the flood or torrent had receded to the larger course. Dismounting, I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down, took a hearty draught. Immediately on raising myself I felt an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking attentively at the water, and the temporary fence around, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of our number, who had been a little in the rear, just entering, told him my suspicion.

He recovered, after great suffering, and tells—

I was deeply affected by the sympathy of these poor Bushmen, to whom we were utter strangers. When they saw me laugh, they deafened our ears with expressions of satisfaction, making a croaking and clicking, of which their language seemed to be made up. And these barbarians to the letter "showed us no little kindness," for they gave us some meat of zebras, which had died from drinking the same water on the preceding day. This was very acceptable; for having fasted that day, we were all ready for a meal; and, though the poisoned water had partially blunted my appetite, I enjoyed a steak of the black-looking flesh mingled with its yellow fat.

On leaving the next morning, I gave these poor people a good share of our small stock of tobacco, which set them all dancing like Merryandrews, blessing our visit with the most fantastic gestures. It grieved me that, from the want of an interpreter, I could say but little to them about Him who came to redeem the poor and the needy.

These people had come down from the desert on the north in search of water, and were subsisting by the chase, by catching a solitary animal in a pit-fall, or else destroying it with water poisoned by an infusion of bulbs, or other roots. They were evidently living in some fear of the Corannas on the opposite side of the river, whose cattle form a tempting bait to these hungry wanderers. Thinking, and *justly too*, that some part of the earth's surface *must be theirs*, they naturally imagine that if *their* game is shot, and their honey pilfered, they have a right to reprisals, according to natural law, and therefore cannot resist the temptation of seizing the property of their more wealthy neighbors, when it lies within reach.

On the seventh day we reached that part of the river called Quis or Kwees, from which we intended to go in a direct course to Griqua Town, leaving the Orange River far to the right. We had previously made inquiries about the country which lay between: some said there was water; others, that we should find none. We had eaten a small portion of meat that morning, reserving only enough for *one* single meal, lest we should get no more; and drank freely of water, to keep the stomach distended; and felt tolerably com-

fortable. At night we came to some old huts, where were remains of tobacco gardens, which had been watered with wooden vessels from the adjoining river. We spent the evening in one of these huts; though, from certain holes for ingress and egress, it was evidently a domicile for hyenas, and other beasts of prey. We had scarcely ended our evening song of praise to Him whose watchful care had guided and preserved us through the day, when the distant and dolorous howls of the hyena, and the no less inharmonious jabbering of the jackal, announced the kind of company with which we were to spend the night; while, from the river, the hippopotami kept up a blowing and snorting chorus. Our sleep was any thing but sweet. On the addition of the dismal notes of the hooting owl, one of our men remarked, "We want only the lion's roar to complete the music of the desert." "Were they as sleepy and tired as I am," said another, "they would find something else to do." In the morning we found that some of these night scavengers had approached very near the door of our hut.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bath and a draught of water, we prepared for the thirsty road we had to traverse; but, before starting, a council was held, whether we should finish the last small portion of meat, which any one might have devoured in a minute, or reserve it. The decision was to keep it till evening. We sought in vain for ixia bulbs. Our only resource, according to the custom of the country, was to fill ourselves with as much water as our bodies could contain. We were obliged to halt during the day, fearing our horses would give up, from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on, we had to ascend and descend several sand-hills, which, weary and faint from two days' fasting, was to us exceedingly fatiguing. Vanderbyl and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but supposing they staid to strike light and kindle their pipes, we thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance we halted, and halloed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted, and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering,—to retrace our steps was impossible:—probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us: at the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by the lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. No wood was at hand to make a fire, nothing but tufts of grass; so we ran, and remounted our horses, urging them on towards a range of dark mountains, the gloom increasing as we proceeded; but as our horses could not go much above a walking pace, we were in dread every moment of being overtaken. If we drew up to listen, his approach in the rear was distinctly heard. On reaching the winding glen or pass through the mountains, despairing of escape from our enemy, we

resolved to ascend a steep, where, from a precipice, we might pelt him with stones; for we had only a couple of balls left. On dragging ourselves and horses up the steep, we found the supposed refuge too uneven for a standing-place, and not one fragment of loose stone to be found. Our situation was now doubly dangerous; for, on descending to the path, the query was, on which side is the lion? My companion took his steel and flint, to try, by striking them, if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings, among bushes, stones and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the coloring of the night's picture. We had not proceeded very far before the lion gave a tremendous roar, which, echoing from precipice to precipice, sounded as if we were within a lion's den. On reaching the egress of the defile through which we had passed, we were cheered by the waning moon, rising bright in the east. Descending again, we would gladly have laid our weary limbs down to rest; but thirst, and the possibility of the lion's resolving to make his supper on one of us, propelled our weary steps, for our horses were completely jaded.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished for "waterfall," so named because, when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We allowed our poor worn-out horses to go where they pleased, and having kindled a small fire, and produced a little saliva by smoking a pipe, we talked about our lost companions, who happened for their comfort to have the morsel of meat, and who, as Jantye thought, would wander from the position in which we left them towards the river. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us, was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged, during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps; it was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighboring hill. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued, but wanted water, and had recourse to another pipe before we could articulate a word.

My companion then directed me to a projecting rock, near the top of the hill, where, if there

were water at all, it would be found. I took up the gun to proceed in that direction, while he went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there were any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given any thing to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed the most fierce, as I was about to touch the trigger, the thought occurred, I have escaped, let me be thankful; therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. My looks, more expressive than words, convincing him that there was no water, we saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain, where the delusive mirage tantalized our feelings with exhibitions of the loveliest pictures, of lakes and pools studded with lovely islets, and towering trees moving in the breeze on their banks. In some might be seen the bustle of a mercantile harbor, with jetties, coves, and moving rafts and oars; in others, lakes so lovely, as if they had just come from the hand of the Divine artist, a transcript of Eden's sweetest views, but all the result of highly rarefied air, or the reflected heat of the sun's rays on the sultry plain. Sometimes, when the horses and my companion were some hundred yards in advance, they appeared as if lifted from the earth, or moving like dark living pillars in the air. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle, resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

The hardships of the missionary, on this

wild journey, were not yet ended, nor was his every day course of life without severe privation.

We have been tempted beyond all due bounds by this fascinating narrative, which combines beauty and interest of every sort, divine and human. One more isolated picture, and we have done, sincerely hoping that tens and hundreds of thousands may experience the same delight and instruction from the perusal of this narrative, that it has afforded to ourselves. By a happy suggestion, the singing of hymns, which Moffat had composed or translated into the native language, was adopted, and it charmed the natives. A distant chief, of mild and highly interesting character, named Mosheu, had, at different times, visited the station, and had brought his family to be instructed; and while out on a tour, Moffat visited his village, where this animated scene occurred:

The moment I entered the village, the hue-and-cry was raised, and old and young, mother and children, came running together as if it were to see some great prodigy. . . . I took my Testament and a hymn-book, and with such singers as I had, gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed; then taking the text, "God so loved the world," etc., discoursed to them for about an hour. Great order and profound silence were maintained. The scene (so well depicted in the vignette in the title-page) was in the centre of the village, composed of Bechuana and Coranna houses and cattle-folds. Some of these contained the cattle, sheep, and goats, while other herds were strolling about. At a distance a party were approaching riding on oxen. A few strangers drew near with their spears and shields, who, on being beckoned to, instantly laid them down. The native dogs could not understand the strange looking being on the front of the wagon, holding forth to a gazing throng, and they would occasionally break the silence with their bark, for which, however, they suffered the penalty of a stone or stick hurled at their heads. Two milk maids, who had tied their cows to posts, stood the whole time with their milking vessels in their hands, as if afraid of losing a single sentence. The earnest attention manifested exceeded any thing I had ever before witnessed, and the countenances of some indicated strong mental excitement. . . . When I had concluded, my hearers divided into companies, to talk the subject over; but others, more inquisitive, plied me with questions. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by a simple-looking young man at a short distance, rather oddly attired. . . . The person referred to was holding forth with great animation to a number of people, who were all attention. On approaching, I found, to my surprise, that he was preaching my sermon over again, with uncommon precision, and with great solemnity, imitating as nearly as he could the gestures of the original. A greater contrast

could scarcely be conceived than the fantastic figure I have described, and the solemnity of his language, his subject being eternity, while he evidently felt what he spoke. Not wishing to disturb him, I allowed him to finish the recital, and seeing him soon after, told him that he could do what I was sure I could not, that was, preach again the same sermon verbatim. He did not appear vain of his superior memory. "When I hear any thing great," he said, touching his forehead with his finger, "it remains there." This young man died in the faith shortly after, before an opportunity was afforded him of making a public profession.

In the evening, after the cows were milked, and the herds had laid themselves down in the folds to chew the cud, a congregation for the third time, stood before my wagon. The bright silvery moon, holding her way through a cloudless starry sky, and shining on many a sable face, made the scene peculiarly solemn and impressive, while the deepest attention was paid to the subject, which was the importance of religion illustrated by Scripture characters. After the service, they lingered about the wagon, making many inquiries, and repeating over and over again what they had heard. . . . The following day, Monday, was no less busy, for though the wind was very high, so as to prevent a public service in the morning, I was engaged addressing different parties at their own dwellings, and teaching them to read. . . . When another deeply interesting evening service had closed, the people seemed resolved to get all out of me they could. All would learn to read there and then. A few remaining spelling-books were sought out, and the two or three young people I had with me were each inclosed within a circle of scholars all eager to learn. Some were compelled to be content with only shouting out the names of the letters, which were rather too small to be seen by the whole circle, with only the light of the moon. While this rather noisy exercise was going on, some of the principal men with whom I was conversing, thought they would also try their skill in this new art. . . . "Oh, teach us the A B C with music," every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of "Auld lang syne" was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices, till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heart-felt satisfaction. The longer they sang the more freedom was felt, and "Auld lang syne" was echoed to the farthest corner of the village. The strains which infuse pleasurable emotions into the sons of the North, were no less potent among these children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening slumbers, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; "for music," it is said, "charms the savage breast." It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste, which enables them

to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished for melody and softness. . . . The company at length dispersed; and awaking in the morning, after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again. . . . Mosheu and his people made very pleasing advances in Christian knowledge, and so eager were they to benefit by the instructions of the missionaries, that, at a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort, they made frequent journeys to the Kuruman. It was an interesting spectacle to see forty or fifty men, women, and children, coming over the plain, all mounted on oxen, and bringing with them a number of milch cows, that they might not be too burdensome either to the missionaries or the people. Their object was to obtain instruction; and they would remain at Motito and the Kuruman for more than two months at a time, diligently attending to all the opportunities afforded; and Andries, the brother of Mosheu, being the more talented individual, was soon after appointed schoolmaster, and under his humble and devoted labors they made wonderful progress. What they valued for themselves they were anxious to secure to their children; and Mosheu left his daughter to the care of Mrs. Moffat, for education, while Andries committed his son to that of Mr. Lemue, at Motito, both of whom made most satisfactory progress, not only in reading and writing, but the daughter in needlework, and in general domestic employments.

MADAMÉ DE SÉVIGNE.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries.
Two vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE, in her combined and inseparable character as writer and woman, enjoys the singular and delightful reputation of having united, beyond all others of her class, the rare with the familiar, and the lively with the correct. The moment her name is mentioned, we think of the mother who loved her daughter; of the most charming of letter-writers; of the ornament of an age of license, who incurred none of its ill-repute; of the female who has become one of the classics of her language, without effort and without intention.

The sight of a name so attractive, in the title-page of the volumes before us, has made us renew an intercourse, never entirely broken, with her own. We have lived over again with her and her friends from her first letter to her last, including the new matter in the latest Paris editions.

We have seen her writing in her cabinet, dancing at court, being the life of the company in her parlor, nursing her old uncle the Abbé; bantering Mademoiselle du Plessis; lecturing and then jesting with her son; devouring the romances of Calprenède, and responding to the wit of Pascal and La Fontaine; walking in her own green alleys by moonlight, enchanting cardinals, politicians, philosophers, beauties, poets, devotees, haymakers; ready to 'die with laughter' fifty times a-day; and idolizing her daughter for ever.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that of all the admirers of a woman so interesting, not one has yet been found in these islands to give any reasonably good account of her—any regular and comprehensive information respecting her life and writings. The notices in the biographical dictionaries are meagre to the last degree; and 'sketches' of greater pretension have seldom consisted of more than loose and brief memorandums, picked out of others, their predecessors. The name which report has assigned to the compiler of the volumes before us, induced us to entertain sanguine hopes that something more satisfactory was about to be done for the queen of letter-writing; and undoubtedly the portrait which has been given of her, is, on the whole, the best hitherto to be met with. But still it is a limited, hasty, and unfinished portrait, forming but one in a gallery of others; many of which have little to do with her, and some, scarcely any connection even with her times. Now, in a work entitled 'Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries,' we had a right to expect a picture with the foreground occupied by herself and her friends, and the rest of the group at greater or less distances, in proportion to their reference to the main figure; something analogous to an interesting French print, which exhibits Molière reading one of his plays to an assembly of wits, at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos. The great comic writer is on his legs—the prominent object—acting as well as reading his play, in a lively and salient attitude, full of French expression; near him sits the lady of the house, as the gatherer together of the party; and round both, in characteristic postures, but all listening to the reader, sit Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine, Corneille, and one or two more. But in a picture of Madame de Sévigné, and those whom an association of ideas would draw round her, what have we to do with Cardinal Richelieu, and Père Joseph, and Boisrobert? What with the man in the 'Iron Mask,' with Lord

Herbert of Cherbury, the Earls of Holland and Ossory, the Dukes of Buckingham, Shrewsbury, and St. Simon, and others who flourished before and after her day? There is, it is true, a sprinkling of extracts from Madame de Sévigné's letters through the greater part of the volumes; but even these naturally fail us in many of the sketches, and of whole letters we have but two or three; whereas, what the public looked for, was a regular and satisfactory account both of her writings and her life, a selection of specimens of her letters, and some talk about her friends; in short, about all of whom she talks herself; not excepting Ninon, of whom there is here scarcely a word; and assuredly not omitting such a friend as Corbinelli, whose name we do not remember seeing in the book. There is very little even about her son the Marquis, and not a syllable respecting her startling 'contemporaries,' Brinvilliers and La Voisin; while, on the other hand, we have a long account of the King and Queen of Spain, and a history of the very foreign transactions of Stradella the musician. It is much as if, in the print above-mentioned, Molière and his friends had been thrust into the background, and the chief part of the composition given up to a view of the courts of France and England. We need not dwell upon the contradictions between the 'advertisement' and the 'introduction' respecting the chief authorities consulted; or such as those in the opinions expressed about Louis the Fourteenth, who is at one time represented as 'the greatest monarch that had appeared in France previous to the times of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe,' and at another as a man whose talents were 'below mediocrity.' The work, in a word, is one of the jobbing, book-making expedients of the day, with a dishonest title-page; and yet there are sketches and passages in it so good, and indicative of a power to do so much better, that we speak of it thus with regret. It should have been called by some other name. At present it reminds us too much of the famous ode on Doctor Pococke, in which there was something about 'one Pococke' towards the middle of the composition.

Proceeding to sketch out, from our own acquaintance with her, what we conceive to be a better mode of supplying some account of Madame de Sévigné and her writings, we shall, in the order of time, speak of her ancestors and other kindred, her friends and her daily habits, and give a few specimens of the best of her letters; and we shall do all this with as hearty a relish

of her genius as the warmest of her admirers, without thinking it necessary to blind ourselves to any weaknesses that may have accompanied it. With all her good-nature, the 'charming woman' had a sharp eye to a defect herself; and we have too great a respect for the truth that was in her, not to let her honestly suffer in its behalf, whenever that first cause of all that is great and good demands it.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, afterwards Marchioness de Sévigné, was born, in all probability, in Burgundy, in the old ancestral *château* of Bourbilly, between Semur and Epoisses, on the 5th of February, 1627. Her father, Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron as above-mentioned, was of the elder branch of his name, and cousin to the famous Count Bussy-Rabutin; her mother, Marie de Coulanges, daughter of a secretary-of-state, was also of a family whose name afterwards became celebrated for wit; and her paternal grandmother, Jeanne François Fremyot, afterwards known by the title of the Blessed Mother of Chantal, was a *saint*. The nuns of the Order of the Visitation, which she founded by the help of St. Francis de Sales, beatified her, with the subsequent approbation of Benedict XIV.; and she was canonized by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) in 1767. There was a relationship between the families of Rabutin and De Sales;—names which it would be still stranger than it is to see in conjunction, had not the good St. Francis been the liveliest and most tolerant of his class. We notice these matters, because it is interesting to discover links between people of celebrity; and because it would be but a sorry philosophy which should deny the probable effects produced in the minds and dispositions of a distinguished race by intermixtures of blood and associations of ideas. Madame de Sévigné's father, for instance, gave a rough foretaste of her wit and sincerity, by a raillery amounting to the *brusque*, sometimes to the insolent. He wrote the following congratulatory epistle to a minister of finance, whom the King (Louis XIII.) had transformed into a marshal:—

'My Lord,

'Birth; black beard; intimacy.

'CHANTAL.'

Meaning that his new fortune had been owing to his quality, to his position near the royal person, and to his having a black beard like his master. Both the Chantals and the Fremyots, a race remarkable for their integrity, had been amongst the warm-

est adherents of Henry IV.; and, indeed, the whole united stock may be said to have been distinguished equally for worth, spirit, and ability, till it took a twist of intrigue and worldliness in the solitary instance of the scapegrace Bussy. We may discern, in the wit and integrity of Madame de Sévigné—in her natural piety, in her cordial partisanship, and at the same time in that tact for universality which distinguished her in spite of it—a portion of what was best in all her kindred, not excepting a spice of the satire, but without the malignity, of her supercilious cousin. She was truly the flower of the family tree; and laughed at the top of it with a brilliancy as well as a softness, compared with which Bussy was but a thorn.

The little heiress was only a few months old when the Baron de Chantal died, bravely fighting against the English in their descent on the Isle of Rhé. It was one of the figments of Gregorio Leti, that he received his death-wound from the hand of Cromwell. The Baron's widow survived her husband only five years; and it seems to have been expected that the devout grandmother, Madame de Chantal the elder, would have been anxious to take the orphan under her care. But whether it was that the mother had chosen to keep the child too exclusively under her own, or that the future saint was too much occupied in the concerns of the other world and the formation of religious houses, (of which she founded no less than eighty-seven;) the old lady contented herself with recommending her to the consideration of an Archbishop, and left her in the hands of her maternal relations. They did their part nobly by her. She was brought up with her fellow-wit and correspondent, Philippe-Emmanuel de Coulanges; and her uncle Christophe, Abbé de Livry, became her second father, in the strictest and most enduring sense of the word. He took care that she should acquire graces at court, as well as encouragements to learning from his friends; saw her married, and helped to settle her children; extricated her affairs from disorder, and taught her to surpass himself in knowledge of business; in fine, spent a good remainder of his life with her, sometimes at his own house and sometimes at hers; and when he died, repaid the tenderness with which she had rewarded his care, by leaving her all his property. The Abbé, with some little irritable particularities, and a love of extra-comfort and his bottle, appears to have been, as she was fond of calling him, *bien bon*, a right good creature; and posterity is to be

congratulated, that her faculties were allowed to expand under his honest and reasonable indulgence, instead of being cramped, and formalized, and made insincere, by the half-witted training of the convent.

Young ladies at that time were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, with greater or less attention to books of religion. If the training was conventual, religion was predominant, (unless it was rivalled by comfit and flower-making, great pastimes of the good nuns;) and in the devout case, the danger was, either that the pupil would be frightened into bigotry, or, what happened oftener, would be tired into a passion for pleasure and the world, and only stocked with a sufficient portion of fear and superstition to return to the bigotry in old age, when the passion was burnt out. When the education was more domestic, profane literature had its turn—the poetry of Maynard and Malherbe, and the absurd but exalting romances of Gomberville, Scudery, and Calprenède. Sometimes a little Latin was added; and other tendencies to literature were caught from abbés and confessors. In all cases, somebody was in the habit of reading aloud while the ladies worked; and a turn for politics and court-gossip was given by the wars of the *Fronde*, and by the allusions to the heroes and heroines of the reigning gallantries, in the ideal personages of the romances. The particulars of Madame de Sévigné's education have not transpired; but as she was brought up at home, and we hear something of her male teachers, and nothing of her female, (whom, nevertheless, she could not have been without,) the probability is that she tasted something of all the different kinds of nurture, and helped herself with her own cleverness to the rest. She would hear of the example and reputation of her saintly grandmother, if she was not much with her; her other religious acquaintances rendered her an admirer of the worth and talents of the devotees of Port-Royal; her political ones interested her in behalf of the *Frondeurs*; but, above all, she had the wholesome run of her good uncle's books, and the society of his friends, Chapelain, Menage, and other professors of polite literature; the effect of which is to fuse particular knowledge into general, and to distil from it the spirit of a wise humanity. She seems to have been not unacquainted with Latin and Spanish; and both Chapelain and Menage were great lovers of Italian, which became part of her favorite reading.

To these fortunate accidents of birth and breeding were joined health, animal spirits,

a natural flow of wit, and a face and shape which, if not perfectly handsome, were allowed by every body to produce a most agreeable impression. Her cousin Bussy Rabutin has drawn a portrait of her when a young woman; and though he did it half in malice and resentment, like the half-vagabond he was, he could not but make the same concession. He afterwards withdrew the worst part of his words, and heaped her with panegyric; and from a comparison of his different accounts we probably obtain a truer idea of her manners and personal appearance, than has been furnished either by the wholesale eulogist or the artist. It is, indeed, corroborated by herself in her letters. She was somewhat tall for a woman; had a good shape, a pleasing voice, a fine complexion, brilliant eyes, and a profusion of light hair; but her eyes, though brilliant, were small, and, together with the eyelashes, were of different tints; her lips, though well-colored, were too flat; and the end of her nose too 'square.' The jawbone, according to Bussy, had the same fault. He says that she had more shape than grace, yet danced well; and she had a taste for singing. He makes the coxcombical objection to her at that time of life, that she was too playful 'for a woman of quality;' as if the liveliest genius and the staidest conventionalities could be reasonably expected to go together; or as if she could have written her unique letters, had she resembled every body else. Let us call to mind the playfulness of those letters, which have charmed all the world;—let us add the most cordial manners, a face full of expression, in which the blood came and went, and a general sensibility, which, if too quick perhaps to shed tears, was no less ready to 'die with laughter' at every sally of pleasantry—and we shall see before us the not beautiful but still engaging and ever-lively creature, in whose countenance, if it contained nothing else, the power to write those letters must have been visible; for, though people do not always seem what they are, it is seldom they do not look what they can do.

The good uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, doubtless thought he had made a happy match of it, and joined like with like, when, at the age of eighteen, his charming niece married a man of as joyous a character as herself, and of one of the first houses in Brittany. The Marquis de Sévigné, or Sevigny, (the old spelling,) was related to the Duguesclins and the Rohans, and also to Cardinal de Retz. But joyousness, unfortunately, was the sum-total of his character.

He had none of the reflection of his bride. He was a mere laugher and jester, fond of expense and gallantry; and, though he became the father of two children, seems to have given his wife but little of his attention. He fell in a duel about some female, seven years after his marriage. The poor man was a braggart in his amours. Bussy says, that he boasted to him of the approbation of Ninon de l'Enclos; a circumstance which, like a great number of others told in connection with the 'modern Leontium,' is by no means to be taken for granted. Ninon was a person of a singular repute, owing to as singular an education; and while, in consequence of that education, a license was given her, which, to say the truth, most people secretly took, the graces and good qualities which she retained in spite of it, ultimately rendered her house a sort of academy of good breeding, which it was thought not incompatible with sober views in life to countenance. Now, it is probable, from the great reputation which she had for good sense, that she always possessed discernment enough to see through such a character as that of Monsieur de Sévigné. The wife, it is true, many years afterwards, accused her, to the young Marquis, of having 'spoilt (or hurt) his father,' (*gâté*), and it may have been true to a certain extent; for a false theory of love would leave a nature like his nothing to fall back upon in regard to right feeling; but people of the Marquis's sort generally come ready spoilt into society, and it is only an indulgent motive that would palm off their faults upon the acquaintances they make there. Be this as it may, Bussy-Rabutin, who had always made love to his cousin after his fashion, and who had found it met with as constant rejection, though not perhaps till he had been imprudently suffered to go the whole length of his talk about it, avows that he took occasion, from the Marquis's boast about Ninon, to make her the gross and insulting proposal, that she should take her 'revenge.' Again she repulsed him. A letter of Bussy's fell into her husband's hands, who forbade her to see him more; a prohibition, of which she doubtless gladly availed herself. The Marquis perished shortly afterwards; and again her cousin made his coxcombical and successful love, which, however, he accuses her of receiving with so much pleasure as to show herself jealous when he transferred it to another; a weakness, alas! not impossible to very respectable representatives of poor human nature. But all which he says to her disadvantage must be received with

caution; for, besides his having no right to say any thing, he had the mean and uncandid effrontery to pretend that he was angry with her solely because she was not generous in money matters. He tells us, that after all he had done for her and her friends, (what his favors were, God knows,) she refused him the assistance of her purse at a moment when his whole prospects in life were in danger. The real amount of this charge appears to have been that Bussy, who, besides being a man of pleasure and expense, was a distinguished cavalry officer, once needed money for a campaign; and that, applying to his cousin to help him, her uncle the Abbé, who had the charge of her affairs, thought proper to ask him for securities. The cynical and disgusting, though well-written book, in which the Count libelled his cousin, (for, as somebody said of Petronius, he was an author *purissimæ impuritatis*), brought him afterwards into such trouble at court, that it cost him many years of exile to his estates, and a world of servile trouble and adulation to get back to the presence of Louis the Fourteenth, who could never heartily like him. He had ridiculed, among others, the kind-hearted La Vallière. Madame de Sévigné, in consequence of these troubles, forgave him; and their correspondence, both personally and by letter, was renewed pleasantly enough on his part, and in a constant strain of regard and admiration. He tells her, among other pretty speeches, that she would certainly have been 'goddess of something or other,' had she lived in ancient times. But Madame de Sévigné writes to him with evident constraint, as to a sort of evil genius who is to be propitiated; and the least handsome incident in her life was the apparently warm interest she took in a scandalous process instituted by him against a gentleman whom his daughter had married, and whose crime consisted in being of inferior birth; for Count Bussy-Rabutin was as proud as he was profligate.* Bussy tried to sustain his cause by forged letters, and had the felicity of losing it by their assistance. It is to be hoped that his cousin had been the dupe of the forgeries; but we have no doubt that she was somewhat afraid of him. She dreaded his writing another book.

We know not whether it was during her married life, or afterwards, that Bussy relates a little incident of her behavior at court, to which his malignity gives one of

* See a strange, painful, and vehement letter, written by her on the subject, to the Count de Guittaut. Vol. xiii. of the duodecimo Paris edition of 1823-4, p. 103.

its most ingenious turns. They were both there together at a ball, and the King took her out to dance. On returning to her seat, according to the Count's narrative,—‘It must be owned,’ said she, ‘that the King possesses great qualities: he will certainly obscure the lustre of all his predecessors.’—‘I could not help laughing in her face,’ observes Bussy, ‘seeing what had produced this panegyric.’ I replied, ‘There can be no doubt of it, madam, after what he has done for yourself.’ I really thought she was going to testify her gratitude by crying *Vive le Roi*.*

This is amusing enough; but the spirit which induces a man to make charges of this nature, is apt to be the one most liable to them itself. Men at the court of Louis used to weep, if he turned his face from them. The bravest behaved like little boys before him, vying for his favor as children might do for an apple. Racine is said to have died of the fear of having offended him; and Bussy, as we have before intimated, was not a whit behind the most pathetic of the servile, when he was again permitted to prostrate himself in the court circle. Madame de Sévigné probably felt on this occasion as every other woman would have felt, and was candid enough not to hide her emotion; but whether, instead of pretending to feel less, she might not have pleasantly affected still more, in order to regain her self-possession, and so carry it off with a grace, Bussy was not the man to tell us, even if his wit had had good-nature enough to discern it.

The young widow devoted herself to her children, and would never again hear of marriage. She had already become celebrated for her letters; continued to go occasionally to court; and frequented the reigning literary circles, then famous for their pedantry, without being carried away by it. Several wits and men of fashion made love to her, besides Bussy. Among them were the learned Menage, who courted her in madrigals compiled from the Italian; the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet, who, except in her instance and that of La Vallière, is said to have made Danaës wherever he chose to shower his gold; and the Prince of Conti, brother of the great Condé, who, with the self-sufficient airs of a royal lover, declared that he found her charming, and that he had ‘a word or two to say to her next winter.’ Even the great Turenne is said to have loved her. On none of them did she take

pity but the superintendent; and not on his heart, poor man! but on his neck; when it was threatened with the axe for doing as his predecessors had done, and squandering the public money. Fouquet was magnificent and popular in his dishonesty, and hence the envious conspired to pull him down. Some of the earliest letters of Madame de Sévigné are on the subject of his trial, and show an interest in it so genuine, that fault has been found with them for not being so witty as the rest!

It was probably from this time that she began to visit the court less frequently, and to confine herself to those domestic and accomplished circles, in which, without suspecting it, she cultivated an immortal reputation for letter-writing. Her political and religious friends, the De Retzes and the Jansenists, grew out of favor, or rather into dislike, and she perhaps suffered herself to grow out of favor with them. She always manifested, however, great respect for the King; and Louis was a man of too genuine a gallantry not to be courteous to the lady whenever they met, and address to her a few gracious words. On one occasion she gazed upon the magnificent gaming-tables at court, and curtsied to his Majesty, ‘after the fashion which her daughter,’ she says, ‘had taught her;’ upon which the monarch was pleased to bow, and look very acknowledging. And, another time, when Madame de Maintenon, the Pamela of royalty, then queen in secret, presided over the religious amusements of the King, she went to see Racine’s play of Esther performed by the young ladies of St. Cyr; when Louis politely expressed his hope that she was satisfied, and interchanged a word with her in honor of the poet and the performers. She was not indeed at any time an uninterested observer of what took place in the world. She has other piquant, though not always very lucid notices of the court—was deeply interested in the death of Turenne—listens with emotion to the eloquence of the favorite preachers—records the atrocities of the poisoners, and is compelled by her good sense to leave off wasting her pity on the devout dulness of King James II. But the proper idea of her, for the greater part of her life, is that of a sequestered domestic woman, the delight of her friends, the constant reader, talker, laughter, and writer, and the passionate admirer of the daughter to whom she addressed the chief part of her correspondence. Sometimes she resided in Brittany, at an estate on the sea-coast, called the Rocks, which had belonged to her husband; sometimes she was at Livry, near Paris, where

* *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. Tom. i. p. 158. Cologne, 1709.

the good uncle possessed his abbey; sometimes at her own estate of Bourbilly, in Burgundy; and at others in her house in town, where the Hôtel Carnavalet (now a school) has become celebrated as her latest and best-known residence. In all those abodes, not excepting the town-house, she made a point of having the enjoyment of a garden, delighting to be as much in the open air as possible, haunting her green alleys and her orangeries with a book in her hand, or a song upon her lips, (for she sung as she went about, like a child,) and walking out late by moonlight in all seasons, to the hazard of colds and rheumatisms, from which she ultimately suffered severely. She was a most kind mistress to her tenants. She planted trees, made labyrinths, built chapels, (inscribing them 'to God,') watched the peasants dancing, sometimes played at chess, (she did not like cards;) and at almost all other times, when not talking with her friends, she was reading or hearing others read, or writing letters. The chief books and authors we hear of are 'Tasso,' 'Ariosto,' 'La Fontaine,' 'Pascal,' 'Nicole,' 'Tacitus,' the huge old romances, 'Rabelais,' 'Roche-foucauld,' the novels of her friend Madame de la Fayette, Corneille, Bourdaloue and Bossuet, Montaigne, Lucian, Don Quixotte, and Saint Augustin; a goodly collection surely, a 'circle of humanity.' She reads the romances three times over; and when she is not sure that her correspondent will approve a book, says that her son has 'brought her into it,' or that he reads out 'passages.' Sometimes her household get up a little surprise or masquerade; at others, her cousin Coulanges brings his 'song-book,' and they are 'the happiest people in the world;' that is to say, provided her daughter is with her. Otherwise, the tears rush into her eyes at the thought of her absence, and she is always making 'dragons' or 'cooking,'—viz., having the blue devils and fretting. But, when they all are comfortable, what they are most addicted to is 'dying with laughter.' They die with laughter if seeing a grimace; if told a bon-mot; if witnessing a rustic dance; if listening to Monsieur de Pomenars, who has always 'some criminal affair on his hands;' if getting drenched with rain; if having a sore finger pinched instead of relieved. Here lounges the young Marquis on the sofa with his book; there sits the old Abbé in his arm-chair, fed with something nice; the ladies chat, and embroider, and banter Mademoiselle du Plessis; in comes Monsieur de Pomenars, with the news of some forge-

ry that is charged against him, or livelier offence, but always so perilous to his neck that he and they 'die with laughter.' Enter, with her friend Madame de la Fayette, the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, gouty, but still graceful, and he and the lady 'die with laughter;' enter the learned Corbinelli, and he dies; enter Madame de Coulanges, the sprightly mixture of airiness and witty malice, and she dies of course; and the happy mortality is completed by her husband, the singing cousin aforesaid—'a little round fat oily man,' who was always 'in' with some duke or cardinal, admiring his fine house and feasting at his table. These were among the most prominent friends or associates of Madame de Sévigné; but there were also great lords and ladies, and neighbors in abundance, sometimes coming in when they were not wanted, but always welcomed with true French politeness, except when they had been heard to say any thing against the 'daughter;' and then Madame told them roundly to their faces that she was 'not at home.' There was Segrain, and Saint Pavin, and Corneille, and Bossuet, and Treville, who talked like a book; and the great Turenne; and the Duke de Vivonne, brother of Montespan,) who called her 'darling mamma;' and Madame Scarron, till she was Maintenon; and Madame de Fiesque, who did not know how to be afflicted; and D'Hacqueville, whose good offices it was impossible to tire; and fat Barillon, who said good things though he was a bad ambassador; and the Abbé Têtu, thin and lively; and Benserade, who was the life of the company wherever he went; and Brancas, who liked to choose his own rivals; and Cardinal de Retz, in retirement feeding his trout, and talking metaphysics. She had known the Cardinal for thirty years; and, during his last illness, used to get Corneille, Boileau, and Molière to come and read to him their new pieces. Perhaps there is no man of whom she speaks with such undeviating respect and regard as this once turbulent statesman, unless it be Roche-foucauld, who, to judge of most of her accounts of him, was a pattern of all that was the reverse of his 'Maxims.'

With her son the Marquis, who was 'a man of wit and pleasure about town,' till he settled into sobriety with a wife who is said to have made him devout, Madame de Sévigné lived in a state of confidence and unreserve, to an excess that would not be deemed very delicate in these days, and of which, indeed, she herself sometimes expresses her dislike. There is a well-known collection of letters, professing to have passed between

him and Ninon de l'Enclos, which is spurious; but we gather some remarkable particulars of their intimacy from the letters of the mother to her daughter; and, among others, Ninon's sayings of him, that he had 'a soul of pap,' and the 'heart of a cucumber fried in snow.'

The little Marquis's friends (for he was small in his person) did not think him a man of very impassioned temperament. He was, however, very pleasant and kind, and an attentive son. He had a strong contempt, too, for 'the character of Æneas,' and the merit of never having treated Bussy Rabutin with any great civility. Rochefoucauld said of him, that his greatest ambition would have been to die for a love which he did not feel. He was at first in the army, but not being on the favorite side either in politics or religion, nor probably very active, could get no preferment worth having; so he ended in living unambitiously in a devout corner of Paris, and cultivating his taste for literature. He maintained a contest of some repute with Dacier, on the disputable meaning of the famous passage in Horace, *Difficile est propriè communia dicere*. His treatise on the subject may be found in the later Paris editions of his mother's letters; but the juxtaposition is not favorable to its perusal.

But sons, dukes, cardinals, friends, the whole universe, come to nothing in these famous letters, compared with the daughter to whom they owe their existence. She had not the good spirits of her mother, but she had wit and observation; and appears to have been so liberally brought up, that she sometimes startled her more acquiescent teacher with the hardihood of her speculations. It is supposed to have been owing to a scruple of conscience in her descendants, that her part of the correspondence was destroyed. She professed herself, partly in jest and partly in earnest, a zealous follower of Descartes. It is curious that the circumstance which gave rise to the letters, was the very one to which Madame de Sévigné had looked for saving her the necessity of correspondence. The young lady became the wife of a great lord, the Count de Grignan, who, being a man of the court, was expected to continue to reside in Paris; so that the mother trusted she should always have her daughter at hand. The Count, however, who was lieutenant-governor of Provence, received orders, shortly afterwards, to betake himself to that distant region: the continued non-residence of the Duke de Vendôme, the governor, conspired to keep him there, on

and off, for the remainder of the mother's existence—a space of six-and-twenty years; and though she contrived to visit and be visited by Madame de Grignan so often that they spent nearly half the time with each other, yet the remaining years were a torment to Madame de Sévigné, which nothing could assuage but an almost incessant correspondence. One letter was no sooner received than another was anxiously desired; and the daughter echoed the anxiety. Hours were counted, post-boys watched for, obstacles imagined; all the torments experienced, and not seldom manifested, of the most jealous and exacting passion, and at the same time all the delights and ecstasies vented of one of the most confiding. But what we have to say of this excess of maternal love will be better kept for our concluding remarks. Suffice it to observe, in hastening to give our specimens of the letters, that these graver points of the correspondence, though numerous, occupy but a small portion of it; that the letters, generally speaking, consist of the amusing gossip and conversation which the mother would have had with the daughter, had the latter remained near her; and that Madame de Sévigné, after living, as it were, for no other purpose than to write them, and to straiten herself in her circumstances for both her children, died at her daughter's house in Provence, of an illness caused by the fatigue of nursing her through one of her own. Her decease took place in April 1696, in the seventieth year of her age. Her body, it is said, long after, was found dressed in ribbons, after a Provençal fashion, at which she had expressed great disgust. Madame de Grignan did not survive many years. She died in the summer of 1705, of grief, it has been thought, for the loss of her only child the Marquis de Grignan, in whom the male descendants of the family became extinct. It is a somewhat unpleasant evidence of the triumph of Ninon de l'Enclos over the mortality of her contemporaries, that, in one of the letters of the correspondence, this youth, the grandson of Madame de Sévigné's husband, and nephew of her son, is found studying good breeding at the table of that 'grandmother of the Loves.' The Count de Grignan, his father, does not appear to have been a very agreeable personage. Mademoiselle de Sévigné was his third wife. He was, therefore, not very young; he was pompous and fond of expense, and brought duns about her; and his face was plain, and it is said that he did not make up for his ill looks by the virtue of constancy. Madame de Sévigné seems

to have been laudably anxious to make the best of her son-in-law. She accordingly compliments him on his 'fine tenor voice;' and, because he has an uncomely face, is always admiring his 'figure.' One cannot help suspecting sometimes that there is a little malice in her intimations of the contrast, and that she admires his figure most when he will not let her daughter come to see her. The Count's only surviving child, Pauline, became the wife of Louis de Simiane, Marquis d'Esparron, who seems to have been connected on the mother's side with our family of the Hays, and was lieutenant of the Scottish horse-guards in the service of the French king. Madame de Simiane inherited a portion both of the look and wit of her grandmother; but more resembled her mother in gravity of disposition. A daughter of hers married the Marquis de Vence; and of this family there are descendants now living; but the names of Grignan, Rabutin, and Sévigné, have long been extinct—in the body. In spirit they are now before us, more real than myriads of existing families; and we proceed to enjoy their deathless company.

We shall not waste the reader's time with the history of editions, and telling how the collection first partially transpired 'against the consent of friends.' Friends or families are too often afraid, or ashamed, or jealous, of what afterwards constitutes their renown; and we can only rejoice that the sweet 'winged words' of the most flowing of pens, escaped, in this instance, out of their grudging boxes. We give the letters in English instead of French, not being by any means of opinion that 'all who read and appreciate Madame de Sévigné, may be supposed to understand that language nearly as well as their own.' Undoubtedly, people of the best natural understandings are glad, when, in addition to what nature has given them, they possess, in the knowledge of a foreign language, the best means of appreciating the wit that has adorned it. But it is not impossible that some such people, nay many, in this age of 'diffusion of knowledge,' may have missed the advantages of a good education, and yet be able to appreciate the imperfectly conveyed wit of another, better than some who are acquainted with its own vehicle. Besides, we have known very distinguished people confess, that all who read, or even speak French, do not always read it with the same ready result and comfort to the eyes of their understandings as they do their own language; and as to the 'impossibility' of translating such letters as

those of Madame de Sévigné, though the specimens hitherto published have not been very successful, we do not believe it. Phrases here and there may be so; difference of manners may render some few untranslatable in so many words, or even unintelligible; but for the most part the sentences will find their equivalents, if the translator is not destitute of the spirits that suggested them. We have been often given to understand, that we have been, by translation, too much in the habit, on our own part, of assuming that French, however widely known, was still more known than it is; and we shall endeavor, on the present occasion, to make an attempt to include the whole of our readers in the participation of a great intellectual pleasure.

The first letter in the Collection, written when Madame de Sévigné was a young and happy mother, gives a delightful foretaste of what its readers have to expect. She was then in her twentieth year, with a baby in her arms, and nothing but brightness in her eyes.

To the Count de Bussy-Rabutin.

** March 15th, (1647.)**

'You are a pretty fellow, are you not? to have written me nothing for these two months. Have you forgotten who I am, and the rank I hold in the family? Faith, little cadet, I will make you remember it. If you put me out of sorts, I will reduce you to the ranks. You knew I was about to be confined, and yet took no more trouble to ask after my health than if I had remained a spinster. Very well:—be informed to your confusion that I have got a boy, who shall suck hatred of you into his veins with his mother's milk, and that I mean to have a great many more, purely to supply you with enemies. You have not the wit to do as much, you with your feminine productions.

'After all, my dear cousin, my regard for you is not to be concealed. Nature will proclaim it in spite of art. I thought to scold you for your laziness through the whole of this letter; but I do my heart too great a violence, and must conclude with telling you that M. de Sévigné and myself love you very much, and often talk of the pleasure we should have in your company.'

Bussy writes very pleasantly in return; but it will be so impossible to make half the extracts we desire from Madame de Sévigné's own letters, that we must not be tempted to look again into those of others. The next that we shall give is the famous one on the Duke de Lauzun's intended marriage with the Princess Henrietta of Bourbon; one of the most striking, though not the most engaging, in the collection. We

* Madame de Sévigné never, in dating her letters, gave the years. They were added by one of her editors.

might have kept it for a climax, were it not desirable to preserve a chronological order. It was written nearly four-and-twenty years after the letter we have just given; which we mention to show how she had retained her animal spirits. The person to whom it is addressed is her jovial cousin De Coulanges. The apparent tautologies in the exordium are not really such. They only represent a continued astonishment, wanting words to express itself, and fetching its breath at every comma.

To Mons. de Coulanges.

'Paris, Monday, 15th December, (1670.)

'I am going to tell you a thing, which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalting, the most humbling, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private (till this moment), the most brilliant, the most enviable—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times; at least, nothing quite like it;—a thing which we know not how to believe in Paris; how then are you to believe it at Lyons? a thing which makes all the world cry out, "Lord have mercy on us!" a thing which has transported Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their own eyes; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps will not be finished till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once. I give you a trial of three times; *do you give it up?* Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to marry, next Sunday, at the Louvre, guess whom? I give you four times to guess it in: I give you six: I give you a hundred. "Truly," cries Madame de Coulanges, "it must be a very difficult thing to guess; 'tis Madame de la Vallière." No, it isn't, Madam. "'Tis Mademoiselle de Retz then?" No, it isn't, Madam; you are terribly provincial. "Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt!" say you; "'tis Mademoiselle Colbert." Further off than ever. "Well then, it must be Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, M. de Lauzun marries, next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — guess the name;—he marries "MADemoiselle"—the *great* Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the King, Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur. Here's pretty news for your coteries! Exclaim about it as much as you will;—let it turn your heads;—say we "lie," if you please; that it's a pretty joke; that it's "tiresome;" that we are a "parcel of ninnies." We give you leave: we have done just the same to others. Adieu! The letters that

come by the post, will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.'

Never was French vivacity more gay, more spirited, more triumphant, than in this letter. There is a regular siege laid to the reader's astonishment; and the titles of the bride come like the pomp of victory. Or, to use a humbler image, the reader is thrown into the state of a child, who is told to open his mouth and shut his eyes, and wait for what God will send him. The holder of the secret hovers in front of the expectant, touching his lips and giving him nothing; and all is a merry flutter of laughter, guessing, and final transport. And yet this will not suit the charming misgiving that follows. Alas, for the poor subject of the wonder! The marriage was stopped; it was supposed to have taken place secretly; and Mademoiselle, who was then forty-five years of age, and had rejected kings, is said to have found her husband so brutal, that he one day called to her, 'Henrietta of Bourbon, pull off my boots.' The boots were left on, and the savage discarded.

The letter we give next—or rather, of which we give passages—is a good specimen of the way in which the writer goes from subject to subject;—from church to the fair, and from the fair to court, and mad dogs, and Ninon de l'Enclos, and sermons on death, and so round again to royalty and 'a scene.' It is addressed to her daughter.

To Madame de Grignan.

'Paris, Friday, March 13, (1671.)

'Behold me, to the delight of my heart, all alone in my chamber, writing to you in tranquillity. Nothing gives me comfort like being seated thus. I dined to-day at Madame de Lavardin's, after having been to hear Bourdaloue, where I saw the Mothers of the Church; for so I call the Princesses de Conti and Longueville.* All the world was at the sermon, and the sermon was worthy of all that heard it. I thought of you twenty times, and wished you as often beside me. You would have been enchanted to be a listener, and I should have been tenfold enchanted to see you listen. * * * * We have been to the fair, to see a great fright of a woman, bigger than Riberpré by a whole head. She lay in the other day of two vast infants, who came into the world abreast, with their arms a-kimbo. You never beheld such a *tout-ensemble!* * * * * And now, if you fancy all the maids of honor run mad, you will not fancy amiss. Eight days ago, Madame de Ludre, Coëtlogon, and little De Rouvroi were bitten by a puppy belonging to Théobon, and the puppy has died mad; so Ludre, Coëtlogon, and De Rouvroi set off this morning for the coast, to be dipped three times in the sea. 'Tis a dismal journey: Benserade is in despair about it. Théobon does not choose to go, though she had a little bite too. The Queen, how-

* Great sinners, who had become great saints.

ever, objects to her being in waiting till the issue of the adventure is known. Don't you think Ludre resembles Andromache? For my part, I see her fastened to the rock, and Treville coming, on a winged horse, to deliver her from the monster. "Ah, Zeesus! Madame de Grignan, vat a sing to pe trown, all naket, into te sea!"*

* * * * * 'Your brother is under the jurisdiction of Ninon. I cannot think it will do him much good. There are people to whom it does no good at all. She hurt his father. Heaven help him, say I! It is impossible for Christian people, or at least for such as would fain be Christian, to look on such disorders without concern. Ah, Bourdaloue! what divine truths you told us to-day about death! Madame de la Fayette heard him for the first time in her life, and was transported with admiration. She is enchanted with your remembrances. * * * * * A scene took place yesterday at Mademoiselle's, which I enjoyed extremely. In comes Madame de Gèvres, full of her airs and graces. She looked as if she expected I should give her my post; but, 'faith, I owed her an affront for her behavior the other day, so I didn't budge. Mademoiselle was in bed: Madame de Gèvres was therefore obliged to go lower down: no very pleasant thing, that! Mademoiselle calls for drink; somebody must present the napkin; Madame de Gèvres begins to draw off the glove from her skinny hand; I give a nudge to Madame d'Arpajon, who was above me; she understands me, draws off her own glove, and advancing a step with a very good grace, cuts short the Duchess, and takes and presents the napkin. The Duchess was quite confounded: she had made her way up, and got off her gloves, and all to see the napkin presented before her by Madame d'Arpajon. My dear, I'm a wicked creature; I was in a state of delight; and indeed what could have been better done? Would any one but Madame de Gèvres have thought of depriving Madame d'Arpajon of an honor which fell so naturally to her share, standing as she did by the bedside? It was as good as a cordial to Madame de Puisieux. Mademoiselle did not dare to lift up her eyes; and, as for myself, I had the most good-for-nothing face!'

Had Madame de Gèvres seen the following passage in a letter of the 10th of June, in the same year, it might have tempted her to exclaim, 'Ah, you see what sort of people it is that treat me with malice!'—It must have found an echo in thousands of bosoms; and the conclusion of the extract is charming.

* * * * * 'My dear, I wish very much I could be religious. I plague La Mousse about it every day. I belong at present neither to God nor devil; and I find this condition very uncomfortable; though, between you and me, I think it the most

* 'Ah, Zesu! Madame de Grignan, l'étrange sose l'être zettée toute nue tans la mer.' Madame de Ludre, by her pronunciation, was either a very affected speaker, or seems to have come from 'the borders.' Madame de Sévigné, by the tone of her narration, could hardly have believed there was any thing serious in the matter.

natural in the world. One does not belong to the devil, because one fears God, and has at bottom a principle of religion; but, then, on the other hand, one does not belong to God, because his laws appear hard, and self-denial is not pleasant. Hence the great number of the lukewarm, which does not surprise me at all; I enter perfectly into their reasons; only God, you know, hates them, and that must not be. But there lies the difficulty. Why must I torment you, however, with these endless rhapsodies? My dear child, I ask your pardon, as they say in these parts. I rattle on in your company, and forget every thing else in the pleasure of it. Don't make me any answer. Send me only news of your health, with a spice of what you feel at Grignan, that I may know you are happy; that is all. Love me. We have turned the phrase into ridicule; but it is natural, it is good.'

The Abbé de la Mousse here mentioned was a connexion of the Coulangeses, and was on a visit to Madame de Sévigné at her house in Brittany, reading poetry and romance. The weather was so rainy and cold, that we of this island are pleased to see one of her letters dated from her 'fire-side' on the 24th of June. Pomenars, the criminal gentleman who was always afraid of losing his head, was one of her neighbors; and another was the before-mentioned Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom the daughter's aversion and her own absurdities conspired to render the butt of the mother. It is said of Pomenars, who was a marquis, that having been tried for uttering false money, and cleared of the charge, he paid the expenses of the action in the same coin. It must have been some very counteracting good quality, however, in addition to his animal spirits, that kept his friends in good heart with him; for Madame de Sévigné never mentions him but with an air of delight. He was, at this moment, under a charge of abduction; not, apparently, to any very great horror on the part of the ladies. Madame de Sévigné, however, tells her daughter that she talked to him about it very seriously, adding the jest, nevertheless, that the state of the dispute between him and his accuser was, that the latter wanted to 'have his head,' and Pomenars would not let him take it. 'The Marquis,' she says, in another letter, 'declined shaving till he knew to whom his head was to belong.' The last thing we remember of him is his undergoing a painful surgical operation; after which he rattled on as if nothing had happened. But then he had been the day before to Bourdaloue, to confess, for the first time during eight years. Here is the beginning of a letter, in which he and Du Plessis are brought delightfully together.

To Madame de Grignan.

'The Rocks, Sunday, 26th July, (1671.)

'You must know, that as I was sitting all alone in my chamber yesterday, intent upon a book, I saw the door opened by a tall lady-like woman, who was ready to choke herself with laughing. Behind her came a man, who laughed louder still, and the man was followed by a very well-shaped woman, who laughed also. As for me, I began to laugh before I knew who they were, or what had set them a-laughing: and though I was expecting Madame de Chaulnes to spend a day or two with me here, I looked a long time before I could think it was she. She it was, however; and with her she had brought Pomenars, who had put it in her head to surprise me. The fair *Murinette** was of the party; and Pomenars was in such excessive spirits that he would have gladdened melancholy itself. They fell to playing battledoor and shuttlecock—Madame de Chaulnes plays it like you; and then came a lunch, and then we took one of our nice little walks, and the talk was of you throughout. I told Pomenars how you took all his affairs to heart, and what relief you would experience had he nothing to answer to but the matter in hand; but that such repeated attacks on his innocence quite overwhelmed you. We kept up this joke till the long walk reminded us of the fall you got there one day, the thought of which made me as red as fire. We talked a long time of that, and then of the dialogue with the gypsies, and at last of Mademoiselle du Plessis, and the nonsensical stuff she uttered; and how, one day, having treated you with some of it, and her ugly face being close to yours, you made no more ado, but gave her such a box on the ear as staggered her; upon which I, to soften matters, exclaimed, "How rudely these young people do play!" and then turning to her mother, said, "Madam, do you know they were so wild this morning, they absolutely fought! Mademoiselle du Plessis provoked my daughter, and my daughter beat her: it was one of the merriest scenes in the world; and with this turn Madame du Plessis was so delighted, that she expressed her satisfaction at seeing the young ladies so happy together. This trait of good-fellowship between you and Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom I lumped together to make the box on the ear go down, made my visitors die with laughter. Mademoiselle de Murinais, in particular, approved your proceeding mightily, and vows that the first time Du Plessis thrusts her nose in her face, as she always does when she speaks to any body, she will follow your example, and give her a good slap on the chops. I expect them all to meet before long; Pomenars is to set the matter on foot; Mademoiselle is sure to fall in with it; a letter from Paris is to be produced, showing how the ladies there give boxes on the ears to one another, and this will sanction the custom in the provinces, and even make us desire them, in order to be in the fashion. In short, I never saw a man so mad as Pomenars; his spirits increase in the ratio of his criminalities; and, if he is charged with another, he will certainly die for joy.'

These practical mystifications of poor Mademoiselle du Plessis are a little strong.

* Mademoiselle de Murinais.

They would assuredly not take place now-a-days in society equal to that of Madame de Sévigné; but ages profit by their predecessors, and the highest breeding of one often becomes but second-rate in the next. If anything, however, could warrant such rough admission to the freedom of a superior circle, it was the coarse *platitudes* and affectations of an uncouth neighbor like this; probably of a family as vulgar as it was rich, and which had made its way into a society unfit for it. Mademoiselle du Plessis seems to have assumed all characters in turn, and to have suited none, except that of an avowed, yet incorrigible teller of fibs. Madame de Sévigné spoke to her plainly one day about these peccadilloes, and Mademoiselle cast down her eyes and said with an air of penitence, 'Ah, yes, Madam, it is very true; I am indeed the greatest liar in the world: I am very much obliged to you for telling me of it!' 'It was exactly,' says her reprover, 'like *Tartuffe*—quite in his tone; yes, brother, I am a miserable sinner, a vessel of iniquity.' Yet a week or two afterwards, giving an account of a family wedding-dinner, she said that the first course, for one day, included twelve hundred dishes. 'We all sate petrified,' says Madame de Sévigné. 'At length I took courage and said, "Consider a little, Mademoiselle, you must mean twelve, not twelve hundred. One sometimes has slips of the tongue." "Oh, no, Madam! it was twelve hundred, or eleven hundred, I am quite sure; I cannot say which, for fear of telling a falsehood, but one or the other I know it was;" and she repeated it twenty times, and would not bate us a single chicken. We found, upon calculation, that there must have been at least three hundred people to lard the fowls; that the dinner must have been served up in a great meadow, in tents pitched for the occasion; and that, supposing them only fifty, preparations must have been made a month beforehand.'

It is pleasant to bid adieu to Mademoiselle du Plessis, and breathe the air of truth, wit, and nature, in what has been justly called by the compiler of the work at the head of this article, one of 'Madame de Sévigné's most charming letters.'* The crime of the fine gentleman servant who would not make hay, is set forth with admirable calmness and astonishment; and never before was the art of haymaking taught, or rather exemplified, in words so simple and so few. It is as if the pen itself had become a hay-

* The original appears in the 'Lettres Choiesies,' edited by Girault.

fork, and tossed up a sample of the sweet grass. The pretended self-banter also, at the close, respecting long-winded narrations, is exquisite.

To M. de Coulanges.

'The Rocks, 22d July, (1671.)

'I write, my dear cousin, over and above the stipulated fortnight communications, to advertise you that you will soon have the honor of seeing Picard; and, as he is brother to the lacquey of Madame de Coulanges, I must tell you the reason why. You know that Madame the Duchess de Chaulnes is at Vitré: she expects the duke there, in ten or twelve days, with the States of Brittany.* Well, and what then? say you. I say, that the duchess is expecting the duke with all the states, and that meanwhile she is at Vitré all alone, dying with ennui. And what, return you, has this to do with Picard? Why, look;—she is dying with ennui, and I am her only consolation, and so you may readily conceive that I carry it with a high hand over Mademoiselles de Kerborgne and de Kerqueois. A pretty roundabout way of telling my story, I must confess; but it will bring us to the point. Well then, as I am her only consolation, it follows that, after I have been to see her, she will come to see me, when of course I shall wish her to find my garden in good order—and my walks in good order—those fine walks, of which you are so fond. Still you are at a loss to conceive whither they are leading you now. Attend then, if you please, to a little suggestion by the way. You are aware that haymaking is going forward? Well, I have no haymakers: I send into the neighboring fields to press them into my service; there are none to be found; and so all my own people are summoned to make hay instead. But do you know what haymaking is? I will tell you. Haymaking is the prettiest thing in the world. You play at turning the grass over in a meadow; and as soon as you know how to do that, you know how to make hay. The whole house went merrily to the task, all but Picard: he said he would not go; that he was not engaged for such work; that it was none of his business; and that he would sooner betake himself to Paris. 'Faith! didn't I get angry? It was the hundredth disservice the silly fellow had done me; I saw he had neither heart nor zeal; in short, the measure of his offence was full. I took him at his word; was deaf as a rock to all entreaties in his behalf; and he has set off. It is fit that people should be treated as they deserve. If you see him, don't welcome him; don't protect him; and don't blame me. Only look upon him as, of all servants in the world, the one the least addicted to haymaking, and therefore the most unworthy of good treatment. This is the sum-total of the affair. As for me, I am fond of straight-forward histories, that contain not a word too much; that never go wandering about, and beginning again from remote points; and accordingly, I think. I may say, without vanity, that I hereby present you with the model of an agreeable narration.'

In the course of the winter following

* He was Governor of the province.

this haymaking, Madame de Sévigné goes to Paris; and with the exception of an occasional visit to the house at Livry, to refresh herself with the spring-blossoms and the nightingales, remains there till July, when she visits her daughter in Provence, where she stayed upwards of a year, and then returned to the metropolis. It is not our intention to notice these particulars in future; but we mention them in passing, to give the reader an idea of the round of life between her town and country houses, and the visits to Madame de Grignan, who sometimes came from Provence to her. In the country, she does nothing but read, write, and walk, and occasionally sees her neighbors. In town, she visits friends, theatres, churches, nunneries, and the court; is now at the Coulangeses, now dining with Rochefoucauld, now paying her respects to some branch of royalty; and is delighted and delighting wherever she goes, except when she is weeping for her daughter's absence, or condoling with the family disasters resulting from campaigns. In the summer of 1672 was the famous passage of the Rhine, at which Rochefoucauld lost a son, whose death he bore with affecting patience. The once intriguing but now devout princess, the Duchess de Longueville, had the like misfortune, which she could not endure so well. Her grief nevertheless was very affecting too, and Madame de Sévigné's plain and passionate account of it has been justly admired. In general, at the court of Louis XIV. all was apparently ease, luxury, and delight, (with the exception of the jealousies of the courtiers and the squabbles of the mistresses;) but every now and then there is a campaign—and then all is glory, and finery, and lovers' tears, when the warriors are setting out; and fright, and trepidation, and distracting suspense, when the news arrives of a bloody battle. The suspense is removed by undoubted intelligence; and then, while some are in paroxysms of pride and rapture at escapes, and exploits, and lucky wounds, others are plunged into misery by deaths.

Extract from a letter to Madame de Grignan.

'You never saw Paris in such a state as it is now; every body is in tears, or fears to be so: poor Madame de Nogent is beside herself; Madame de Longueville, with her lamentations, cuts people to the heart. I have not seen her; but you may rely on what follows. * * * They sent to Port-Royal for M. Arnauld and Mademoiselle Vertus to break the news to her. The sight of the latter was sufficient. As soon as the Duchess saw her—"Ah! Mademoiselle, how is my brother!" (the great Condé.) She did not dare to ask further. "Madame, his wound is

going on well; there has been a battle." "And my son?" No answer. "Ah! Mademoiselle, my son, my dear child—answer me—is he dead?" "Madame, I have not words to answer you." "Ah! my dear son; did he die instantly? had he not one little moment? Oh! great God, what a sacrifice!" And with that she fell upon her bed; and all which could express the most terrible anguish, convulsions, and faintings, and a mortal silence, and stifled cries, and the bitterest tears, and hands clasped towards heaven, and complaints the most tender and heart-rending—all this did she go through. She sees a few friends, and keeps herself barely alive, in submission to God's will; but has no rest; and her health, which was bad already, is visibly worse. For my part, I cannot help wishing her dead outright, not conceiving it possible that she can survive such a loss.*

We have taken no notice of the strange death of Vatel, steward to the Prince de Condé, who killed himself out of a point of honor, because a dinner had not been served up to his satisfaction. It is a very curious relation, but more characteristic of the poor man than of the writer. For a like reason, we omit the interesting though horrible accounts of Brinvilliers and La Voisin, the poisoners. But we cannot help giving a tragedy told in a few words, both because Madame de Sévigné was herself highly struck with it, and for another reason which will appear in a note.

"The other day, on his coming into a ball-room, a gentleman of Brittany was assassinated by two men in women's clothes. One held him while the other deliberately struck a poniard to his heart. Little Harouët, who was there, was shocked at beholding this person, whom he knew well, stretched out upon the ground, *full-dressed, bloody, and dead*. His account (adds Madame de Sévigné) forcibly struck my imagination.*

The following letter contains a most graphic description of the French court, in all its voluptuous gayety; and the glimpses which it furnishes of the actors on the

* We have taken the words in Italics from the version of the letters published in 1765, often a very meritorious one, probably 'by various hands,' some passages exhibiting an ignorance of the commonest terms hardly possible to be reconciled with a knowledge of the rest. The three special words above quoted are admirable, and convey a truer sense of the original than would have been attained by one more literal. The passage in Madame de Sévigné is *tout étendu, tout chaud, tout sanglant, tout habillé, tout mort*. We take the opportunity of observing that some of the directly comic as well as tragic relations in this version are rendered with great gusto; though it could not save us the necessity of attempting a new one—owing to the want of a certain life in the general tone, as well as an occasional obsolescence of phraseology, somewhat startling to observe in so short a lapse of time as seventy-seven years. There is another version of a later date, and containing more letters; but though not destitute of pretensions of its own, it is upon the whole much inferior to the older one, of which it mainly appears to be a copy.

brilliant scene, from the king and the favorite to Dangeau, the skilful gamester—cool, collected, and calculating—amidst the gallant prattle around him, give to its details a degree of life and animation not to be surpassed:

To Madame de Grignan.

Paris, Wednesday, 29th July, (1676.)

'We have a change of the scene here, which will gratify you as much as it does all the world. I was at Versailles last Saturday with the Villarses. You know the Queen's toilet, the mass, and the dinner? Well, there is no need any longer of suffocating ourselves in the crowd to get a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three, the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and every thing else which is royal, together with Madame de Montespan and train, and all the courtiers, and all the ladies—all, in short, which constitutes the court of France—is assembled in that beautiful apartment of the king's, which you remember. All is furnished divinely, all is magnificent. Such a thing as heat is unknown; you pass from one place to another without the slightest pressure. A game at *reversis* gives the company a form and a settlement. The King and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together: different tables are occupied by Monsieur, the Queen, and Madame de Soubise, Dangeau* and party, Langlée and party:—everywhere you see heaps of *louis d'ors*; they have no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and thought what fools we all were beside him. He dreams of nothing but what concerns the game; he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, profits by every thing, never has his attention diverted; in short, his science bids defiance to chance. Two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month—these are the pretty memorandums he puts down in his pocket-book. He was kind enough to say that I was partners with him, so that I got an excellent seat. I made my obeisance to the King, as you told me; and he returned it, as if I had been young and handsome. The Queen talked as long to me about my illness, as if it had been a lying-in. The Duke said a thousand kind things without minding a word he uttered. Marshal de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; in short, *tutti quanti* (the whole company). You know what it is to get a word from every body you meet. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and asked me how I liked Vichi, and whether the place did me good. She said that Bourbon, instead of curing a pain in one of her knees, did mischief to both. Her size is reduced by a good half, and yet her complexion, her eyes, and her lips, are as fine as ever. She was dressed all in French point, her hair in a thousand ringlets, the two side ones hanging low on her cheeks, black ribbons on her head, pearls (the same that belonged to Madame de l'Hôpital), the loveliest diamond ear-rings, three or four bodkins—nothing else on the head; in short, a triumphant beauty, worthy the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She was accused of preventing the whole French nation from seeing the King; she has

* The writer of the well-known Court Diary.

restored him, you see, to their eyes; and you cannot conceive the joy it has given all the world, and the splendor it has thrown upon the court. This charming confusion, without confusion, of all which is the most select, continues from three till six. If couriers arrive, the King retires a moment to read the despatches, and returns. There is always some music going on to which he listens, and which has an excellent effect. He talks with such of the ladies as are accustomed to enjoy that honor. In short, they leave play at six; there is no trouble of counting, for there is no sort of counters; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis; the bigger ones of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred; and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken, they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of hearts. How many hearts have you? I have two, I have three, I have one, I have four; he has only three then, he has only four;—and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter: he sees through the game—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six, the carriages are at the door. The King is in one of them with Madame de Montespan, Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and honest d'Heudicourt in a fool's paradise on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The Queen occupies another with the Princess; and the rest come flocking after as it may happen. There are then gondolas on the canal, and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper; and thus rolls round the Saturday. If I were to tell you how often you were asked after—how many questions were put to me without waiting for answers—how often I neglected to answer—how little they cared, and how much less I did—you would see the *iniqua corte* (wicked court) before you in all its perfection. However, it never was so pleasant before, and every body wishes it may last.

Not a word of the *morale* of the spectacle! Madame de Sévigné, who had one of the correctest reputations in France, wishes even it may last. *Iniqua corte* is a mere jesting phrase, applied to any court. Montespan was a friend of the family, though it knew Maintenon also, who was then preparing the downfall of the favorite. The latter, meantime, was a sort of vice-queen, reigning over the real one. When she journeyed, it was with a train of forty people; governors of provinces offered to meet her with addresses; and intendants presented her with boats like those of Cleopatra, painted and gilt, luxurious with crimson damask, and streaming with the colors of France and Navarre. Louis was such a god at that time—he shook his 'am-

brostial curls' over so veritable an Olympus, where his praises were hymned by loving goddesses, consenting heroes, and incense-bearing priests—that if marriage had been a less consecrated institution in the Catholic Church, and the Jesuits with their accommodating philosophy would have stood by him, one is almost tempted to believe he might have crowned half-a-dozen queens at a time, and made the French pulpits hold forth with Milton on the merits of the patriarchal polygamies.

But, to say the truth, except when she chose to be in the humor for it, great part of Madame de Sévigné's enjoyment, wherever she was, looked as little to the *morale* of the thing as need be. It arose from her powers of discernment and description. No matter what kind of scene she beheld, whether exalted or humble, brilliant or gloomy, crowded or solitary, her sensibility turned all to account. She saw well for herself; and she knew, that what she saw she should enjoy over again, in telling it to her daughter. In the autumn of next year she is in the country, and pays a visit to an iron-foundry, where they made anchors. The scene is equally well felt with that at court. It is as good, in its way, as the blacksmith's in Spencer's 'House of Care,' where the sound was heard

"Of many iron hammers, beating rank,

And answering their weary turns around;"

and where the visitor is so glad to get away from the giant and his 'strong grooms,' all over smoke and horror.

Extract of a Letter to Madame de Grignan.

'Friday, 1st October, (1677.)

*** 'Yesterday evening at Cone, we descended into a veritable hell, the true forges of Vulcan. Eight or ten cyclops were at work, forging, not arms for Æneas, but anchors for ships. You never saw strokes redoubled so justly, nor with so admirable a cadence. We stood in the middle of four furnaces, and the demons came passing about us, all melting in sweat, with pale faces, wild staring eyes, savage mustaches, and hair long and black; a sight enough to frighten less well-bred folks than ourselves. As to me, I could not comprehend the possibility of refusing any thing which these gentlemen, in their hell, might have chosen to exact. We got out at last, by the help of a shower of silver, with which we took care to refresh their souls and facilitate our exit.'

This description is immediately followed by one as lively, of another sort.

'We had a taste the evening before, at Nevers, of the most daring race you ever beheld. Four fair ladies, in a carriage, having seen us pass them in ours, had such a desire to behold our

faces a second time, that they must needs get before us again, on a causeway made only for one coach. My dear, their coachman brushed our very whiskers; it is a mercy they were not pitched into the river; we all cried out 'for God's sake;' they, for their parts, were dying with laughter; and they kept galloping on *above* us and before us, in so tremendous and unaccountable a manner, that we have not got rid of the fright to this moment.'

There is a little repetition in the following, because truth required it; otherwise it is all as good as new, fresh from the same mint that throws forth every thing at a heat—whether anchors, or diamond earrings, or a coach in a gallop.

'Paris, 29th November, (1679.)

* * * 'I have been to this wedding of Madame de Louvois. How shall I describe it? Magnificence, illuminations, all France, dresses all gold and brocade, jewels, braziers full of fire, and stands full of flowers, confusions of carriages, cries out of doors, flambeaus, pushings back, people knocked up; in short, a whirlwind, a distraction; questions without answers, compliments without knowing what is said, civilities without knowing who is spoken to, feet entangled in trains. From the middle of all this, issue inquiries after your health; which, not being answered as quick as lightning, the inquirers pass on, contented to remain in the state of ignorance and indifference in which they were made. *O vanity of vanities!* Pretty little De Mouchy has had the small-pox. *O vanity, et cetera!*'

In Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is a reference by the great and gloomy moralist to a passage in Madame de Sévigné, in which she speaks of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent; but the conclusion he draws from it as to her opinion of life in general, is worthy of the critic who 'never read books through.' The momentary effusion of spleen is contradicted by the whole correspondence. She occasionally vents her dissatisfaction at a rainy day, or the perplexity produced in her mind by a sermon; and when her tears begin flowing for a pain in her daughter's little finger, it is certainly no easy matter to stop them; but there was a luxury at the heart of this woe. Her ordinary notions of life were no more like Johnson's, than rose-color is like black, or health like disease. She repeatedly proclaims, and almost always shows, her delight in existence; and has disputes with her daughter, in which she laments that she does not possess the same turn of mind. There is a passage, we grant, on the subject of old age, which contains a reflection similar to the one alluded to by Johnson, and which has been deservedly admired for its force

and honesty. But even in this passage, the germ of the thought was suggested by the melancholy of another person, not by her own. Madame de la Fayette had written her a letter urging her to retrieve her affairs, and secure her health, by accepting some money from her friends, and quitting the Rocks for Paris;—offers which, however handsomely meant, she declined with many thanks, and not a little secret indignation; for she was very jealous of her independence. In the course of this letter, Madame de la Fayette, who herself was irritable with disease, and who did not write it in a style much calculated to prevent the uneasiness it caused, made abrupt use of the words, 'You are old.' The little hard sentence came like a blow upon the lively, elderly lady. She did not like it at all; and thus wrote of it to her daughter:

'So you were struck with the expression of Madame de la Fayette, blended with so much friendship. 'Twas a truth, I own, which I ought to have borne in mind; and yet I must confess it astonished me, for I do not yet perceive in myself any such decay. Nevertheless I cannot help making many reflections and calculations, and I find the conditions of life hard enough. It seems to me that I have been dragged, against my will, to the fatal period when old age must be endured; I see it; I have come to it; and I would fain, if I could help it, not go any further; not advance a step more in the road of infirmities, of pains, of losses of memory, of *disfigurements* ready to do me outrage; and I hear a voice which says, You must go on in spite of yourself; or, if you will not go on, you must die; and this is another extremity, from which nature revolts. Such is the lot, however, of all who advance beyond middle life. What is their resource? To think of the will of God and of the universal law; and so restore reason to its place, and be patient. Be you then patient, accordingly, my dear child, and let not your affections often into such tears as reason must condemn.'

The whole heart and good sense of humanity seem to speak in passages like these, equally removed from the frights of the supersitious, and the flimsiness or falsehood of levity. The ordinary comfort and good prospects of Madame de Sévigné's existence, made her write with double force on these graver subjects, when they presented themselves to her mind. So, in her famous notice of the death of Louvois the minister—never, in a few words, were past ascendancy and sudden nothingness more impressively contrasted.

'I am so astonished at the news of the sudden death of M. de Louvois, that I am at a loss how to speak of it. Dead, however, he is, this great minister, this potent being, who occupied so great a place, whose *me, (le moi,)* as M. Nicole

says, had so wide a dominion; who was the centre of so many orbs. What affairs had he not to manage! what designs, what projects, what secrets! what interests to unravel, what wars to undertake, what intrigues, what noble games at chess to play and to direct! Ah! my God, give me a little time: I want to give check to the Duke of Savoy—checkmate to the Prince of Orange. No, no, you shall not have a moment—not a single moment. Are events like these to be talked of? Not they. We must reflect upon them in our closets.*

This is a part of a letter to her cousin Coulanges, written in the year 1691. Five years afterwards she died.

The two English writers who have shown the greatest admiration of Madame de Sévigné, are Horace Walpole and Sir James Mackintosh. The enthusiasm of Walpole, who was himself a distinguished letter writer and wit, is mixed up with a good deal of self-love. He bows to his own image in the mirror beside her. During one of his excursions to Paris, he visits the Hôtel de Carnavalet and the house at Livry; and has thus described his impressions, after his half-good half-affected fashion:

‘Madame de Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet was; and I stopped on purpose to say an Ave-Maria before it.’ (This pun is suggested by one in Bussy-Rabutin.) ‘It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto*, raised to her honor by some of her foreign votaries. I don’t think her half-honored enough in her own country.’*

His visit to Livry is recorded in a letter to his friend Montague:

‘One must be just to all the world. Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning; but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucauld. The abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situate in the Forêt de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and *rural* about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet* (frippery). Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits his head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé’s house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for Madame de Sé-

vigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimneypiece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth’s time; a Holy Family in good relief over it, and the cipher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bed-chamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter’s letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.’—*Id.* p. 142.

Sir James Mackintosh became intimate with the letters of Madame de Sévigné during his voyage from India, and has left some remarks upon them in the Diary published in his Life.

‘The great charm,’ he says, ‘of her character seems to me a *natural virtue*. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied; nobody, I think, had so much morality without constraint, and played so much with amiable feelings without falling into vice. Her ingenious, lively, social disposition, gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, perhaps an immortal writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great force of style, she could not have communicated those feelings. In what does that talent consist? It seems mainly to consist in the power of working bold metaphors, and unexpected turns of expression, out of the most familiar part of conversational language.’**

Sir James proceeds to give an interesting analysis of this kind of style, and the way in which it obtains ascendancy in the most polished circles; and all that he says of it is very true. But it seems to us, that the main secret of the ‘charm’ of Madame de Sévigné is to be found neither in her ‘natural virtue,’ nor in the style in which it expressed itself, but in something which interests us still more for our own sakes than the writer’s, and which instinctively compelled her to adopt that style as its natural language. We doubt extremely, in the first place, whether any great ‘charm’ is ever felt in her virtue, natural or otherwise, however it may be respected. Readers are glad, certainly, that the correctness of her reputation enabled her to write with so much gayety and

* *Letters*, &c. Vol. V., p. 74, Edit. 1840.

* *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh*. Sec. Edit., Vol. II., p. 217.

boldness; and perhaps (without at all taking for granted what Bussy-Rabutin intimates about secret lovers) it gives a zest to certain freedoms in her conversation, which are by no means rare; for she was any thing but a prude. We are not sure that her character for personal correctness does not sometimes produce even an awkward impression, in connexion with her relations to the court and the mistresses; though the manners of the day, and her superiority to sermonizing and hypocrisy, relieve it from one of a more painful nature. Certain we are, however, that we should have liked her still better, had she manifested a power to love somebody else besides her children; had she married again, for instance, instead of passing a long widowhood from her five-and-twentieth year, not, assuredly, out of devotion to her husband's memory. Such a marriage, we think, would have been quite as natural as any virtue she possessed. The only mention of her husband that we recollect in all her correspondence, with the exception of the allusion to Ninon, is in the following date of a letter:

'Paris, Friday Feb. 5, 1672. This day thousand years I was married.'

We do not accuse her of heartlessness. We believe she had a very good heart. Probably, she liked to be her own mistress; but this does not quite explain the matter in so loving a person. There were people in her own time who doubted the love for her daughter—surely with great want of justice. But natural as that virtue was, and delightful as it is to see it, was the *excess* of it quite so natural? or does a thorough intimacy with the letters confirm our belief in that excess? It does not. The love was real and great; but the secret of what appears to be its extravagance is, perhaps, to be found in the love of power; or, not to speak harshly, in the inability of a fond mother to leave off her habits of guidance and dictation, and the sense of her importance to her child. Hence a fidgetiness on one side, which was too much allied to exaction and self-will, and a proportionate tendency to ill-concealed, and at last open impatience on the other. The demand for letters was not only incessant and avowed; it was to be met with as zealous a desire, on the daughter's part, to supply them. If little is written, pray write more: if much, don't write so much for fear of headaches. If the headaches are complained of, what misery! if not complained of, something worse and more cruel has taken place—

it is a concealment. Friends must take care how they speak of the daughter as too well and happy. The mother then brings to our mind the Falkland of Sheridan, and expresses her disgust at these 'perfect-health folks.' Even lovers tire under such *surveillance*; and as affections between mother and child, however beautiful, are not, in the nature of things, of a like measure of reciprocity, a similar result would have been looked for by the discerning eyes of Madame de Sévigné, had the case been any other than her own. But the tears of self-love mingle with those of love, and blind the kindest natures to the difference. It is too certain, or rather it is a fact which reduces the love to a good honest natural size, and therefore ought not, so far, to be lamented, that this fond mother and daughter, fond though they were, jangled sometimes, like their inferiors, both when absent and present, leaving nevertheless a large measure of affection to diffuse itself in joy and comfort over the rest of their intercourse. It is a common case, and we like neither of them a jot the less for it. We may only be allowed to repeat our wish (as Madame de Grignan must often have done) that the 'dear Marie de Rabutin,' as Sir James Mackintosh calls her, had had a second husband, to divert some of the responsibilities of affection from her daughter's head. Let us recollect, after all, that we should not have heard of the distress but for the affection; that millions who might think fit to throw stones at it, would in reality have no right to throw a pebble; and that the wit which has rendered it immortal, is beautiful for every species of truth, but this single deficiency in self-knowledge.

That is the great charm of Madame de Sévigné—*truth*. Truth, wit, and animal spirits compose the secret of her delightfulness; but truth above all, for it is that which shows all the rest to be true. If she had not more natural virtues than most other good people, she had more natural *manners*; and the universality of her taste, and the vivacity of her spirits, giving her the widest range of enjoyment, she expressed herself naturally on all subjects, and did not disdain the simplest and most familiar phraseology, when the truth required it. Familiarities of style, taken by themselves, have been common more or less to all wits, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Byron; and, in general, so have animal spirits. Rabelais was full of both. The followers of Pulci and Berni, in Italy, abound in them. What distinguishes Madame de Sévigné is, first, that

she was a woman so writing, which till her time had been a thing unknown, and has not been since witnessed in any such charming degree; and second, and above all, that she writes 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;' never giving us falsehood of any kind, not even a single false metaphor, or only half-true simile or description; nor writing for any purpose on earth, but to say what she felt, and please those who could feel with her. If we consider how few writers there are, even among the best, to whom this praise, in its integrity, can apply, we shall be struck, perhaps, with a little surprise and sorrow for the craft of authors in general; but certainly with double admiration for Madame de Sévigné. We do not mean to say that she is always right in opinion, or that she had no party or conventional feelings. She entertained, for many years, some strong prejudices. She was bred up in so exclusive an admiration for the poetry of Corneille, that she thought Racine would go out of fashion. Her loyalty made her astonished to find that Louis was not invincible; and her connexion with the Count de Grignan, who was employed in the *dragonnades* against the Huguenots, led her but negatively to disapprove those inhuman absurdities. But these were accidents of friendship or education: her understanding outlived them; nor did they hinder her, meantime, from describing truthfully what she felt, and from being right as well as true in nine-tenths of it all. Her sincerity made even her errors a part of her truth. She never pretended to be above what she felt; never assumed a profound knowledge; never disguised an ignorance. Her mirth, and her descriptions, may sometimes appear exaggerated; but the spirit of truth, not of contradiction, is in them; and excess in such cases is not falsehood, but enjoyment—not the wine adulterated, but the cup running over. All her wit is healthy; all its images entire and applicable throughout—not palsy-stricken with irrelevance; not forced in, and then found wanting, like Walpole's conceit about the trees, in the passage above quoted. Madame de Sévigné never wrote such a passage in her life. All her lightest and most fanciful images, all her most daring expressions, have the strictest propriety, the most genuine feeling, a home in the heart of truth;—as when, for example, she says, amidst continual feasting, that she is 'famished for want of hunger;' that there were no 'interlineations' in the conversation of a lady who spoke from the heart; that she went to

vespers one evening out of pure opposition, which taught her to comprehend the 'sacred obstinacy of martyrdom;' that she did not keep a 'philosopher's shop;' that it is difficult for people in trouble to 'bear thunder-claps of bliss in others.' It is the same from the first letter we have quoted to the last; from the proud and merry boasting of the young mother with a boy, to the candid shudder about the approach of old age, and the refusal of death to grant a moment to the dying statesman—'no, not a single moment.' She loved nature and truth without misgiving; and nature and truth loved her in return, and have crowned her with glory and honor.

TRAVELLING ROMANCERS: DUMAS ON THE RHINE.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin, par ALEXANDRE DUMAS. (Excursions on the Shores of the Rhine. By ALEXANDER DUMAS.) Paris. 1842.

ONE of Louis XIV.'s generals had a cook who with a few pounds of horseflesh could dress a sufficient dinner for the general's whole staff: soup, entrées, entremets, pastry, rotis, and all. This was an invaluable servant, and his dinners, especially in a time of siege and famine, must have been most welcome: but no doubt, when the campaign was over, the cook took care to supply his master's table with other meats besides disguised horseflesh, which, after all, sauce it and pepper it as you will, must always have had a villanous equine twang.

As with the race of cooks, so with literary men. If there were an absolute dearth of books in the world, and we lay beleaguered by an enemy who had cut off all our printing-presses, our circulating libraries and museums; had hanged our respected publishers; and had beaten off any convoy of newspapers that had attempted to relieve the garrison: then, if a literary artiste stepped forward, and said, Friends, you are starving, and I can help you; you pine for your literary food, and I can supply it: and so, taking a pair of leather inexpressibles, boots (or any other "stock"), should make you forthwith a satisfactory dinner, dishing you up three hot volumes in a trice:—that literary man would deserve the thanks of the public, because out of so little he had managed to fill so many stomachs.

If ever such a time of war should come,

M. Alexandre Dumas (for by the constitution of this Review we are not allowed to look to Mr. James at home, or other authors whose productive powers are equally prodigious)—M. Dumas should be appointed our book-maker, with the full confidence that he could provide us with more than any other author could give: not with *meat* perhaps; the dishes so constructed being a thought unsubstantial and windy; but... however, a truce to this kitchen metaphor, which only means to imply that it is a wonder how M. Dumas can produce books as he does, and that he ought, for the sake of mankind, to attempt to be less prolific. If there were no other writers, or he himself wrote no other books, it would be very well; but other writers there *are*; he himself has, no doubt, while these have been crossing the channel, written scores of volumes more, which, panting, we shall have some day or other to come up with. Flesh and blood cannot bear this over pressure, as the reader will see by casting his eye over the calculation given in the next sentence.

Here, for example (being at this instant of writing the latest published of a series of some twelve or thirteen goodly tomes of *Impressions de Voyage* of the last couple of years), are three agreeable readable volumes: describing a journey which can be most easily performed in a week, or at most nine days, and on which it is probable M. Dumas spent no more time. Three volumes for nine days is one hundred pages per diem: one hundred and twenty volumes, thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum. Thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum would produce in the course of a natural literary life, say of forty years, pages one million four hundred and sixty thousand, volumes four thousand eight hundred. How can mankind bear this? If Heaven awarded the same term of life to us, we might certainly with leisure and perseverance get through a hundred pages a day, one hundred and twenty volumes a year, and so on: nay, it would be possible to consume double that quantity of Dumas, and so finish him off in twenty years. But let us remember what books there are else in the world besides his: what Paul de Kocks and Souliés (Madame Schopenhauer of Weimar is dead, that's one comfort)! what double-sheeted *Timeses* to get through every morning! and then the duty we owe as British citizens to the teeming quires of our own country! The mind staggers before all this vastness of books, and must either presently go mad with too much

reading, or become sullenly indifferent to all: preferring to quit the ground altogether, as it cannot hope to keep up with the hunt: and retreating into drink, card-playing, needlework, or some other occupation for intellect and time.

But with a protest as to the length of the volumes, it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours amusing reading: nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian: and again, we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes "preparatory studies" before visiting a country which enable him therefore to go through it "without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan;" (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence: any one of the phrases would have answered, but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us to believe, like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to he is in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-accumulated knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes.

Other persons, however (especially envious critics, who in the course of their professional labors may possibly take a pompous advantage of the same cheap sort of learning), know very well that there is such a book as the *Biographie Universelle* in the world; and that in all ancient cities Nature has kindly implanted a certain race of antiquarians, who remain as faithful to them as the moss and weeds that grow on the old ramparts, and whose instinct it is to chronicle the names and actions of all the great and small illustrious whom their native towns have produced. Book-makers ought to thank Heaven daily for such, as the learned of old were instructed to thank Heaven for sending dictionary-makers. What would imaginative writers do without such men, who give them the facts which they can embroider; the learning which they can appropriate; the little quaint dates and circumstances, which the great writer, had he been compelled to hunt for them, must have sought in vast piles of folios, written in Latin much too crabbed for his easy scholarship? In the midst of the rubbish of centuries, in which it is the antiquarian's nature to grub, he lights every now and then upon a pretty fact or two—a needle in the midst of the huge bundle of primeval straw. The great writer seizing the

needle, polishes it, gilds it, puts a fine sham jewel at the top, and wears it in his bosom in a stately way. Let him do so, in Heaven's name, but at least let him be decently grateful, and say who was the discoverer of the treasure. When, for instance, Signor Victor Hugo roars out twenty pages of dates, declaring on his affidavit that he gives them from memory, and that he himself was the original compiler of the same; or the noble* Alexander Dumas, after a walk through some Belgic or Rhenish town, guts the guide-book of the modest antiquary of the place to make a flaming *feuilleton* thereof, and has the assurance to call his robberies "*des études préparatoires*;" we feel that he is following a course reprehensible in so great a writer, and must take leave accordingly and respectfully to reprehend him.

But though we find our author so disinclined generally to state whence his information is gained, there is on the other hand this excuse to be made for him: namely, that the information is not in the least to be relied upon, the facts being distorted and caricatured according as the author's furious imagination may lead him. History and the world are stages to him, and melodramas or most bloody tragedies, the pieces acted. We have seen this sufficiently even in his better sort of books. Murders, massacres, *coups de hache*, grim humorous bravoes, pathetic executioners, and such like characters and incidents, are those he always rejoices in. Arriving at Brussels, he walks, for the length of some three pages, through the city. Returning home, the guide-book and the biographical dictionary are at work. Fires, slaughters, famines, assassinations, crowd upon the page (relieved by a humorous interlude), and so in a twinkling fifty pages are complete. At Antwerp he passes at the museum—say an hour: the museum is very small, and any non-professional person will probably find an hour's visit sufficient. After the museum he has "*two good hours* before the departure on the railroad." For the first hour, we have Rubens, his life and times: for the "*two good hours*," Napoleon and his system, the port of Antwerp, the only promenade in the town, (the picturesque and stately old city in which every lofty street is a promenade!) the docks and the names of frigates built there. All, of course, learned by *études préparatoires*.

* M. Dumas, in this book, talks of his paternal coat of arms, and has, we are credibly informed, assumed in some place the style and titles of Viscount Dumas. For M. Victor Hugo's display of learning, the reader is referred to the 57th number of this Review.

At Ghent he sleeps: Charles V., Napoleon again, the Béguinage, and some scandalous stories which the guides are in the habit of telling to all travellers, as it would appear; for we have had in our own experience to listen to the selfsame stories. At Bruges, M. Dumas passes a day, and the legends regarding Baldwin of Flanders find an issue from his fluent pen.

His main object in going to Brussels was, he says, to see Waterloo, and as his chapter concerning that famous place is a very amusing one, we translate it entire. The first part relates picturesquely and brilliantly the author's first and last view of Napoleon.

"My chief end in going to Brussels was a pilgrimage to Waterloo.

"For Waterloo is not only for me, as for all Frenchmen, a great political date; but it was also one of those recollections of youth which leave upon the mind ever after so profound and powerful an impression. I never saw Napoleon but twice; the first time when he was going to Waterloo, the second time when he quitted it.

"The little town where I was born, and which my mother inhabited, is situated at twenty leagues from Paris, upon one of the three roads leading to Brussels. It was, then, one of the arteries which gave a passage to that generous blood that was about to flow at Waterloo.

"Already, for about three weeks, the town had worn the aspect of a camp. Every day at about four, drum and trumpet sounded, and young and old who could not weary of the spectacle, would rush out of the town at the noise, and return again, accompanying some splendid regiment of that old guard, which the world believed to be destroyed; but which, at the call of its ancient chief, seemed as it were to come forth from its icy tomb: appearing amongst us a glorious spectre, with its old, worn, bear-skin caps, and its banners mutilated by the balls of Austerlitz and Marengo. Next day it would be a splendid regiment of chasseurs with their streaming colbacks, or some incomplete squadrons of the brilliant dragoons, whose rich uniforms have disappeared from our army: too magnificent, no doubt, for times of peace. On another day we would hear the dull clatter of the cannon as they passed, crouched on their carriage, causing our houses to shake as they rattled on, and each, like the regiments to which they belonged, bearing a name which presaged victory. There were troops of all kind-, even down to a detachment of Mamelukes, the last feeble mutilated remnant of the consular guard, carrying each his drop of blood to the grand human hecatomb that was about to be offered up on the altar of our country. It was to the music of our national airs that all these warriors passed; singing those old republican songs which Bonaparte had stammered forth, but which Napoleon had proscribed; songs which can never die in our country, and which the emperor tolerated at length, knowing full well that he must address himself to the sympathies of all now, and that it was not the recollections of 1809, but of 1792, which he must recall. I was then but a

child, as I have said, for I was scarcely twelve years old; and I know not what impression that sight, that music, those recollections may awaken in others: but I know that with me it was a delirium. For a fortnight they could not get me back to school again, but I ran through street and high-road—I was like a madman!

"Then, one morning—I think it was the 12th of June—we read in the *Moniteur*,

"To-morrow, his Majesty the Emperor will quit the capital to join the army. His Majesty will take the route of Soissons, Laon, and Avesne."

"Napoleon then was to take the same route with his army. Napoleon was to pass through our town: I was going to see Napoleon!"

"Napoleon! It was a great name for me, and one which represented ideas strangely differing.

"I had heard the name cursed by my father, an old republican soldier, who sent back the coat of arms the Emperor sent him, saying that he had his family coat which appeared sufficient to him. And yet it was a noble shield to quarter with that of his father's; that which represented a pyramid, a palm-tree, and the heads of the three horses which my father had killed under him at Mantua, with this device, at once firm and conciliatory: *Sans haine, sans crainte!*

"I had heard the name exalted by Murat, one of the friends who remained faithful to my father during his disgrace: a soldier whom Napoleon had made a general; a general whom he had made a king; and who one fine day forgot all, though just at the time when he should have remembered it.

"Finally, I had heard it judged with the impartiality of history by my godfather, Brune, the philosophic soldier, who always fought, his Tacitus in his hand: ever ready to shed his blood for his country, whoever might be the chief demanding it, Louis XVI., a Robespierre, Barras, or Napoleon.

"All this was boiling in my young brain, when suddenly the rumor came among us, brought down by the official speaking-trumpet.

"Napoleon is about to pass.

"Now the *Moniteur* reached us on the thirteenth: it was the very day.

"There was no talk of making harangues, or raising triumphal arches in his honor. Napoleon was in a hurry. Napoleon quitted the pen for the sword, command for action. Napoleon passed like the lightning, hoping to strike like the thunderbolt.

"The *Moniteur* did not say at what hour Napoleon would pass; but very early all the town had gathered together at the end of the Rue de Paris. I for my part with other children of my age, had gone forward as far as an eminence, from which we could see the high-road for the space of a league.

"There we stayed from morning until three o'clock.

"At three o'clock we saw a courier coming. He approached us very rapidly. Very soon he was up with us. 'Is the Emperor coming?' we cried to him. He stretched his hand out to the horizon.

"There he is," said he.

"In fact, we saw two carriages approaching,

galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying *L'Empereur! l'Empereur!*

"We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him: and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running: but at any rate I was there. In a moment, appeared turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postilions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post.

"I saw Napoleon!"

"He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor. I only saw his bust, framed in the square of the carriage window.

"His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallion head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive.

"Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past.

"Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aide-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle: he was smiling, too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live!

"All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

"Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from Saint Quentin: they said, that as they came away they had heard cannon.

"The morning of the 17th a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory.

"The 18th nothing. The 19th nothing: only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels.

"The 20th. Three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the courtyard of the town-house.

"These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To tell our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away.

"It was the advanced guard of the fugitives.

"We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. That fine army which we had seen pass, could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison: so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14 to remember only the years which had gone before!

"My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find; and began to think the place was imaginary as was the men's account of the battle.

"At four o'clock more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe, Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was.

"Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until 10 o'clock at night.

"At 10 o'clock at night, we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!'

"I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder.

"It was indeed Napoleon: seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now, to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army, Letort had been cut in two by a cannon-ball.

"Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, then with his brief strident voice—

"'What place is this?' he said.

"'Villers-Coteret, sire.'

"'How many leagues from Soissons?'

"'Six, sire.'

"'From Paris?'

"'Nineteen.'

"'Tell the postboys to go quick: and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest.

"The horses carried him away as if they had wings.

"The world knows what had taken place between those two apparitions of Napoleon!

"I had always said I would go and visit the place with the unknown name, which I could not find on the maps of Belgium on the 20th of June, 1815, and which has since been inscribed on that of Europe in characters of blood. The day after arriving at Brussels, then, I went to it."

How much of this, one cannot fail to ask, with that unlucky knowledge of the author's character which a perusal of his works will force upon one, how much of this is true? It certainly is doubtful that Alexander Dumas's father, the general who must have been killed in Italy when his son was scarce four or five years of age, should have discoursed much to the lad regarding the character of Bonaparte.* It certainly is

* Since this was written a satisfactory piece of evi-

impossible that King Joachim could have spent much time at Villers-Coteret arguing with Master Alexander with regard to the merits of the Emperor. Public business, and his absence on military duty in Germany, Spain, Russia, and in his kingdom of Naples, must clearly have prevented Murat from very intimate conversation with the little boy who was to become so famous a dramatic author. With regard to Marshal Brune we cannot be so certain: let us give our author full benefit of all the chances in his favor. The rest of his evidence is no doubt true in the main, and is told, as the reader we fancy will allow, with great liveliness and an air of much truth. It is a pity sometimes, therefore, that a man should have a dramatic turn: for our impression on reading this brilliant little episode regarding Napoleon, instead of being perfectly satisfactory, was to try and ascertain whether he had passed through Villers-Coteret on his road to the army: then, whether he had returned by the same route, and at what time? And though—failing in certain decisive proofs—we are happy to leave M. Dumas in possession of the field (or road) on this occasion, it is not, we are forced to say, without strong suspicion and uncertainty.

From his account of Napoleon, let us turn to our author's description of Waterloo.

"In three hours we had passed through the fine forest of Soignées, and arrived at Mont Saint-Jean. Here the cicerones come to attend you, all saying that they were the guides of Jerome Bonaparte. One of the guides is an Englishman patented by his government, and wearing a medal as a *commissionnaire*. If any Frenchman wish to see the field of battle the poor devil does not even offer himself, being habituated to receive from them pretty severe rebuffs. On the other hand he has all the practice of the English.

"We took the first guide that came to hand. I had with me an excellent plan of the battle, with notes by the Duke of Elchingen (who is at this moment crossing his paternal sabre with the yatagan of the Arabs), and asked at once to be led to the monument of the Prince of Orange. Had I walked a hundred steps further, there would have been no need of a guide, for it is the first thing you see after crossing the farm of Mont Saint-Jean.

dence occurs to us. In another volume of M. Dumas, we find the following passage:

"'I am the son,' said I, 'of General Alexander Dumas, the same who, being taken prisoner at Tarentum, in violation of the laws of hospitality was poisoned at Brindisi with Mauscourt and Dolomieu. This happened at the same time that Caracciolo was hanged in the bay of Naples.'

Caracciolo was hanged in the year 1799; General Dumas was poisoned in the same year; his son was scarcely twelve years old in 1815, and perfectly remembers how his father used to curse Napoleon!!

"We ascended the mountain which has been constructed by the hand of man upon the very spot where the Prince of Orange fell, struck in the shoulder while charging chivalrously, his hat in his hand, at the head of his regiment. It is a sort of round pyramid, some hundred and fifty feet high, which you ascend by means of a stair cut in the ground and supported by planks. The earth of which the hill is formed was taken from the soil over which it looks, and the aspect of the field of battle is in consequence somewhat changed; the ravine in this place possessing an abruptness which it had not originally. On the summit of this pyramid is a colossal lion (the tail of which our soldiers on their return from Antwerp would, had they not been prevented, have cut off), which has one paw placed on a ball, and with its head turned to the east menaces France. From this platform, round the lion's pedestal, you look upon the whole field of battle from Braine L'Allend and the extreme point reached by the division of Jerome Bonaparte, to the wood of Frichermont, whence Blucher and his Prussians issued; and from Waterloo, which has given its name to the battle no doubt because the rout of the English was stopped at that village, to Quatre Bras where Wellington slept after the defeat of Ligny, and the wood of Bossu where the Duke of Brunswick was killed. From this elevated point we awoke all the shadows, and noise and smoke, which have been extinguished for five-and-twenty years, and were present at the battle. Yonder, a little above La Haye Sainte, and at a place where some farm buildings have since been erected, Wellington stood a considerable part of the day, leaning against a beech, which an Englishman afterwards bought for two hundred francs. At the same time fell Sir Thomas Picton charging at the head of a regiment. Near this spot are the monuments of Gordon and the Hanoverians; at the foot of the pyramid is the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, which would be about as high as the monuments which we have just mentioned, were it not that for the space of about two acres around this spot, a layer of ten feet of earth has been taken away in order to form the hill. It was on this point, on the possession of which depended the gain of the day, that for three hours the main struggle of the battle took place. Here took place the charge of the 1200 cuirassiers and dragoons of Kellermann and Milhaud. Pursued by these from square to square, Wellington only owed his safety to the impassability of his soldiers, who let themselves be poignarded at their post, and fell to the number of 10,000 without yielding a step; whilst their general, tears in his eyes, and his watch in his hand, gathered fresh hope in calculating that it would require two hours more of actual time to kill what remained of his men. Now in one hour he expected Blucher, in an hour and a half Night: a second auxiliary of whose aid he was certain, should Grouchy prevent the first ally from coming to his aid. To conclude, yonder on the plateau, and touching the high-road, are the buildings of La Haye Sainte, thrice taken and retaken by Ney, who had in these three attacks five horses killed under him.

"Now, turning our regards towards France,

you will see on your right, in the midst of a little wood, the farm of Hougoumont, which Napoleon ordered Jerome not to abandon were he and all his troops to perish there. In face of us is the farm of Belle Alliance, from which Napoleon, having quitted the observatory at Monplaisir, watched the battle for two hours, calling on Grouchy to give him his living battalions, as Augustus did on Varres, for his dead legions. To the left is the ravine where Cambronne, when called upon to surrender, replied, not with the words *La garde meurt* (for in our rage to poetize every thing, we have attributed to him a phrase which he never used), but with a single expression of the barrack-room much more fierce and energetic, though not perhaps so genteel. In fine, in front of all this line was the high road to Brussels, and at the place where the road rises slightly, the spectator will distinguish the extreme point to which Napoleon advanced, when seeing Blucher's Prussians (for whom Wellington was looking so eagerly) debouch from the wood of Frichermont, he cried, 'Oh, here's Grouchy at last, and the battle's ours.' It was his last cry of hope: in another hour that of *Sauve qui peut* sounded from all sides in his ears.

"Those who wish to examine in further detail this plain of so many bloody recollections, over the *ensemble* of which we have just cast a glance, will descend the pyramid, and in the direction of Braine L'Allend and Frichermont, will take the Neville road which conducts to Hougoumont. It will be found just as it was when, called away by Napoleon at three o'clock, Jerome quitted it. It is battered by the twelve guns which General Foy brought down to the prince. It looks as if the work of ruin had been done but yesterday, for no one has repaired the ravages of the shot. Thus you will be shown the stone where Prince Jerome, conducted by the same guide whom he had employed before, came to sit: another Marius on the ruins of another Carthage.

"If the corn is down you may go across the fields from Hougoumont to Monplaisir where Napoleon's observatory was, and from the observatory to the house of Lacoste, the Emperor's guide, to which, thrice in the course of the battle, Napoleon returned from Belle Alliance. It was at a few yards from this house, and seated on a little eminence commanding the field of battle, that Napoleon received Jerome whom he had sent for, and who joined him at three in the afternoon. The prince sat down on the Emperor's left, and Marshal Soult was on his right, and Ney was sent for, who soon joined them. Napoleon had by him a bottle of Bordeaux wine, and a full glass which he put every now and then mechanically to his lips; and when Jerome and Ney arrived he smiled (for they were covered with dust and blood, and he loved to see his soldiers thus), and still keeping his eyes on the field sent for three glasses to Lacoste's house, one for Soult, one for Ney, and one for Jerome. There were but two glasses left, however, each of which the Emperor filled and gave to a marshal, then he gave his own to Jerome.

"Then with that soft voice of his, which he knew so well how to use upon occasion, 'Ney, my brave Ney,' said he, *thouing* him for the first time since his return from Elba, 'thou wilt take the

12,000 men of Milhaud and Kellermann; thou wilt wait until my old grumblers have found thee; thou wilt give the *coup de boutoir*; and then if Grouchy arrives the day is ours. Go.

Ney went, and gave the *coup de boutoir*; but Grouchy never came.

"From this you should take the road to Genappes and Brussels across the farm of Belle Alliance, where Blücher and Wellington met after the battle; and following the road, you presently come to the last point to which Napoleon advanced, and where he saw that it was not Grouchy but Blücher who was coming up, like Desaix at Marengo, to gain a lost battle. Fifty yards off the right you stand in the very spot occupied by the square into which Napoleon flung himself, and where he did all he could to die. Each English volley carried away whole ranks round about him; and at the head of each new rank as it formed, Napoleon placed himself: his brother Jerome from behind endeavoring in vain to draw him back, while a brave Corsican officer, General Campi, came forward with equal coolness each time, and placed himself and his horse between the Emperor and the enemy's batteries. At last, after three quarters of an hour of carnage, Napoleon turned round to his brother: 'It appears,' said he, 'that death will have none of us as yet. Jerome, take the command of the army. I am sorry to have known thee so late.' With this, giving his hand to his brother, he mounted a horse that was brought him, passed like a miracle through the enemy's ranks, and arriving at Genappes, tried for a moment to rally the army. Seeing his efforts were vain, he got on horseback again, and arrived at Laon on the night of the 19-20th.

"Five-and-twenty years have passed away since that epoch, and it is only now that France begins to comprehend that for the liberty of Europe this defeat was necessary: though still profoundly enraged and humiliated that she should have been marked out as the victim. In looking too, round this field where so many Spartans fell for her; the Orange pyramid in the midst of it, the tombs of Gordon and the Hanoverians round about; you look in vain for a stone, a cross, or an inscription to recall our country. It is because, one day, God will call her to resume the work of universal deliverance commenced by Bonaparte and interrupted by Napoleon,—and then, the work done, we will turn the head of the Nassau Lion towards Europe, and all will be said."

If in future ages, when the French nation have played the part of liberators of the world (which it seems they *will* play whether the world asks them or not), it will be any accommodation to France, that the tail of the Lion of Nassau should be turned towards that country, according to Dumas's notable plan, there can be no harm in indulging her in so very harmless a fancy. Conqueror never surely put forward a less selfish wish than this. Meanwhile the English reader will be pleased, we think, with M. Dumas's lively and picturesque description of the ground of this famous field: which is written too, as we believe, with not too

much acrimony, and with justice in the main. As for the *déroute* of the English being stopped at the village of Waterloo, the tears of the duke as he was *chassé* from one square to another—these and other points stated we leave to be judged by military authorities, having here no call to contradict them. But what may be said honestly with regard to the author, without stopping to question his details, is, that his feeling is manly, and not unkindly towards his enemy; and that it is pleasant to find Frenchmen at last begin to write in this way. He is beaten, and wants to have his revenge: every generous spirit they say wishes the same: and the sentiment is what is called "all fair."

But suppose Dumas has his revenge and beats the English, let him reflect that the English will want their chance again: and that we may go on murdering each other for ever and ever unless we stop somewhere: and why not now as well as on a future day? Promising mutually (and oh, what a comfort would it be to hear Waterloo no longer talked of after dinner!) not to boast any more of the victory on this side of the water, and not to threaten revenge for it on the other.

Here we have another instance of absurd warlike spirit.

"The court of Berlin never allows an opportunity to escape of showing its envious and anti-revolutionary hatred of France. France on her side takes Waterloo to heart; so that, with a little good will on the part of the ministers of either country, matters may be arranged to every body's satisfaction.

"For ourselves, who have faith in the future, we would propose to King Louis Philippe, instead of that ridiculous *pancarte* which is used as the arms of revolutionary France, to emblazon the escutcheon of our country in the following way:

"In the first quarter, the Gallic cock with which we took Rome and Delphi.

"In the second, Napoleon's eagle with which we took Cairo, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Moscow.

"In the third, Charlemagne's bees with which we took Saxony, Spain, and Lombardy.

"In the fourth, the fleur-de-lys of Saint Louis with which we took Jerusalem, Mansourah, Tunis, Milan, Florence, Naples, and Algiers.

"Then we should take a motto, which we would try to keep better than William of Holland did his

"*Deus dedit, Deus dabit*,
and we should just have the finest escutcheon in the world."

You rob a man of his purse: you are seized by a posse of constables whom the man calls, and obliged to give up the purse, being transported or whipped very likely for your pains. 'Rome, Delphi, Jerusalem,

Vienna,' and the rest, are so many instances of the system: but though religion is always commendable, it is surely in this instance misapplied; nor has the footpad who cries "Money or your life," much right to say *Deus dedit* as he pockets the coin. Let M. Dumas, a man of the pen, expose the vainglorious of these hectoring practitioners of the sword, and correct them as one with his great authority might do: correcting in future editions such incendiary passages as that quoted above, and of which the commencement, a manifest provocation to the Prussians, might provoke "woes unnumbered," were the latter to take the hint.

As soon as he enters the Prussian territory, our author looks about him with a very cautious air, and smartly reprehends the well-known tyranny of "his Majesty Frederick William."

"We arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put to. There were lucky places in the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me in the first place to read it.

"For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbor, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the infernal jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William.

"I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

"As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his Majesty the King of Prussia did not appear altogether insupportable, and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakened by the stoppage of the carriage.

"I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible.

"I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through: and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbor, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

"About twenty minutes," he said.

"And may I, without indiscretion," I rejoined, 'take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?'

"We are waiting."

"Oh, we are waiting: and what are we waiting for?'

"We are waiting for the time."

"What time?'

"The time when we have the right to arrive."

"There is then a fixed hour for arriving?'

"Every thing is fixed in Prussia."

"And if we arrived before the hour?'

"The conductor would be punished."

"And if after?'

"He would be punished in like manner."

"Upon my word the arrangement is satisfactory."

"Every thing is satisfactory in Prussia."

"I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm. My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure, and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

"I beg pardon, sir," continued I, 'but will you favor me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle?'

"At thirty-five minutes past five."

"But suppose his watch goes slow?'

"Watches never go slow in Prussia."

"Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me if you please."

"It is very simple."

"Let us see?'

"The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the Diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postilions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five."

"I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such that I must venture on one question more."

"Well, sir?'

"Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?'

"It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postilion profited of this, and went quicker."

"Oh that's it, is it? Well then I think I will take advantage of the delay and get out of the coach."

"People never get out of the coach in Prussia."

"That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road."

"That is the castle of Emmaburg."

"What was the castle of Emmaburg?'

"The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eginhard and Emma."

"Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?'

"I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia."

"Peste! I had forgotten that," said I.

"*Ces tiaples de Franzés, il être très pavards,*" said, without unclosing his eyes, a fat German, who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liège.

"What was that you said, sir?" said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

"*Che né tis rien, ché tors.*"

"You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language."

We have given this story at full length, not because it is true, which it certainly is not; or because if it were true, the truth would be worth knowing: but as a specimen of the art of book-making, which could never have been produced by any less experienced workman than the great dramatist Alexander Dumas. The reader won't fail to see, how that pretty little drama is arranged, and the personages kept up. Mark the easy air which the great traveller assumes in putting his questions; the cool, sneering politeness, which, as a member of the Great Nation, he is authorized to assume when interrogating a subject of "his Majesty Frederick William." What point there is in those brief cutting questions! what meekness in the poor German's replies! All the world is on the laugh, while the great Frenchman is playing his man off; and every now and then he turns round to his audience with a knowing wink and a grin, bidding us be delighted with the absurdities of this fellow. He wonders that there should be a fixed hour for a coach to arrive. Why should there? Coaches do not arrive at fixed hours in France. There they are contented with a dirty diligence (as our friend, the *Naturforscher*, called it in the last number of this Review), and, after travelling three miles an hour, to arrive some time or other. As coaches do not arrive at stated hours in France, why should they in any other countries? If four miles an hour are good enough for a Frenchman, ought they not to satisfy a German forsooth? This is point one. A very similar joke was in the *Débats* newspaper in September; wherein, speaking of German railroads and engineers, the *Débats* said, "at least, without depreciating the German engineers in the least, they will concede that about railroads our engineers must naturally know more than they do." To be sure there is ten times as much railroad in Germany as in France; but are the French writers called upon to know this fact? or if known, to depreciate their own institutions in consequence? No, no: and so M. Dumas does well to grin and sneer at the German.

See how he follows the fellow up with killing sarcasms! You arrive at a certain hour, do you? and what is this hour, *cette heure*, this absurd hour, at which the diligence comes in? He is prepared to find something comic even in that. Then he is facetious about the timekeeper: a thing that must be ridiculous, because, as we presume, a French conductor does not use one. And, finally, in order to give the Frenchman an opportunity to show his cou-

rage as he has before exhibited his wit, a fat German placed expressly in a corner wakes just at the proper moment and says, *Il être très pavards le Franzés*. VOUS DITES MONSIEUR? says Alexander with a scowl, turning round *vivement* towards the German: and so, his points being made, the postilion cries *Vorwärts*, and off they go. It is just like the Porte Saint Martin. If the postilion did not cry forwards, or Buridan did not appear with his dagger at that very moment, the whole scene would have been spoiled. Of course, then, Buridan is warned by the call-boy, and is waiting at the slips, to rush on at the required moment.

No reader will have been so simple, we imagine, as to fancy this story contains a single word of truth in it; or that Dumas held the dialogue which he has written; or that the German really did cry out, *ce Franzé*, &c.: quiet old Germans do not speak French in their sleep, or for the purpose of insulting great fierce swaggering Frenchmen who sit with them in coaches: above all, Germans do not say *che affre* and *il être*. French Germans do: that is, Brunet and Levassor speak on the stage so, when called upon to represent Blum or Fritz in the play; just as they say, "yase" and "godem" by way of English. Nay, so ignorant are the French generally of the German language, that unless the character were called Blum or Fritz, and said *che affre*, and so on, no one would know that the personage was a German at all. They are accustomed to have them in that way: but let not M. Dumas fancy that Germans say *che affre* in their own country, any more than that Kean (whose life he wrote in his tragedy, which he says was very popular in Germany) was banished to Botany Bay by the Prince Regent for making love to his Royal Highness's mistress.

They say, and with some reason, that we have obtained for ourselves the hatred of Europe, by our contemptuous assumption of superiority in our frequent travels: but is it truth, or is it mere national prejudice? It has seemed to us, that the French away from home are even more proud of country than we: certainly more loud in their assertions of superiority; and with a pride far more ferocious in its demeanor. There can, however, be no harm for any young British traveller who may be about to make his first tour filled with prejudices, and what is called patriotism, to read well the above dialogue, and draw a moral therefrom. Let him remark how Dumas, wishing to have a most majestic air, in reality cuts a most ridiculous figure: let him allow

how mean the Frenchman's affectations of superiority are, his contempt for Jordan as compared with "Abana and Pharphar," and his scorn for the usages of the country which he is entering, for its coaches, its manners, and men: and, having remarked that all these airs which the Frenchman gives himself result from stupid conceit on his part, that he often brags of superiority in cases where he is manifestly inferior, and is proud merely of ignorance and dullness (which are, after all, not matters to be proud of): perhaps having considered these points in the Frenchman's conduct, the young Briton will take care to shape his own so as to avoid certain similar failings in which, abroad, his countrymen are said to fall.

From Aix-la-Chapelle the adventurous traveller goes to Cologne, and thence actually all the way up the Rhine to Strasburg: visiting Coblenz, Mayence, Frankfort, Mannheim, and Baden. That he has not much to say regarding these places may be supposed; for not more than two or three hours were devoted to each city, and with all the "preparatory studies" possible, two or three hours will hardly enable a man to find any thing new in places which are explored by hundreds of thousands of travellers every season. Hence, as he has to fill two volumes with an account of his five days' journey, he is compelled to resort to history and romance wherewith to fill his pages: now giving a description of the French armies on the Rhine, now amplifying a legend from the guide-book: and though, as may be supposed, he Frenchifies the tales, whatever they may be, we are bound to say that his manner of relating them is lively, brilliant, and amusing; and that the hours pass by no means disagreeably as we listen to the energetic, fanciful, violent French chronicler. For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic turn of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous: but in all the descriptions of common life, on which he occasionally condescends to speak, one is forced to receive his assertions with a great deal of caution: nay, if the truth must be told, to disbelieve every one of them.

We have given one specimen in the Diligence dialogue, and could extract many others as equally apocryphal. For instance, there is a long story to bear out a discovery made by M. Dumas that there is *no such thing as bread in Germany*. Now with all respect for genius, we must take

leave to say that this statement is a pure fib: a fib like the coach-conversation; a fib like the adventure at Liege, where Dumas says they would give him nothing to eat because they mistook him for a Flaman; a fib like the history of the two Englishmen whom he meets at Bonn, and whom he leaves drunk amidst fourteen empty bottles of Johannisberger and Champagne, and whom he finds on board the steamer on a future day, where he causes them to drink fourteen bottles more. The story is too long to extract, but such is the gist of it. One of the Englishmen he calls Lord B—, the other Sir Patrick Warden. He describes them as always on the river between Mayence and Cologne, always intoxicated, and drinking dozens of Johannisberger. It is always in novels that Johannisberger is drunk in this way; it is only great French dramatists that fall in with these tipsy eccentric Anglais: the wonder is that he did not set them boxing after their wine, as all French Englishmen do.

At Mannheim there were historical souvenirs which were of no small interest to the French dramatist, and he records at great length the history of Sand. He visits the house where Kotzebue was killed; the field where Sand was executed; and comes provided from Frankfort with a letter of recommendation to a gentleman by the name of Widemann, who can give him a great deal of information on the subject.

What a delighted dramatist must Alexander Dumas have been! This M. Widemann, Doctor of Medicine, living at Heidelberg, was no other than the hereditary executioner of Baden! His father cut off Sand's head; the son has never been called upon to execute his office on any criminal, but showed Alexander Dumas the very sword with which Sand had been killed; there were spots of rust upon the blade where the poor enthusiast's blood had fallen on it.

"M. Widemann was a handsome young man of thirty or two-and-thirty years of age. His hair was black, his complexion dark, and his whiskers were cut so as to surround his whole face. He presented himself with perfect ease and elegance, and asked 'What had procured him the unexpected honor of my visit?'"

"I confess that for the moment I had not a word to say in answer. I contented myself by holding out the letter of M. D—, which he read, and then asked, bowing again, 'In what he could be useful to me? I am at your orders,' said he, 'to give you all the information in my power. Unluckily,' he continued, with a slight ironical accent, 'I am not a very curious executioner, having as yet executed no one. But, you must not, sir, be angry with me on that account:

it is not my fault, it is the fault of these good Germans who do nothing deserving of death, and of our excellent Grand Duke, who pardons as much as he can.'

"Sir," said I, 'it is M. le Docteur Widemann that I am come to see; the son of the man, who in accomplishing his terrible duty on poor Sand, still exhibited towards the unhappy young man a respect which might have compromised those who showed it.'

"There was little merit in that, sir. Every man loved and pitied Sand; and certainly if my father had thought any sacrifice on his part could have saved the criminal, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have executed the sentence. But Sand was condemned, and it was necessary that he should suffer.'

"Thank you, sir," answered I, 'for your politeness in receiving a visit which might have been otherwise met. . . . There is one thing more, which must be in your possession, and which I would like to see, though in truth I scarcely know how to ask for it.'

"And what is this one thing now," said M. Widemann, with the same sarcastic smile that I had before remarked in him.

"Pardon me," said I, 'but you do not encourage me to make my demand.'

"He at once changed his expression. 'Pray excuse me,' said he, 'what is it you desire to see? I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you.'

"The sword with which Sand was beheaded.'

"A deep blush passed over M. Widemann's face as I spoke: but shaking his head as if to shake the blush away, he said,

"I will show it you, sir, but you will find it in bad condition. Thanks be to God, it has not been used for twelve years, and for my part this will be the first time I ever shall have touched it. Had I known that I was about to have the honor of your visit I would have had it cleaned: but you know, sir, better than any one, that this visit was quite unexpected by me.' With these words he quitted the room, leaving me much more embarrassed than he could be himself. However, I had taken the foolish part and resolved to play it out.

"In a moment M. Widemann returned, holding a large sword without a sheath. It was broader at the end than towards the hilt. The blade was hollow, and contained a certain quantity of quicksilver, which in precipitating itself from the handle to the point gave a much greater force to the blow. On several parts of the blade there was a good deal of rust, for, as is known, the rust almost always reappears upon the places where blood has stained.

"Here is the sword that you asked to see, sir.'

"I must make you new apologies for my indiscretion, and thank you once more for your complaisance," answered I.

"Well sir, if you consider you owe me any thing for my complaisance, will you let me fix one condition upon it?"

"And what is that, sir?"

"That is, that you will pray God as I do, sir, that I may never have occasion to touch this sword,

except to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who are good enough to honor with a visit the poor house of the executioner of Heidelberg.'

"I saw that the moment was come for me to take my leave, and giving M. Widemann the promise he demanded, I saluted and left him.

"It was the first time that in half an hour's conversation I was ever so completely *floored* (*roulé*): not having found during the whole time, a single chance to take my revenge.

"Nevertheless I kept my promise to M. Widemann: and no doubt our *common prayer* was efficacious, for I have not heard that since my visit he has had occasion to take the rust off his sword."

With regard to the efficacy of the prayers of M. Alexandre Dumas it is not for us to speak. But we may question the taste of the individual who could go so far for the purpose of viewing so disgusting a relic; who could insult this unhappy gentleman (as the executioner appears to be), for the satisfaction of a curiosity which was neither more nor less than brutal; and who can talk with a sneer of praying to the Almighty that the poor executioner's hand might be kept from blood. It is a serious thing, O Dumas, to talk even in Melodramas or Impressions de Voyage about praying and killing. Even in fifth acts of plays there may be too much poetic murdering; whereby (to carry out the Alexandre-Dumasian metaphor) the brightness of the imagination is stained. *car la rouille comme on le sait reparait presque toujours aux endroits que le sang a taché.*

However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody-minded now as he was in earlier youth: and he has grown more moral too, and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgian temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him, When time shall have further softened an emphatic bullying manner, which leads him at present to employ the largest and fiercest words in place of simple and conciliating ones; and he shall cease to set down as armed castles all the peaceful windmills of every-day life; it is probable that we shall be indebted to him for much amusing reading. Some we have had already, as our readers know. For he has both humor and eloquence, and in spite of his hectoring manner his heart is both manly and kind. And so schooled down as we trust he will not fail to be, we may look forward to his writing a couple of thousand volumes, even more interesting than those which he has at present produced.

CHATTERTON AND HIS WORKS.

From the Monthly Review.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with Notices of his Life, &c. Two vols. Cambridge.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, whose precocious genius and tragical end have rendered him an object of much interest and speculation, was born at Bristol on the 20th November, 1752. His ancestry moved in humble life; for a hundred and fifty years having held the office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe; his uncle being the last that filled it. His father appears to have been to some extent a character; and among sundry pursuits to his liking, he latterly was master of a free-school in Pyle-street. He died several months before his extraordinary son saw the light; leaving a widow and a little daughter. The poor woman, of course, had to struggle for a maintenance, which she did by keeping a small day-school and by the needle.

Of Chatterton's earliest years there appears to be no extraordinary record, unless we except his supposed dulness. At five he was put to the school of which his father had been master; but was shortly sent back to his mother, on account of his incapacity; and it was some time before she could teach him the alphabet. At length he "fell in love," to use her precise words, with the illuminated letters of an old French musical manuscript. His father had been a member of the cathedral choir, and therefore may be supposed musically inclined, just as he was magically. Young Chatterton's attention to the illuminated manuscript was coeval with his beginning to learn his letters; and what is hardly less remarkable, and perhaps was indicative of his future bent,—his reading made its progress from an old black-letter Bible. Nor did this take place without a development of literary taste and ardor.

"At eight years of age," says a neighbor who was much in the house, "he was so eager for books, that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him." And the dreams of ambition were already commenced. A manufacturer promised to make the children a present of some earthen-ware—a cup or plaything that might gratify a child: he asked the boy what device should be inscribed on his. "Paint me," replied the future creator of Rowley, "paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world." This anecdote rests upon credible authority, that of his sister.

The sister also thus expresses herself:

"My brother," writes the same relation, in

her expressive letter to Sir Herbert Croft, "very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence. I remember, before he was five years old, he would always preside over his playmates as their master, and they his hired servants. He was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old, and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the alphabet from an old folio music-book of my father's, my mother was then tearing up for waste paper: the capitals at the beginning of the verses I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his eighth year, excepting his promising my mother and me a deal of finery, when he grew up, as a reward of her care."

But there were other symptoms and of a melancholy temperament about him:

He grew reserved and thoughtful. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself up in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space, sometimes, of many hours; and his sister remembered his being most severely chastised for a long absence; at which he did not, however, shed one tear, but merely said "it was hard indeed to be whipped for reading."

Not unfrequently a search was instituted. His mother's house was close to the fine structure of St. Mary Redcliffe, and they well knew that the boy's favorite haunts were the aisles and towers of that noble pile. And there they would find the truant, seated generally by the tomb of Canynge, or lodged in one of the towers, reading sometimes, or—what if thus early imagining Rowley? Stealing away in this manner, he would constantly awaken the solicitude of his friends, to whom his little eccentricities were already the source of much uneasiness.

When eight years old, Chatterton was admitted into a charity-school, where the scholars were boarded and clothed, as well as instructed in reading English, writing, and casting accounts. But the rules of the foundation, and, no doubt, its charitable character, did not agree with the spirit of the young genius; and he declared that he here could not learn so much as he did at home, "for he had not books enough." Still, he remained for several years, and was noted for his arithmetical talent. The small amount of pocket-money which was allowed him by his mother, he spent at the circulating library; reading, it would appear, and as was natural for one so greedy and yet undirected, every thing that came to hand, but displaying a passion for antiquities, especially heraldry. As regarded his social disposition, he is said to have

made few acquaintances among his school-fellows, and only with those of a thoughtful disposition.

It is not clearly ascertained when he first began to write verses; though undoubtedly it was while but a boy. It is remarkable, however, that when of an age at which something lightsome, or that might attract immediate attention, would be likely to occupy a boy, Thomas was eagerly engaged in some business, mysterious to all about him; the inference being now that he was preparing for the Rowley poems.

In the house in which Mrs. Chatterton resided—a poor back tenement, dismally situated in a kind of court, behind a row of somewhat better houses that fronted the street—there was a small garret which had been used as a lumber-room. Of this apartment Chatterton possessed himself: he kept the key, and suffered no one, if he could help it, to have access to it. In it were deposited all his papers and parchments, and a variety of other articles, for which his relations found no other terms than “rubbish” and “litter.”

From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home, returning punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck, to his little room and shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce-bags full of charcoal-dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbor; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holiday almost he passed at home; and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it (because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty), he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end; so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments (for he was not then indentured to Mr. Lambert), both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow—all these circumstances began to alarm them; and when she could get into his room, she would be very inquisitive, and peep about at every thing. Once he put his foot on a parchment, on the floor, to prevent her from taking it up; saying, “You are too curious and clear-sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room: it is my room.” To this she answered by telling him it was only a general lumber room, and that she wanted some parchment to make thread-papers of: but he was offended, and would not permit her to touch any of them, not even those that were not written on; but at last, with a voice of entreaty, said, “Pray don’t touch any thing here,” and seemed very anxious to get her away: and this increased her fears lest he should be doing something improper, knowing his want of money and ambition to appear like others. At last they got a strange idea that these colors were to color himself; and that, perhaps, he would join some gipsies, one day or other, as he seemed so discontented with his station in life, and unhappy.

It is not of course certainly known which of the Rowley pieces was first fabricated; although the probability is that in the case of an author who was so fertile, ingenious, and industrious as the young poet of Bristol, they were composed as occasion required or tempted. The production that was earliest in the field was a genealogical account, called the Burgum Pedigree, of the family of a pewterer in Bristol, of the name of Burgum, a vain body and ready to be duped. For this Chatterton received five shillings; a reward which must have fed his vanity, and served to induce him to make another experiment, and which might be regarded as a supplement to the heraldic tree. In this he flattered the pewterer not only with a descent from noble families, but an alliance with a poet; and to complete the deception and crown the effort, he produced “The Romaunte of the Cnyghte” as written by John de Bergham.

This poem Chatterton had transcribed in all its genuine orthography; and, the better to elucidate its beauties, as Mr. Burgum was unskilled in Gothic lore, he accompanied it with a modernized version, by himself. “To give you,” says he to the pewterer, “an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following piece, wrote by him (John de Bergham), about 1320.” This was not all; he adds a list of some of the works of which this said ancestor was the author. “This John was one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several books, and translated some of the Iliad, under the title *Romaunce of Troy*; which possibly may be the book alluded to in the following French memoire: ‘Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes, et de Charles; the romaunce Titus et Vespasian, le romaunce de Agyres; le romaunce de Marchaunce, le romaunce de Edinund et Agoland, le Riband par Monsieur Iscannus, le romaunce de Tibbot de Arable, le romaunce de Troys,’ &c.” He brought likewise the De Bergham arms “laboriously painted” on parchment. In this second portion of the pedigree, the “account” is carried down to the reign of Charles the Second; and there, as the pewterer was not unlikely to know something of his ancestry—it being only removed by a period of a hundred years—Chatterton very wisely stopped.

At the age of fourteen, Thomas was articulated, as an apprentice, to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol. Here he was treated as a clerk in a very humble capacity. The trustees of the charity school paid the apprentice fee. These were circumstances which are understood to have irritated the morbidly proud temperament of the lad; and most likely the stated number of hours he was obliged to spend in the attorney’s office, whether employed or not,—seeing that he was thereby prevented, excepting a short space each day, from pur-

suings his secret occupation in his own room,—was a subject of disgust. Nevertheless, he is represented as having been a faithful apprentice, and in regard to general conduct, no way exceptionable.

There was very little business transacted in Lambert's office; and, with the exception of two or three hours, Chatterton had the whole day to himself. He was kept sufficiently strict, however; being sent to the office every morning at eight o'clock, where he remained, omitting the sixty minutes allotted for dinner, till the clock stood at the same hour in the evening. He was then at liberty till ten o'clock, at which time the family went to bed. When in the house, which was distinct from the office, he was confined to the kitchen; he slept with the foot-boy, and was subjected to other indignities of a like nature. His pride, which characterized him, took offence at this mortifying treatment, and he became gloomy and sullen, exhibiting frequent fits of ill-temper.

Lambert, indeed, was a vulgar, insolent, impetuous man; who, because the boy wrote poetry, was of a melancholy and contemplative disposition, and disposed to study and reading, thought him a fit object of insult and contemptuous usage. Yet, notwithstanding, he bears the highest testimony to the worth of Chatterton, to his regularity in his profession, his punctual attendance on all the duties required of him, and admits that he once only had occasion to correct him. And then Chatterton must needs satirize the head-master of the school he had just left, a Mr. Warner, in an anonymous letter, written in very abusive terms, but which the handwriting, only partially disguised, and the texture of the paper, being the same as that used in the office, brought home to the real culprit. On this occasion he struck him a few blows.

Chatterton was a good apprentice. There are still extant in his handwriting a folio book of law-forms and precedents; containing three hundred and thirty-four closely written pages; also thirty-six pages in another book of the same kind. In the noting-book are thirty-six notarial acts, besides many notices and letters transcribed in the ordinary book. These were done independently of his regular duties. At night, punctually as the clock struck ten, he would be at Mr. Lambert's door. "We saw him," his sister writes, "most evenings before nine; and he would in general stay to the limits of his time, which was ten. He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us." The time also which was at his command, when he neglected to visit his friends, was generally spent in solitary rambles. Mr. Lambert says that he never knew him in bad company, or suspected him of any inclination thereto.

The two hours a day and the Sundays, which Chatterton had for his own favorite pursuits, did not constitute all the time which he devoted to them. His sister's account shows that much of the night was spent by him awake and in study. They heard him frequently say that "he found he studied best towards the full of the moon, and would sit up all night, and write by

moonlight." He also would seldom eat animal food; "not, like Byron, for fear of getting fat, but like Shelley, because he supposed it to impair the intellect." We are also told that he never tasted strong liquors; but lived "upon a tart only, and a crust of bread and a draught of pure spring water." "Sometimes his mother would tempt him, when he paid her a visit, with the offer of a hot meal; to which he would reply, that he had a work in hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him." But even the leisure amid the dull routine of the attorney's office was not likely, by such an aspiring and enthusiastic youth, to be wasted apart from the dreams and the *work in hand* which are identified with the name of Chatterton.

There was in Lambert's office-library, among a heap of law-books possessing little interest to Chatterton, an old copy of Camden's *Britannia*. From a bookseller of Bristol he obtained, as a loan, an edition of Speight's Chaucer, which every body knows to be in black letter; and for his own use compiled from the scanty glossary which is appended to that work a counter-glossary, having for its arrangement, in something like alphabetical order, so as to be easy of reference, the words in modern English, with the word corresponding to each in the antiquated diction of Chaucer. The books, however, from which he derived most assistance, were the English Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey; from which it has been incontestably proved that nearly the whole of the obsolete words employed in the Rowley poems were obtained. He had access also to the old library at Bristol, in which were to be consulted such works as Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Geoffry of Monmouth, and Fuller's *Church History*.

Chatterton was now prepared as well as inclined to practise his deceptions upon a wider scale, and wiser heads than the pewterer presented. In the year 1768, when a new bridge was completed at Bristol, there appeared in *Farley's Bristol Journal*, from a correspondent signing himself "Dunhelmus Bristolensis," "a description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript." At the office of the journal no one could tell who sent the contribution or who had discovered the alleged original. On the appearance of a second paper, however, Chatterton was recognised as the correspondent, and was instantly besieged by the Bristolian antiquaries, who never suspected the trick, in order to have a sight and an account of the original; accompanying their application with threats, although they were obliged at last to be satisfied with the story, that it had been found among manuscripts belonging to his father, which had been taken from a chest in Red-

cliffe church. We must add some particulars with regard to this muniment-coffer.

In the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which was founded or rebuilt by W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV., there is a room in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which was called Mr. Canynge's coffer. This chest had formerly been secured by six keys, intrusted to different persons; but in process of time the keys were lost; and when, about 1727, a notion prevailed that the chest contained some title-deeds, an order was made for its examination by an attorney and the locks were broken open. The deeds found in it were taken away; but a number of other manuscripts were left exposed to casual depredation. Many of them were carried off; but the father of Chatterton, his relationship to the sexton affording particular opportunities, was insatiable in his plunder, and removed baskets full of parchments; of which however he made no better use than as covers to books. Young Chatterton has been said, soon after the commencement of his clerkship, to have been accidentally struck with one of these parchments, converted into his mother's thread-paper, and on inquiry, to have obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused. Whatever was the fact of his first knowledge of them, it is probable that he early formed the design of converting the circumstance into a system of literary forgery.

Every attempt of the kind had hitherto encouraged the youth; and still farther to flatter him, Mr. Calcott, the partner of the pewterer Burgum, and a person of some literary curiosity, calls upon Thomas, to learn something more about the contents of the old chest.

With this gentleman our friend is disposed to be somewhat communicative. He gives him a copy of the *Bristowe Tragedy*, Rowley's Epitaph upon Canynge's Ancestor, and other smaller pieces. In a few days afterwards, he gives him the *Yellow Roll*. About this period, Mr. Barrett, a surgeon of Bristol, and a man of great respectability, has undertaken to publish a history of Bristol, and is anxiously collecting materials for that work. His friends, eager to procure him intelligence, fail not to apprise him of the treasure of ancient poems and other manuscripts relative to Bristol, which have been discovered in the oaken repository in Redcliffe church. Mr. Calcott hastens, specimens in hand, to his study. The poems are examined, pronounced authentic, and Chatterton is introduced to the believing historian; whom he immediately supplies, not only with poems, but with materials of the utmost value for his own work. It is Mr. Barrett's purpose to collect information on the

subject of the churches and public edifices of Bristol. Chatterton undertakes to examine the papers of Rowley for that purpose; and in a few days brings him a true and particular account of the ancient churches of Bristol, which formerly occupied the sites of the existing structures. The historian entertains no doubt of the authenticity of the document; rewards his young friend with a sum of money; and Chatterton, more elated than ever, goes off to coin his brains afresh, and invent, not only churches, but castles, and even palaces.

And from time to time does he furnish Mr. Barrett with similar documents, of such magnitude, moreover, that as he does not hesitate to publish them, they occupy no inconsiderable portion of his large quarto volume, a work otherwise of considerable value and research. Besides Mr. Barrett's book was the means of extending Chatterton's fame, so as to feed his propensity. His constitutional temperament continued also to develop itself more fully; leading people to think that he was going mad. "For days together, he would hardly utter a word; he would enter and quit his master's house without deigning to address a single individual." However, his studies extended as well as his ambition; medicine and Latin coming in for a share of his time, for a short period. In December of 1768, he wrote anonymously to Dodsley, intimating that the writer could procure a variety of productions, "wrote by one Rowley, a priest of Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth," and offering to transmit copies. In the February following Chatterton wrote in more direct and explicit terms, saying that he had had an opportunity of perusing a tragedy called *Ella*, of which he not only pronounced a high opinion, but furnished a specimen. He required a guinea for a copy, alleging that the possessor absolutely refused giving one, "unless I give him a guinea for a consideration." But Dodsley does not appear to have paid any such heed to these letters as amounted to a money return.

Chatterton next made a bolder attempt, addressing Horace Walpole. The letter is dated March, and runs thus:—"Sir,—being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining *Anecdotes of Painting*. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige your most humble servant, Thomas Chatterton."

The curious manuscripts consisted of a pretended History of Painting in Great Britain, going back to its alleged introduc-

tion in the time of Hengist, whose heraldic bearings and those of the period were also described. There were also added some notes, and a poem of a certain priest, "who was inducted in 1786." Walpole's skill was sufficient to lead him to suspect the heraldry of the story; but he sent a polite reply, intimating that he was ignorant of the Saxon language, yet willing to receive more specimens, and that he might even be induced to further the publication of Rowley's poems. Chatterton was emboldened, and supplied Walpole with not merely a variety of specimens, but with an account of his condition, and a hint about patronage. The specimens were submitted to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them fabrications. Walpole now wrote to Chatterton more guardedly and coolly, tendering some good advice; but delaying to return the manuscripts.

About the same time the poet, among other wayward notions, bethought himself of becoming a Methodist preacher, although he had grown skeptical in a religious sense. He also gave heed to his satirical powers, and bred himself sundry enemies. Bristol and the attorneyship had become altogether distasteful to him; and as he had already been a contributor to several London periodicals, he at last determined to try his fortune in the metropolis, as a literary adventurer. How he arranged matters with his master, it is needless to inquire; but with some pecuniary assistance by his friends he reached, on the 26th of April, 1770, the grand sphere of his ambitious hopes. A few days after his arrival he wrote to his mother in the following sanguine terms:

I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine: shall engage to write a history of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Balance the Trinity House. He affirmed, that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to see the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townsend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee House, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there I was out of my element; now I am in it—London. Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol. Here is none of your

little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet. Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of taste: if a man dresses well he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.

Again, and a few days later:

Matters go on swimmingly. Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident; his successors in the *Freeholder's Magazine* knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside, partner in a music shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him. This I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he showed to a doctor in music; and I am invited to treat with this doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh, and the Gardens. Bravo! hey boys, up we go! Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis, my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions: a gentleman, who knew me at the Chapter as an author, would have introduced me to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own.

And again on the 30th May:

My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money in fitting myself fashionably and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a lord, (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches. I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be fifty pounds per annum. I shall have likewise no inconsiderable premium, and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer; and expect in answer to this, what colors you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment shall be writing a voluminous history of London; to appear in numbers, the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the cof-

fee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The manuscript glossary I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honors, I would give you a portion of £5,000. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King; but it will be a piece of news to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his lordship, it was very well received, perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his lordship to have his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance and his reception. His lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the court party.

This last letter also says that "I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea whilst I can continue on land." Now, not to speak of the sort of insane hopefulness and boastings in these letters, this last mentioned statement about the *sea* and *land*, looks very like desperate circumstances. The fact is, as is proved by Chatterton's uniform asseverations about the Rowley poems, his word was unworthy of reliance. Allowance may be made for his imaginary castles, and even for his enthusiasm becoming the dupe of his own fabrications. But still, it must be from other sources that certainty is to be attained relative to his condition and doings from the moment he arrived in London. Hear how he writes about a month before committing suicide, and after he had removed to Mrs. Angel's, a dress-maker in Brook-street, Holborn:

"20th July, 1770.

"I am now about an oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st Jan., 1771. The clearance is immaterial. My mother may expect more patterns. Almost all the next *Town and Country Magazine* is mine. I have a universal acquaintance; my company is courted everywhere, and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now: but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaint-

ance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon, and more to the purpose.

Yours,

T. C."

If there was not gross invention in this account, in order to gull the people of Bristol and give them a most extravagant notion of his importance, there was a delusion bordering on the dreams of a madman. Most likely there was a mixture of the two elements,—of deception and of the distortions to which a diseased imagination had so habitually lent itself, as that these became like a second nature to him. That at the very time he thus wrote, his hands were full of work, there is no question. The ascertained fact is that he contributed to most newspapers and magazines of the day; and fearlessly, without any apparent diffidence, not only writing on both sides of party questions, but composing, with unexampled rapidity, tales in prose, and pieces of poetry in all its styles and departments,—the sentimental, the satirical, and the lyrical. He even essayed the drama, and had a burlesque burletta, which was set to music and performed at Marylebone Gardens. For this production, "The Revenge," he is said to have received five guineas.

It is unknown what were the receipts from his combined exertions. However, it is certain that they were not merely precarious, but inadequate to his wants. He was even so driven, that he contemplated taking the situation of a surgeon's mate to the African coast, and which must have involved the relinquishment of his grand literary dreams. Still, he appears to have used every endeavor to screen the extent and even the existence of his privations. It is believed that he had moved from one lodging to Mrs. Angel's on this account; and now starvation stared him in the face. An apothecary in Brook-street informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighborhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed to dine or sup with him in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity or pride, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously. A barber's wife in the same neighborhood afforded ample testimony, both as to his poverty and his pride. She reported that "Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some

dinner with her ; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." In these desperate circumstances, his mind, uncorrected it is to be feared by religious principles, reverted to what he had accustomed himself to regard as a last resource. As appears by the coroner's inquest, he swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August, 1770, and died in consequence thereof the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he had cautiously destroyed ; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

Thus perished the poetic prodigy of Bristol, when three months short of eighteen years of age. He was a miracle in sundry respects. Not only was his precocity marvellous ; but his confidence, ambition, and pride knew no bounds. "It is my pride, my damned, native, unconquerable pride," he says on one occasion, "that plunges me into distraction. You must know that 19-20ths of my composition is pride." And then his industry, the number and variety of his productions, would have been accounted sufficient for a writer and poet who had reached a good old age ; not to speak of the circumstances under which they grew into bulk and beauty, but allowing the advantages of time, ease, education, and support to have attended the author.

The Works and the Life of Chatterton have given rise to more of speculation and controversy, than almost any other literary subject of a purely English nature. It is now, however, admitted by all competent judges, that the most wonderful of his productions were pertinaciously attributed by him to a purely fictitious character, placed in the fifteenth century. The internal evidence alone sets the question at rest. But we must go farther into it.

Rowley's poems consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition,—tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Many of them abound in sublimity and beauty, and display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition : yet there is also much of the common-place flatness and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice. The spelling is designedly uncouth ; and strange words are copiously besprinkled, which good judges

say were never the diction of any one age of English literature, but are culled from glossaries. There is no doubt that these peculiarities have thrown a veil over the defects of the poems, and have aggrandized their beauties, by referring the imagination, even of those who were disbelievers of their genuineness, to a remote age, when they would have been really wonders. That an unknown writer of the 15th century should, in productions never heard of, but made to be locked in a chest, so far surpass the taste and attainments of his age, as to unite pieces of uniform correctness, free from all vulgarity, requiring nothing but a change of spelling to become harmonious to a modern ear, and even containing measures peculiar to the present age of English poetry, has been pronounced a moral impossibility ; while, that such could be produced by a boy of fifteen, is marvellous, and must perpetuate the name of Chatterton among those of the most remarkable examples of premature genius.

Whether, had Chatterton lived to the maturity of his faculties, he would have risen to, so as to maintain, the very first rank of English poetry, has been a point for speculation. The high promise of youth is not always fulfilled in riper years. Besides, the fabricator of Rowley's poems appears to have been of a too volatile disposition to have allowed him steadily to cultivate his imagination, or to pursue perfection in any one walk ; even had his mental powers never have been perverted or exhausted by disease.

The poems of Chatterton may be divided into two great classes, those ascribed to Rowley, and those which he avowed to be his own. But here an extraordinary difference appears ; for the former are vastly superior to the latter in poetical power and diction. And yet this difference may be accounted for, and has been done, in the following way :—he produced the antiquated poems by throwing the whole powers and energies of his extraordinary talents towards the acquisition of an obsolete language and peculiar style, necessary to support a deep-laid deception. Having acquired the due skill in ancient lore for the execution of his project, he had to create the character and history of one who could properly make use of the language and style so acquired. And now, relying on the strength of his own genius, and in a direction of his own choice, he went like a giant, conscious of his potency, to work ; stimulated by his favorite ambition of imposing upon the literary world.

On the other hand, in his modern poems, which are chiefly satirical, or amatory, he engaged in a style of composition to which he had not prepared himself by a due course of time, or a fond partiality. As Rowley, he had put forth his whole strength, and exerted himself to the utmost to describe scenes of antique splendor which had captivated his imagination; but when he wrote in his own character he was cramped by being under the necessity of avoiding every thought, subject, and mode of expression, however dear to him, which could tend to identify the style of Chatterton with that of Rowley. Besides, and even with all his energies and imagination, he appears, from the habit of writing as a fictitious personage, and in a strangely obsolete dialect, to have in some degree formed a character for his supposed Rowley, superior to what he was capable of maintaining in his own person, and when the real took the place of the ideal.

It has also been justly remarked that nothing can be more extraordinary than the delight which Chatterton appears to have experienced, in executing his numberless and multifarious impositions. Indeed, it may be said, that the art and avidity with which the stripling poet seized every opportunity to deceive the credulous, was the predominant quality which elucidates his character. And how skilful was he at literary and even artistic deception; being alike an imitator of style, of MSS., and of drawings! His ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet, but the stoical pride of talent, which took its nourishment in the contemplation of superiority over the dupes who were gulled by him.

With regard to the precise order of genius which characterized Chatterton, or the peculiar merit of his works, it is not easy, it would not be safe, to speak in any positive or particular terms. That he was a poet, many of whose productions vie in original merit with pieces long acknowledged to be sterling and standard, no one can deny. He is often like a master, both in the beautiful and the sublime. His satire was less happy, and was personal and abusive, rather than essential. But even his earliest productions, and such as were acknowledged to be his own, are extraordinary things. One of these which is said to have been written about the age of eleven, bears ample testimony to the premature powers of the author. The piece which we refer to is a hymn for Christmas-day; a few of its verses must convince any reader that the boy's premature powers were almost miraculous.

Almighty Father of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly;
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn,—
When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn? —

A humble form the Godhead wore;
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bid his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his powers, his peace invade,
He saw with mercy's eyes.

It is true that Chatterton has been exalted by his admirers beyond measure, and made to be a precocious Shakspeare. On the other hand he has been degraded to the capacity of a mere puerile imitator. But surely this latter judgment is greatly more that of a person who is steeled to every charitable and generous sentiment, than of him who is alive to the inspirations, although frequently the erratic lights, of an untaught boy. We admit that there was much that was crude, unshapen, and trifling, in Thomas's effusions, real as well as fabricatory; but not to speak of the wonder of his forgeries, in the circumstances under which they were produced, there ought to be great allowance made in respect of a dreadful disease, which does not seem to have been altogether invoked by his own wilful and perverse course; seeing that there was constitutional madness in the family, which rendered it necessary to submit even his sister to restraint, and which also re-appeared in her son. To this dreadful disease it has been remarked, much that seemed vicious, and much that was irreconcilable in his character, is to be attributed. To what other indeed, but disease, can we point for a solution of his alternate fits of melancholy and bursts of high spirits, of which the strange paper, entitled his *will*, gave strong manifestations; presenting a mixture of levity, of bitter satire, and natu-

ral despair? Indeed, the extravagant hopes which marked his arrival in London, and the circumstance of the suicide which suddenly closed his feverish career, all announce, as says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, that irregular ambition and impatience of the natural progress of society, which indicate an inflamed imagination and a precarious judgment.

Again, with regard to the moral character of Chatterton,—we do not find any thing conclusive to impugn him for profligate debauchery. On the contrary, he seems to have been exemplary as a son, also for temperance, and a sense of dignity, worthy of himself. It is admitted even by his eulogists, and also by his extenuators, that his literary fabrications were departures from virtue, and which at best must be set down to the internal satisfaction of imposing upon the world, or the obstinacy of maintaining an assertion which had been hastily made. Still, all this was done at the sacrifice not only of a poetical reputation, justly due, but at the yet more important dereliction of truth and rectitude. At the same time, we do not see that it is just to visit upon him the sentence of guilt, as if the forgery had been of a pecuniary nature by bill or bond. He derived no money-advantage from his fraud,—he cannot be said to have injured the fame of any one, unless we except the fabrication of facts connected with the antiquities of Bristol, so as to vitiate the historical value and veracity of Barrett's book. There was something of ingratitude in this, as well as of deliberate and injurious falsification. In a word, when on this branch of the subject, we may pronounce the prodigy of Bristol to have cherished no high or even ordinary standard of morality.

Three particulars remain to be noticed in our rather desultory remarks. First, with regard to Chatterton's prose pieces, it has to be said, that they never would have deservedly brought him into notice. When satirical, they were coarse and poor; when pretended translations from Saxon, they were ungenial imitations of Ossian, and utterly incongruous with the style of the language which they affected to represent.

Again, as regards his hardships and the neglect that has been thought to have blighted him,—especially Walpole's conduct, there was not more to be said for the youth than belongs to his inexperience, extravagant notions, and impatience. The author of the "*Anecdotes of Painting*" has very properly replied, that Chatterton could not appear to him in any other light than

that of a young man, disgusted with his proper profession, and attempting to obtain his notice by passing a forgery on him. Whatever was the merit of the pieces, as he himself imputed them to another, they implied no singular abilities in him.

Once more,—the person and manners of the poet-boy of Bristol are said to have been as precocious as his genius; being stately and manly beyond his years. He had "a proud air;" and while both his gray eyes were piercingly bright, one was more remarkable than the other: it was "a kind of hawk's eye," so that a person "could see his soul through it." His manners were exceedingly prepossessing when he pleased; but he seems ever to have borne himself as a conscious and acknowledged superior; and could not only be haughty, but must have been repulsive to tamer and more judicious persons.

It remains only that we speak of the editions of Chatterton's works. In 1777, were published in one volume 8vo., "*Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the fifteenth century; the greatest part now first published from the most authentic copies, with an engraved specimen of one of the MSS., to which are added, a Preface, an Introductory Account of the several pieces, and a Glossary.*" And in 1778, were published in one volume, 8vo., "*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Thomas Chatterton, the supposed author of the Poems published under the names of Rowley, &c.*"

The Bristol prodigy and his works gave rise to a protracted controversy among critics and antiquaries. The *Poems* published in 1777 were republished in 1778, with an "Appendix, containing some observations upon the language of the poems attributed to Rowley; tending to prove that they were written not by any ancient author, but entirely by Thomas Chatterton." Mr. Warton, in the third volume of the *History of English Poetry*, espoused the same side of the question. On the other hand, there have appeared "*Observations upon these poems, 'in which their antiquity is ascertained,' by Jacob Bryant, Esq., 1781, 8vo.; and another edition of the 'Poems, with a Commentary, in which their antiquity is considered and defended,' by Jeremiah Milles, D. D., Dean of Exeter, 1782, 4to.*"

A subscription edition, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, was announced in 1799; but for want of encouragement the publication was postponed till 1803, when it came forth under the joint editorship of Messrs. Southey and Cottle,

with the *Life of the Poet* prefixed, by G. Gregory, D. D., which had appeared in Kippin's edition of the *Biographia Britannica*.

Over this last-mentioned and respectable edition, which is in three vols. octavo, the present appears to us to have no other claim, than that of being in a more compact shape, and at a more accessible price. It contains, we are bound also to state, a readable and sensible *Life of the Poet*, a *History of the Rowley Controversy*, a *Selection of his Letters*, and *Notes Critical and Explanatory*. We have not, however, confined ourselves to the Cambridge edition, but wandered at will; and accordingly close with Campbell's elegant, amiable, and discriminating account of Chatterton, in the "*Specimens of the British Poets*." We throw the extract, as it deserves, into our larger type.

"When we conceive," says Mr. C., "the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination, back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a 'local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages of Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination.

"During the few months of his existence in London, his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe, have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for while apparently exchanging but shadowy visions of Rowley, for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw every thing in exaggerated colors. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage or the profits of literary labors.

"The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved, is little to be envied for its tranquillity: but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery; and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand, he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for sincere, strong temperance, and natural affection. His Rowley forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsification of history; but it deprives no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius; it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party or a country, of a name, which was its pride and ornament.

"Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers, whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a Methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very creditable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice, when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them.

"The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportion of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent, which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct, to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favorite maxim, pushed it might be to a hyperbole, that a man, by abstinence and perseverance, might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius, which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be

compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age."

FRIDOLIN ; OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER,
From Blackwood's Magazine.

A harmless lad was Fridolin,
A pious youth was he;
He served, and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair ladye.
And gentle was the dame as fair—
And light the toils of service ther';
And yet the woman's wildest whim
From her—had been but joy to him!

Soon as the early morning shone
Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone,
Nor e'er could serve too well.
She bade him oft not labor so—
But then his eyes would overflow;
It seem'd a sin if strength could swerve
From that one thought—*her* will to serve!

And so, of all her house, the dame
Most favor'd him always,
And from her lips for ever came
His unexhausted praise—
On him, more like some gentle child
Than serving-youth, the lady smil'd—
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this the huntsman Robert's heart
The favor'd henchman cursed;
And long, till ripen'd into art,
The hateful envy nursed.
His Lord was rash of thought and deed,
And thus the knave the deadly seed
(As from the chase they homeward rode,)
That poisons thought to fury, sow'd—

"Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
(Thus spoke the craft suppress'd;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there."

"How now!—what say'st thou, bold Felløwe?"
The frowning Count replied—
"Thinks't thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
The fool can but supply,
Who, though a simple vassal born,
Esteems himself so high—
And, to the dame he serves aspiring,
Harbors for her the love desiring."
"How!" cried the Count and trembled—"How!
Of one who lives, then, speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all reveal'd
Be all unknown to you?"

Yet, from your ear if thus concealed,
Let me be silent too."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of Fridolin!"

"His face is comely to behold"—
He adds—then paused with art.
The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.
"My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes"—"The rhymes!" "The
same—
Confess'd the frantic thought."
"Confess'd!"—"Ay, and a mutual flame
The foolish boy besought!
No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render;
And I repent the babbling word
That 'scaped my lips—What ails my lord?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where, in the soaring, furnace-flame,
The molten iron glow'd.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The sparks spring forth, the bellows heave,
As if their task—the rocks to cleave.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagu'd endeavor;
The mill-wheel, whirl'd along the wave,
Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night, resounds the clamor,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;*
And suppl'd in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth-beckon'd from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'
—Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the griesly pair—
They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
The heart lay in the breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'"

* It would be interesting to know if Schiller lived within hearing of a forge. In the poems written during this period of his life, he is peculiarly fond of introducing descriptions of the sound of the hammer. Possibly to some external impression, we owe the origin of this very characteristic and striking ballad.

"It shall be done"—and to the task
 He hies without delay.
 Had *she* no hest?—'twere well to ask,
 To make less long the way.
 So wending backward at the thought,
 The youth the gracious lady sought:
 "Bound to the forge the wood within,
 Hast thou no hest for Fridolin?"

"I fain," thus spake that lady fair,
 In winsome tone and low,
 "But for mine infant ailing there,
 To hear the mass would go.
 "Go thou, my child—and on the way,
 For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
 Repent each sinful thought of thine—
 So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

"Forth on the welcome task he wends,
 Her wish the task endears,
 Till, where the quiet hamlet ends,
 A sudden sound he hears.
 To and fro the church-bell, swinging,
 Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;
 Knolling souls that would repent
 To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
 And he will come to thee!"
 He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
 But all stood silently.
 It was the Harvest's merry reign,
 The scythe was busy in the grain;
 One clerklly hand the rites require
 To serve the mass and aid the choir.

Eftsoons the good resolve he takes,
 As sacristan to serve:
 "No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes
 That doth but heavenward swerve!"
 So, on the priest, with humble soul,
 He hung the cingulum and stole,
 And eke prepares each holy thing
 To the high mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before
 The priest he took his stand;
 Now towards the altar moved, and bore
 The mass-book in his hand.
 Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
 Watchful every sign to see;
 Tinkling, as the sanctus fell,
 Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
 Turns unto the solemn shrine,
 And with lifted hand and holy,
 Rears the cross divine.
 While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
 That boy-sacristan is ringing;—
 Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
 Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
 With a quick and nimble art—
 Every custom in that dwelling
 Knew the boy by heart
 To the close he tarried thus,
 Till the *Vobiscum Dominus*;
 To the crowd inclines the priest,
 And the crowd have sign'd—and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,
 His footsteps but delay
 To range each symbol-sign of grace—
 Then forward on his way.

So, conscience-calm, he lightly goes;
 Before his steps the furnace glows;
 His lips, the while, (the count completing,)
 Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gain'd the forge—the smiths survey'd,
 As there they grimly stand:
 "How fares it friends?—have ye obey'd,"
 He cried, "my lord's command?"
 "Ho! ho!" they shout, and ghastly grin,
 And point the furnace-throat within.
 "With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
 The master's praise, the servants' meed."

On, with this answer, onward home,
 With fleeter step he flies;
 Afar, the Count beheld him come—
 He scarce could trust his eyes.
 "Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
 Not elsewhere? troth thy steps are slow;
 Thou hast loiter'd long!" "Yet only till
 I might the trust consign'd fulfil.

"My noble lord, 'tis true, to-day,
 It chanced, on quitting thee,
 To ask my duties, on the way,
 Of her who guideth me.
 She bade me, (and how sweet and dear
 It was!) the holy mass to hear;
 Rosaries four I told, delaying,
 Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunned, Count Savern heard the speech—
 A wondering man was he;
 "And when thou didst the furnace reach,
 What answer gave *they* thee?"
 "An answer hard the *se* to win;
 Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,
 'With zeal and heed we did the deed—
 The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert*?"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
 In awe he shuddering stood—
 "Thou must, be sure, his path have crossed?
I sent him to the wood."
 "In wood nor field where I have been,
 One single trace of him was seen."
 All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
 O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
 He took the servant's hand;
 He led him to his lady's side,
 She nought mote understand.
 "This child—no angel is more pure—
 Long may thy grace for him endure;
 Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
 GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF CHARLES WOLFE.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B., with a Brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. JOHN A. RUSSELL, M. A., Archdeacon of Clogher. Eighth edition. Small 8vo. London. 1842.

THE deserved popularity of Archdeacon Russell's Memoir of Wolfe is probably among the reasons why it has been so little

noticed in the Reviews, and we ourselves have hitherto felt hesitation in bringing before the public attention a work which, without any help whatever from the periodical critics, seems likely to take its place in the permanent literature of the country.

The same feeling, however, which leads us now to devote a few pages of our journal to a new edition of Cowper, or Milton, or Burns, and in which studies we have found our readers not unwilling to follow or accompany us, would afford sufficient motive for calling attention to the works of Wolfe; and, in addition to this, we have some reason to believe, that although the book before us is in the eighth edition, there are yet large classes of readers to whom this notice is likely to be the means of first making it properly known.

Charles Wolfe, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esquire, of Blackhall, in the county of Kildare, was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1791. His father died early, and the family removed to England, where they resided some years. In 1805 he was placed at Winchester-school, of which Mr. Richards was then the master. In 1809 he entered Dublin College—in 1817 entered into holy orders—from that time till within a year of his death discharged the duties of a country curate, in a remote part of Ulster—and died of consumption on the 23d of February, 1822, in the 32d year of his age.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a life more uneventful than Wolfe's, and the whole interest of the volume arises from the opportunity it gives of contemplating the character of a singularly amiable and excellent man, and of studying works to which the author appears never to have attached the slightest value—which seem to have been almost accidentally preserved—no one of which was written for the press—nay, no one of which can be almost described as other than accidentally arising from the circumstances in which he was for the moment placed—and, thus to be fairly regarded rather as indications of what such a mind was likely, if fairly tasked, to have produced. Of what do these Remains consist? Copies of verses, Latin and English, written as school or college exercises; a few poems—not half-a-dozen—which are the records of a few days' ramble with friends in the country, and manifestly written with direct reference to the gratification of the party with whom the ramble was taken—a few letters to college friends—we believe Archdeacon Russell, his biographer, and Dr. Dickinson, late Bishop of Meath;

both of whom, like Wolfe himself, had but just entered into the profession of the church,—and some of the sermons preached by him in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his curacy, or in Dublin, on his occasional visits there.

In Archdeacon Russell's memoir of his friend, we have but one thing to complain of—and that is, that through his volume it is difficult to make out the dates of either the few incidents which he has to record, or of the composition of such poems and essays of Wolfe's as are interwoven with his narrative. Even when a collective edition of the works of any of our great writers exhibits the compositions of very different periods of life, it is always desirable that the dates should, if possible, be given; as indeed the great value of such collections is, to exhibit the growth and progress of the mind, from its first imperfect imitation of the language of others, to the period when language is an instrument which it wields at will. The school exercises of Milton, no doubt, might be regarded as predictions of the *Paradise* and the *Samson*; but who is there that does not feel what injustice to his fame it would be not to communicate the order in which his poems were written. And in such a case as Wolfe's, where all his poems and essays, connected with general literature, were written in early boyhood, or the first dawn of manhood, the fitness of giving dates with precision, or at all events of determining with some approach to correctness the sequence of the poems is so obvious, that it ought to have been felt by the biographer as an absolute duty. Poems, written when Wolfe was in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, are referred by Mr. Russell to the first year of his college life, when he was scarcely seventeen; and we but state what we know to be the effect of this confusion of dates, when we mention that it has led to a false estimate of his powers, by misleading readers into the injurious supposition, that the earlier works of the writer were those which exhibited the highest marks of genius: the contrary being, when the true dates are supplied to his respective works, more remarkably the fact than in almost any other writer we know. Of the poems, (alas! too few,) each successive poem exhibits a wonderful development of increasing powers, and the sermons—his last works—are beyond comparison the most original and striking of all. We are not, indeed, surprised, that Dr. Russell seems to have regarded them as constituting the proper and peculiar value of the

whole. His memoir is, in fact, but introductory to them, and we are told, in his graceful preface to the early editions of the *Remains*, that his hope was, that the miscellaneous portions of the volume might, perhaps, lead the public to the study of that which he felt to be more instructive, and the *Poet* thus serve to introduce the *Divine*.

An appendix to Mr. Russell's volume gives some of Wolfe's juvenile poems. One is called a "Prize Poem on the Death of Abel"—and was probably a Winchester exercise. There can be no object in our reprinting it; but it is a composition of considerable talent, and with occasional gleams of Wolfe's own mind. The respective sacrifices of the brothers, and the acceptance of Abel's, are thus described:

"Each with his offering to the Almighty came.
Their altars raised, and fed the sacred flame.
Scarce could the pitying Abel bear to bind
A lamb, the picture of his master's mind;
Which to the pile with tender hand he drew,
And wept as he the bleeding victim slew;
Around with fond regard the zephyr played
Nor dared disturb the oblation Abel made."

We see something of Wolfe's own mind in the few last lines of this extract. A passage follows, describing the brothers after the fatal blow is given:

"The streaming blood distained his locks with gore,
Those beauteous tresses that were gold before.
His dying eyes a look of pity cast,
And beamed forgiveness ere they closed their last."

Among the commonplaces of a school-boy's conception of the subject, we think we can distinguish the gleam of our author's peculiar genius, in a passage describing Cain:

"'Abel! awake, arise!' he trembling cried;
'Abel, my brother!' but no voice replied.
In frightful silence o'er the corse he stood,
And, chained in terror, wondered at the blood.
'Awake!' yet oh no voice, no smile, no breath!
'O God support me! Oh, should this be death!'"

The poem closes with a soliloquy of Cain's—half repentance, half remorse—still surely, when the author's early age is remembered, it is not without great beauty:

"My brother! thou canst not see how deep I grieve;
Look down, thou injured angel, and forgive.
Far hence a wretched fugitive I roam,
The earth my bed, the wilderness my home:
Far hence I stray from those delightful seas
To solitary tracts and drear retreats.
Yet, oh! the very beasts will shun my sight,
Will fly my bloody footsteps with affright.
No brother they, no faithful friend have slain—
Detested only for that crime is Cain.
Had I but lulled each fury of my soul,
Had held each rebel passion in control,
To Nature and to God had faithful proved,
And loved a brother as a brother loved,
Then had I sunk into a grave of rest,
And Cain had breathed his last on Abel's breast."

"The raising of Lazarus" is another of the Winchester poems, which Mr. Russell has judiciously printed. Like every thing of Wolfe's, it shows his great power of picturing scenes to his own eye, and some skill in presenting them to others. And, like every thing else, too, of Wolfe's, suggests to us that, had he felt it right to pursue poetry as a study, his most successful walk would probably have been the drama. There is nothing in the poem on Lazarus equal to the passages we have given from the poem on Abel—but there is the same evidence of objects being seen with a poet's eye. And while the language is remarkable rather for propriety and delicacy, than for any peculiar power, there is a truth of sentiment and a tone of sincerity throughout, which characterises every thing of Wolfe's, first and last.

We have mentioned that in the year 1809 Wolfe entered Dublin College, and was early distinguished there as a classical scholar. As far as we can gather, he at first paid but little attention to the prescribed studies of the place—at least, his first distinctions in college were rather recognitions of how well the foundation of sound classical scholarship had been laid at Winchester, than any thing else. Wolfe was, we fear, at this period idle; or perhaps it ought rather to be said, that he was good-natured enough to allow every idle acquaintance to loiter with him as long as he pleased. "This facility of disposition," as his biographer happily calls it, "exposed him to many interruptions in his studies." He never allowed himself to be denied to any chance visitor; a concourse of idlers was for ever about him, either in his rooms or in the courts and gardens of college, and this gave his more diligent friends fair excuse for saving themselves from the trouble of performing any routine duty, which Wolfe's college standing qualified him to discharge (he, pretty certainly, would not be doing any thing better, and they would): so between Wolfe's friends of the more idle or the more studious classes, the poor fellow was left but little time to himself.

There seems to have been some change for the worse in Wolfe's pecuniary circumstances, however, in the second or third year of his college life, which rendered it necessary for him to look round for some addition to his means of support. A college Scholarship was a seasonable aid; but in his day it was not of so much value as now—and even now, it is altogether inadequate to the support of a student, however economical his habits may be. In Dublin

College, where every person permanently connected with the establishment has for many years to discharge the duties of tutor, the instant resource of any young man who has talents and time enough for it, is to undertake the task of private tuition. When Wolfe's wish to take pupils was known, some young men, we believe relations of his, immediately sought to avail themselves of his instructions. His habits of idleness, or of what in their effects on the mind is little different—of undirected and desultory exertion, were thus, at a very critical period of life, providentially converted into those of singular diligence. "He discharged the task of instruction with such singular devotedness and disinterested anxiety as materially to entrench on his own particular studies. He was, indeed so prodigal of his labor and of his time to each pupil, that he reserved little leisure for his own pursuits or relaxations."*

Wolfe, however, found time enough to become a successful competitor at the college examinations for the highest distinctions in science, which, till now, he had neglected; and the Historical Society (a voluntary association of college students, for the cultivation of the talents necessary for public life) seems to have broken the spell which had kept sealed the fountains of poetry and oratory, since the days of his exercises and declamations at Winchester.

The society, which has since been dissolved, existed during the greater part of Wolfe's college life; and in the same year in which he obtained a scholarship he became a member of it. It seems to have been an era in his life. We well remember the effect of his speeches there, and we regret that his biographer has not been enabled to give us some extracts from them; but it is probable that such parts of them as were written have not been preserved: it is also not improbable that some of the passages which we remember as most effective were never written.

The objects of the society were, the cultivation of such branches of study as least provision was made for by the ordinary range of college pursuits. Medals were given for oratory, for composition, and for proficiency in history; and each year of the society was opened and closed with a speech from the chair, in which the objects of the society were set forth by some one of the members of the society, specially selected for the task.

Lord Plunkett, Chief Justice Bushe, the

late Mr. North, Dr. Miller, Mr. Wise, the late Mr. Taylor, Mr. Sarjeant Greene, Mr. Finlay, Mr. Peter Burrowes, and other most highly distinguished men, were among those who from time to time discharged this honorable duty; and it may be well imagined that each successive speech, on the same topics, rendered the task of the next representative of the society more difficult. Several of these speeches have been printed; in all are passages of great power and beauty; but the fragments of Wolfe's here published are perhaps more beautiful than any passages which could be selected from the others—while we are not sure that, as a whole, we should give it the preference. For this speech, and for a very beautiful composition called the "College Course," which is still better, we must refer to Mr. Wolfe's volume.

Wolfe's speech from the chair was delivered about three years after he had become a member of the Historical Society. About the same time he must have written the poem of "Jugurtha," which, by some mistake, Mr. Russell has referred to the year 1809, and a poem called "Patriotism," which was read in the Society, and given a medal. The compositions read in the society were on subjects selected by the authors themselves, and not, like those written for college prizes, on themes dictated by others. "Jugurtha was," says Mr. Russell, "written on a subject proposed by the heads of the university." This fixes the date of the poem to 1814, when that subject was the theme proposed for what are called Vice-Chancellor's Prizes—the fees to which that officer is entitled, on the graduation of each person, being the fund for their payment.* Jugurtha is, perhaps, Wolfe's best poem. Its only fault is one, which, as Goldsmith says in a similar case, it would be easy for a critic, of a different temper to insist on as a beauty;—but a fault, and a grievous fault it is, however speciously it may be defended,—we mean the tendency to amplification. A true thought is expressed, and Wolfe will not let us rest there, but repeats it in every variety of phrase—protects it behind a sevenfold shield of words. The poem is, however, a noble effort.

* Wolfe's poem was probably unsuccessful with the board: at least we know, that among the compositions to which prizes were awarded, the most successful on this subject was one by the Rev. Mr. Halpin, who soon after entered into the church, and was for nineteen years curate of the parish of Oldeastle, in the county of Meath. Mr. Halpin still lives, is author of some political essays, chiefly on subjects connected with the Irish church, and of an exceedingly interesting paper on the Midsummer Night's Dream.

* Remains of Wolfe, p. 11.

The only poem in the volume which we do not like is one on the battle of Busaco, which seems to have been a college exercise. To this Mr. Russell has not fixed a date, but from internal evidence we are inclined to think it could not have been written in the full maturity of Wolfe's powers. The battle was fought on the 27th of September, 1810, and we think it likely that Wolfe's poem was written soon after—at least it was at that period very much the practice in Dublin College to give the victories of Wellington such chance of immortality, as prize poems in Greek, English, and Latin could give—and it went a great way to make Tories of the young poets, though we are quite sure that the seven wise men of Dublin College had not any thought of this advantage gained for Church and State. Wolfe's *Busaco* is not good. "*Patriotism*" is a poem of exceeding beauty. We are surprised that this and "*Jurgurtha*" have not found their way into the popular selections.

Wolfe about this time (1815) thought of reading for a college fellowship. The fellowships in Dublin College are given to the best answerers at a public examination in a very extensive course of science—the preparation for which is sufficient to occupy a clever man's attention for several years. Wolfe's habits of study were desultory—his talents for poetry and general literature were likely to mislead him—and while his success could not be doubtful if diligence could be reckoned on, yet it was quite uncertain whether Wolfe could be got to attend with perseverance to a prescribed course of study for any long time. At all events the trial was not made. One or two visits to friends in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow seem to have dispersed the dream. The contrast between the domestic happiness which he saw enjoyed by the friends with whom he was on those visits and excursions, and the dulness of his college rooms, appears to have completely put an end to any chance of his contentedly fixing himself down to the necessary plans of study. There was little chance of fellowship-reading for a man who, when he returned to his rooms from his country excursions, was engaged in describing the scenes he had left in verses such as the following:

FAREWELL TO LOUGH BRAY.

"Then fare thee well!—I leave thy rocks and glens,
And all thy wild and random majesty,
To plunge amid the world's deformities,
And see how hideously mankind deface
What God hath given them good;—while viewing
thee,

I think how grand and beautiful is God,
When man has not intruded on his works,
But left his bright creation unimpaired.
'Twas therefore I approached thee with an awe
Delightful.—therefore eyed, with joy grotesque—
With joy I could not speak; (for, on this heart
Has beauteous Nature seldom smiled, and scarce
A casual wind has blown the veil aside,
And shown me her immortal lineaments.)
'Twas therefore did my heart expand, to mark
Thy pensive uniformity of gloom,
The deep and holy darkness of thy wave,
And that stern rocky form, whose aspect stood
Athwart us, and confronted us at once,
Seeming to vindicate the worship due,
And yet reclined in proud recumbency,
As if secure the homage would be paid:
It looked the Genius of the place, and seemed
To Superstition's eye, to exercise
Some sacred, unknown function. Blessed scenes!
Fraught with the primeval grandeur! or, if aught
Is changed in thee—it is no mortal touch
That sharpened thy rough brow, or fringed thy
skirts
With coarse luxuriance:—'twas the lightning's
force
Dash'd its strong flash across thee, and did point
The crag; or, with his stormy thunderbolt,
Th' Almighty architect himself disjoined
Yon rock; then flung it down where now it hangs,
And said, 'do thou lie there;—and genial rains,
(Which, e'en without the good man's prayer, came
down,)
Call'd forth thy vegetation. Then I watch'd
The clouds that cours'd along the sky, to which
A trembling splendor o'er the waters mov'd
Responsive; while at times it stole to land,
And smil'd among the mountain's dusky locks.
Surely there linger beings in this place,
For whom all this is done:—it cannot be,
That all this fair profusion is bestow'd
For such wild wayward pilgrims as ourselves.
Haply, some glorious spirits here await
The opening of Heaven's portals; who disport
Along the bosom of the lucid lake;
Who cluster on that peak; or playful peep
Into yon eagle's nest; then sit them down
And talk of those they left on earth, and those
Whom they shall meet in Heaven: and, haply,
tired
(If blessed spirits tire in such employ.)
The slumbering phantoms lay them down to rest
Upon the bosom of the dewy breeze—
Ah! whither do I roam—I dare not think—
Alas! I must forget thee, for I go
To mix with narrow minds and hollow hearts—
I must forget thee—fare thee—fare thee well."

"The following stanzas," says Mr. Russell, "will convey some idea of the sensations with which the poet returned from such scenes as this to the sombre walls of a college, and how painfully he felt the transition from such enjoyments, to the grave occupation of academic studies.

SONG.

"Oh say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it;
That Nature's form so dear of old
No more has power to charm it;
Or, that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shar'd my wild devotion.

" Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness ;
Oft look on those who lov'd them too
With Fancy's idle gladness ;
Again I long'd to view the light
In Nature's features glowing ;
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the Soul's o'erflowing.

" Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
His leaden chain around me ;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me :
' The mountain-breeze, the boundless Heaven
Unfit for toil the creature ;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with Nature ? ' "

There is a poem, of which many of the stanzas have all the vigor of Burns—and which are so perfectly descriptive of the friend whose character inspired them—George Grierson of the Irish bar—that we wish we could transcribe them, but must refer our readers to the volume itself.

Mr. Russell, in describing Wolfe's admiration of Campbell's Hohenlinden, mentions some peculiarities of his manner, which we may as well preserve.

" It was, indeed, the peculiar temperament of his mind, to display its emotions by the strongest outward demonstrations.

" Such were his intellectual sensibilities, and the corresponding vivacity of his animal spirits, that the excitation of his feelings generally discovered itself by the most lively expressions, and sometimes by an unrestrained vehemence of gesticulation, which often afforded amusement to his more sedate or less impressible acquaintances.

" Whenever in the company of his friends any thing occurred in his reading, or to his memory, which powerfully affected his imagination, he usually started from his seat, flung aside his chair, and paced about the room, giving vent to his admiration in repeated exclamations of delight, and in gestures of the most animated rapture. Nothing produced these emotions more strongly than music, of the pleasures of which he was in the highest degree susceptible. He had an ear formed to enjoy, in the most exquisite manner, the simplest melody, or the richest harmony. With but little cultivation, he had acquired sufficient skill in the theory of this accomplishment, to relish its highest charms, and to exercise a discriminative taste in the appreciation of any composition or performance in that delightful art. Sacred music above all, (especially the compositions of Handel,) had the most subduing—the most transporting effect upon his feelings, and seemed to enliven and sublimate his devotion to the highest pitch. He understood and felt all the poetry of music, and was particularly felicitous in catching the spirit and character of a simple air or a national melody. One or two specimens of the adaptation of his poetical talents to such subjects, may give some idea of this.

" He was so much struck by the grand national Spanish air, 'Viva el Rey Fernando,' the first

time he heard it played by a friend, that he immediately commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song admirably suited to the tune. The air, which has the character of an animated march, opens in a strain of grandeur, and suddenly subsides for a few bars into a slow and pathetic modulation, from which it abruptly starts again into all the enthusiasm of martial spirit. The words are happily adapted to these transitions ; but the air should be known, in order that the merits of the song should be duly esteemed. The first change in the expression of the air occurs at the ninth line of the song, and continues to the end of the twentieth line.

SPANISH SONG.

Air—'Viva El Rey Fernando.'

The chains of Spain are breaking—
Let Gaul despair and fly ;
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking,
Let tyrants hear and die.

Her standard o'er us arching
Is burning red and far ;
The soul of Spain is marching
In thunders to the war.
Look round your lovely Spain,
And say shall Gaul remain ?

Behold yon burning valley,
Behold yon naked plain—
Let us hear their drum—
Let them come, let them come !
For Vengeance and Freedom rally,
And Spaniards ! onward for Spain !

Remember, Remember, Barossa,
Remember Napoleon's chain,—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And strike for the cause of Spain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And onward, onward ! for Spain !

" Another of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air, 'Gramachree.' He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression ; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him want *individuality* of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears.

SONG.

Air—'Gramachree.'

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be ;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !

But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may sooth this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

"He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

The following is, in its way, of almost unequalled beauty:

"SONG.

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet how from that thought to sever?—
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me;
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted;
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth,
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her;
Yet, it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm—warm heart I adore her."

We are inclined to think the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" was the last poem that Wolfe ever wrote. They were first circulated in manuscript among his college friends, then printed in the newspapers and magazines. Byron read them out from a magazine to some friends, of whom Captain Medwin was one. At this time the author's name was not known to the public,

and Medwin, in one way or other, was led to think them Byron's. The copy sent by Byron to his sister, in his own handwriting, seemed at first to Captain Medwin to give a kind of confirmation to a conjecture, which, however, in every after edition of his exceedingly interesting book, he took care to tell his readers was a mistake—adding that the poem was ascertained to be Wolfe's. Medwin's claim of the poem for Byron led to several letters, stating the true author; one from Mr. Taylor, of the English bar, which first gave to the public a substantially correct copy of the lines; another from Dr. Miller, of Armagh, in which Wolfe's character is strikingly drawn: but by far the most interesting document which the occasion called forth was the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan's narrative of the original production of the poem. We transcribe his account from a letter of his to Mr. Taylor—

"The poem was commenced in my company. The occasion was as follows:—Wolfe came into my room one evening while I was reading the 'Edinburgh Annual Register.' I think it was the volume for 1809,* and which concluded with an account of the battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore. It appeared to me to be admirably written—and although the writer might not be classed amongst the *very* warmest admirers of that lamented general, yet he cordially appreciated his many great and amiable qualities, and eagerly seized upon every opportunity of doing him generous and ample justice. In college we do not always lay down our books when visited by our friends; at least, *you* know, to your cost, that such is not *my* practice. I made our dear departed friend listen to me while I read the account which the admirable writer (I conjectured that he must be Mr. Southey) made to assume a classical interest; and we both felt kindled and elevated by a recital which was calculated to concentrate whatever of glory or interest attached in our young imaginations to Chæroneæ or Marathon, upon the spotless valor of a British soldier. When I had done, Wolfe and I walked into the country; and I observed that he was totally inattentive to the objects

* "It was the volume for 1808. The following is the conclusion of the passage to which Mr. O'Sullivan alludes:

"Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a body of the 9th regiment; the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack was made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.

around him, and in conversation absent and self-involved. He was, in fact, silently composing; and, in a short time, he repeated for me (without them down) the first and last stanzas of his beautiful ode, which as you have truly stated in 'the morning Chronicle,' were all that he at first intended. I was exceedingly pleased by them; and I believe the admiration I expressed partly induced him to supply the other stanzas. Every one of the corrections which you have suggested is right. Your memory has served you admirably to restore the ode to the state in which it was left by its lamented author."

It seems impossible that any mind could be uncandid or dull enough to resist such evidence as this: yet though, in addition to this evidence, Archdeacon Russell printed the poem in his remains as Wolfe's, the old reports ascribing its authorship to one or other of the popular poets of the day, or to some obscure village minstrel, were every now and then repeated. Unluckily, in Mr. Russell's memoir of Wolfe, after stating some of the absurd reports concerning the authorship of the poem, the following carelessly-written sentence occurred:—"However, the matter has been placed beyond dispute, by the proof that it appeared with the initials 'C. W.' in an Irish print, long prior to the alleged dates which its false claimants assign." A sentence is at least as likely to be carelessly read as carelessly written; and it was supposed from this that Mr. Russell knew no more about the matter than any body else, and that the whole of the evidence rested on the fact of some Irish paper having printed, at some time not stated by Mr. Russell, the lines, with the letters 'C. W.;' and we, who happen to know of our own knowledge the fact of Wolfe's being the author of the lines, happen also to know of our own knowledge, that men of the very highest rank in literature fell into what we cannot but think the very natural mistake which we have pointed out. Other passages in Mr. Russell's memoir ought to have placed the matter beyond all doubt; but in his narration of the matter, it is not easy to distinguish what is evidence and what is argument. Mr. Russell, like ourselves, or any other of Wolfe's friends, would as soon think of doubting the authorship of *Marmion* or any other acknowledged work of any well-known writer as that of this poem; yet we cannot but think that the mixture of argument and evidence, the boundary lines of which are not very distinctly marked in his account, tended somewhat to perplex a case which was the simplest in the world. While the friends of Wolfe were one after another stating their knowledge of his hav-

ing written the poem, it was claimed, in some unintelligible local hoax, as the production of a rhyming horse-doctor in Durham. The letter, written in his name by some provincial jester, claiming it for him, was copied into the papers, and the laurels which Medwin demanded for *Byron*, were now for a while awarded to *Marshal*—that was, as we best remember, the name. A more respectable parentage was soon after found, and gave rise to a conjecture which many thought probable enough. A volume of poems was printed by a young clergyman of the name of Barnard, who soon after died of consumption. A friend of ours claiming the authorship of the poem for Wolfe, was told, under circumstances that coerced his belief—so strongly was the matter stated, and by a person whose means of knowledge were of a peculiar kind—that the poem was printed in Barnard's book; his informant, of course, asserting that Barnard was the author—not Wolfe. The facts appeared to our friend to be indisputable, and a theory instantly started up in his mind, which reconciled them with the fact of Wolfe's authorship of the poem. The conversation occurred after Wolfe's death, just at the period of Medwin's publication; and the account of Barnard's early death, and some other coinciding circumstances, led him to the conclusion that Wolfe had published a volume of poems under the assumed name of Barnard. We have had more than one argument with our friend on the subject, knowing that it was almost impossible that Wolfe, all whose movements were known to his friends, could have been the author of the poems; while we felt that it would gratify our curiosity to learn more of Barnard's book, and we had inquiries made of the publisher. The little book, a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, is now on our table—"Trifles, imitative of the chaster style of *Melanger*." Graceful imitations they are,—not translations, nor in any degree approaching that character: not equal to *Merivale's* poems from the *Anthology*, or even to *Bland's*, but still very pleasing in their way; and we are glad of the accident that introduced us to the pleasant little book; but unfortunately the sight of it at once put an end to the romance which our friend had woven out of the publication, and the fates of Barnard and Wolfe. The poem which, to the gifted eye of the printer and bookseller, whose claim of Wolfe's ode for Barnard, led to the confusion, had appeared to be "*The Burial of Sir John Moore*," turns out to be "*Verses occasioned by the death of Captain*

—— 9th regiment of dragoons, who fell in the battle of Waterloo!!” Captain —— of the dragoons, became identified with Sir John Moore, and Corunna and Waterloo were all one. In mistakes like this, or in the buffoonery of provincial jests, we are convinced that all the claims to this poem originated, with the exception of one, so peculiar that we feel it necessary reluctantly to notice it.

In the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a letter dated *Temple, January, 1841*, signed *A. Mackintosh*, and addressed to the Rev. W. Muir, assistant minister of Temple, accompanied with documents of one kind or other, by which the statements of the letter were sought to be confirmed, was printed. The writer of the letter, the master of the parish school at Temple, states himself to have written the poem, and goes into a very minute detail of circumstances connected with his claim. Mr. Muir manifestly gave entire credence to Mackintosh's statement, and the editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser* gave it also his sanction. This led to the publication of several letters on the subject, all from persons of considerable eminence, who knew the fact of Wolfe's being the author of the poem. Mackintosh published an impudent letter, admitting that Wolfe must have claimed the poem, but still asserting himself to be the writer. He was unlucky enough to assign a date to the period at which *he* composed it; and though the precise date of Wolfe's poem is not ascertained, yet it is ascertained that it was written prior to the date which Mackintosh chose to lay for his handiwork. While the discussion about Mackintosh's claim was going on in the newspapers, Dr. Luby luckily found a letter of Wolfe's, giving a complete copy of the lines in Wolfe's handwriting. The overwhelming evidence that from one quarter or another exposed the impudence of Mackintosh's pretensions, led Mr. Muir, who had at first been imposed on by him, to re-examine the plausible schoolmaster, and he succeeded in extorting from him a confession that his statement was “a lie from end to end.” In Wolfe's letter, the copy of the poem is introduced by the following words:—“I have completed ‘The Burial of Sir John Moore,’ and will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much.” We transcribe from the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy the following interesting particulars concerning the letter, which must for ever put an end to any controversy on the subject of the authorship:

“Dr. Anster, on the part of Dr. Luby, F.T.C.D., read a letter of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. The letter, or rather fragment of a letter, had been found by Dr. Luby among the papers of a deceased brother, who was a college friend of Wolfe and of Mr. Taylor, to whom the letter was addressed. The part found had the appearance of having been torn off from the rest of the letter. It contains the address; a complete copy of the ode; a sentence mentioning to Mr. Taylor that his praise of the stanzas first written led him to complete the poem; a few words of a private nature at the end of the letter; and the signature. There is no date on the part preserved; but the post mark of September 6, 1816, fixes the time at which it was sent. Dr. Anster read passages from Captain Medwin's ‘Conversations of Lord Byron,’ and Archdeacon Russell's ‘Remains of Wolfe,’ in which mention is made of the various guesses as to the author, when the poem first appeared, without the author's name, in the newspapers and magazines. It was said Dr. Anster attributed to Moore, to Campbell, to Wilson, to Byron, and now and then to a writer in many respects equal to the highest of these names, whose poems have been published under the name of Barry Cornwall. Shelly thought the poem likely to be Campbell's; and Medwin believed Byron to be the author. When Medwin's book appeared, in which this was stated, several friends of Wolfe's, among others Mr. Taylor, to whom was addressed the letter, of which an important part has been fortunately found, stated their knowledge of Wolfe's having written the ode. One gratifying result of the controversy was the publication by Archdeacon Russell of the remains of Charles Wolfe, with a memoir written with great beauty, and, what constitutes the rare charm of the work, describing with entire fidelity the character, and habits, and feelings, of one of the most pure-minded, generous, and affectionate natures that ever existed. The question as to the authorship of the ode was for ever set at rest, to any one who had seen either the letters of Mr. Wolfe's friends, at the time of Captain Medwin's publication, or Archdeacon Russell's book. Were there any doubt on the subject of authorship, the document now produced would completely remove it; but for this purpose it would really not be worth while to trouble the academy with the communication, as it would be treating the insane pretensions now and then put forward in the newspapers for this person or the other, with too much respect to discuss them seriously, or at all; but another and a very important purpose would be answered by the publication of this authentic copy of the poem from Wolfe's autograph in their proceedings. The poem has been more frequently reprinted than almost any other in the language; and, an almost necessary consequence of such frequent reprints, it is now seldom printed as it was originally written. Every person who had occasion to compare the common editions of Milton, or Cowper, or any of our poets, with those printed in the lifetime of the authors, is aware that no dependence whatever can be placed on the text of the books in common use. Every successive reprint from a volume, carelessly edited, adds its own stock of blunders to the general mass. Wolfe's ode has been, in this way, quite spoiled in many of its best passages. The academy had now

the opportunity of correcting these mistakes by publishing an authentic copy of the poem. Dr. Anster stated the fitness of this being done by the academy, not only from its being the natural and proper guardian of every thing relating to the literature of Ireland, which alone would seem to him a sufficient reason, but even yet more, from the circumstance that the academy's proceedings must command a circulation over the continent, which it would be in vain to expect from any private publication. The poem has been often translated, and the strange blunders which have often got into our copies are faithfully preserved in the translations. In a German translation of the ode, three stanzas of a poem, consisting of but eight, are spoiled by the translator's manifestly having read an imperfect copy of the original. In one it is quite plain that the stanza, which closes with the lines—

'And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing,'

and in which the word 'suddenly' is often substituted for 'sullenly' was printed falsely in the copy before the German translator. In the second stanza, 'The struggling moonbeam's misty light,' is lost, probably from some similar reason. The general effect of Wolfe's poem is exceedingly well preserved in the translation, but there are several mistakes in detail, most of which, perhaps all, arise from the translator's having used an incorrect copy of the original. The translation is printed in the octavo edition of 'Hayward's Faust,' p. 304."

Dr. Anster's suggestion was adopted. Wolfe's autograph letter has been lithographed and published by the Academy. With anxiety to have this interesting document preserved, Dr. Luby generously presented the letter in his possession, on which he naturally placed a high value, to the Academy, who have undertaken the custody of it. We are not sure whether the following incident may not be worth mentioning, which would be alone, were the authorship of the poem a question of doubt, sufficient to fix it. Mr. Downes, a friend of Wolfe's, favorably known to the public by his published works, before this copy of the poem was examined, expressed considerable curiosity to see it; mentioning a conversation in which Wolfe expressed a doubt whether in the seventh stanza he should have "the clock struck the *hour* for retiring," or "the clock struck the 'note' for retiring." Every copy previously known gives it "the clock struck the *hour* for retiring." This accidentally confirms Mr. Downes's recollection, as the word in this copy is "note."

The fitness of having the autograph preserved for the reasons given by Dr. Anster, which might at first appear too strongly stated by him, is amusingly proved by the misprints in the best editions of the Remains. The printed sheets of the eighth edition contain this error in the first stanza,

"*was* buried" for "*we* buried;" and in a copy now before us of "Lough Bray," "*thy mild* and random majesty" is printed for "*thy wild*," &c., and "the mountain's *dusky* locks" are altered into "*dusty* locks." But the printer's are not the only mistakes to be guarded against. The caprices of vanity are quite inexplicable. In a York paper, a few years ago, Mr. Shelton Mackenzie met a copy of Wolfe's poem, with the title, "The Burial of Sir John Moore, by the Rev. Charles Wolfe," with two additional stanzas, in no way whatever distinguished by any printer's mark, or any note or comment from the rest, but appearing as part of the poem. We print them:

"And there let him rest, tho' the foe should raise,
In zeal for the fame they covet,
A tomb or a trophy to swell the praise
Of him who has soar'd above it.

"By Englishmen's feet when the turf is trod,
On the breast of their hero pressing,
Let them offer a prayer to England's God—
To him who was England's blessing."

The date of Wolfe's letter to Mr. Taylor in all probability gives us the year at least in which the ode was composed. Mr. O'Sullivan and the Bishop of Meath assign an earlier date to it, but Mr. O'Sullivan's recollection does not fix the year with accuracy, though the *evening* walk during which two stanzas of the poem were composed, makes it probable spring or early summer was the time. The Bishop of Meath's recollection is more precise as to the year, and would decidedly fix it as written in an earlier year than 1816. He remembers having read the poem to Hercules Graves in rooms which he had ceased to occupy before 1816. So many of Wolfe's compositions were handed about in manuscript among his friends, that we cannot but think it more probable that twenty-six years after the incident, a friend recollecting an incident of the kind should mistake one poem for another, than that Wolfe, *writing a year or more after the poem was composed*, should use the language which we have quoted from his letter to Mr. Taylor.

In November of the next year—1817—Wolfe took orders. His first curacy was at Ballyclog, in Tyrone. A letter to one of his friends describes the position in which he found himself. It is dated in December. He describes himself sitting opposite a turf-fire, "with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the glebe-house—surrounded by mountains, frost, and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am wholly unacquainted, except a disbanded artilleryman, his wife, and two children, who attend

me—the churchwarden, and clerk of the parish.” In another letter he describes himself as “surrounded by grandees, who count their income by thousands, and clergymen innumerable; however I have kept out of their reach: I have preferred my turf-fire, my books, and the memory of the friends I have left, to all the society that Tyrone can afford—with one bright exception. At M——’s [Meredith’s—we feel it a duty to supply the name] I am indeed every way at home. I am at home in friendship and hospitality, in science and literature, in our common friends and acquaintances, and in topics of religion.” This last letter from which we have quoted was written from Castle Caulfield, the principal village of Donoughmore, the parish of which (after a few weeks’ service at Ballyclog) he became the curate. After a short visit to Dublin we have a few letters from his parish, one of which we must transcribe:

“*Castle Caulfield, January 28th, 1818.*

“A man often derives a wonderful advantage from a cold and fatiguing journey after taking leave of his friends; viz. he understands the comfort of lolling quietly and alone by his fireside, after his arrival at his destination—a pleasure, which would have been totally lost, if he had been transported there without difficulty and at once, from the region of friendship and society. Every situation borrows much of its character from that by which it was immediately preceded. This would have been all melancholy and solitude, if it had immediately succeeded the glow of affectionate and literary conviviality; but, when it follows the rumbling of a coach, the rattling of a post-chaise, the shivering of a wintry-night’s journey, and the conversation of people to whom you are almost totally indifferent, it then becomes comfort and repose. So I found at my arrival at my own cottage on Saturday: my fireside, from contrast, became a kind of lesser friend, or at least, a consolation for the loss of friends.

“Nothing could be more fortunate than the state of things during my absence: there was no duty to be performed; and of this I am the more sensible, as I had scarcely arrived before I met a great supply of business, such as I should have been very much concerned if it had occurred in my absence. I have already seen enough of service to be again fully naturalized. I am again the weather-beaten curate: I have trudged roads, forded bogs, braved snow and rain, become umpire between the living, have counselled the sick, administered to the dying, and to-morrow shall bury the dead. Here have I written three sides without coming to the matter in hand. * * * *

“Yours affectionately, C. W.”

In another his migration from Ballyclog to his cottage at Castle Caulfield is described:

“One wagon contained my whole fortune and

family, (with the exception of a cow which was driven alongside of the wagon,) and its contents were two large trunks, a bed and its appendages; and on the top of these, which were piled up so as to make a very commanding appearance, sat a woman (my future housekeeper) and her three children, and by their side stood a calf of three weeks old—which has lately become an inmate in my family.”

“*Castle Caulfield, Oct. 20th, 1818.*

* * * “I have no disasters now to diversify my life—not having many of those enjoyments which render men obnoxious to them, except when my foot sinks up to the ankle in a bog, as I am looking for a stray sheep. My life is now nearly made up of visits to my parishioners—both sick and in health. Notwithstanding, the parish is so large that I have yet to form an acquaintance with a very formidable number of them. The parish and I have become very good friends: the congregation has increased, and the Presbyterians sometimes pay me a visit. There is a great number of Methodists in the part of the parish surrounding the village, who are many of them very worthy people, and among the most regular attendants upon the church. With many of my flock I live upon affectionate terms. There is a fair proportion of religious men amongst them, with a due allowance of profligates. None of them rise so high as the class of gentlemen, but there is a good number of a very respectable description. I am particularly attentive to the school: there, in fact, I think most good can be done, and besides the obvious advantages, it is a means of conciliating all sects of Christians, by taking an interest in the welfare of their children.

“Our Sunday-school is very large, and is attended by the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The day is never a Sabbath to me; however, it is the kind of labor that is best repaid; for you always find that some progress is made—some fruit soon produced; whereas, your labors with the old and the adult often fail of producing any effect, and, at the best, it is in general latent and gradual. Yours, &c. C. W.”

“*Castle Caulfield, May 4th, 1819,*

“I am just come from the house of mourning! Last night I helped to lay poor M—— in his coffin, and followed him this morning to his grave. The visitation was truly awful. Last Tuesday (this day week) he was struck to the ground by a fit of apoplexy, and from that moment until the hour of his death, on Sunday evening, he never articulated. I did not hear of his danger until Sunday evening, and yesterday morning I ran ten miles, like a madman, and was only in time to see his dead body. It will be a cruel and bitter thought to me for many a day, that I had not one farewell from him while he was on the brink of this world. Oh! —, one of my heart-strings is broken. The only way I have of describing my attachment to that man is by telling you that next to you and D——, he was the person in whose society I took the greatest delight. A visit to Ardrea was often in prospect to sustain me in many of my cheerless labors. My gems are falling away; but, I do hope and trust, it is because God is ‘making up his jewels.’ Dr. M—— was a man of a truly Chris-

tian temper of mind. We used naturally to fall upon religious subjects; and I now revert with peculiar gratification to the cordiality with which 'we took sweet counsel together' upon those topics. You know that he was possessed of the first and most distinguished characteristic of a Christian disposition—humility. He preached the Sunday before, for —, and the sermon was unusually solemn and impressive, and in the true spirit of the Gospel. Indeed, from several circumstances, he seems to have had some strange presentiments of what was to happen. His air and look some time before his dissolution had, as — told me, an expression of the most awful and profound devotion. * * * Yours, &c. C. W."

We transcribe from Archdeacon Russell's memoir some account of the district in which Wolfe's life was cast, and the duties in which he was daily occupied:

"The sphere of duty in which Mr. Wolfe was engaged was extensive and laborious. A large portion of the parish was situated in a wild hilly country, abounding in bogs and trackless wastes; and the population was so scattered, that it was a work of no ordinary difficulty to keep up that intercourse with his flock, upon which the success of a Christian minister so much depends. When he entered upon his work he found the church rather thinly attended; but in a short time the effects of his constant zeal, his impressive style of preaching, and his daily and affectionate converse with his parishioners were visible in the crowded and attentive congregations which began to gather round him.

"The number of those who soon became regular attendants at the holy communion was so great as to exceed the whole ordinary congregation at the commencement of his ministry.

"Amongst his constant hearers were many of the Presbyterians, who seemed much attracted by the earnestness of his devotion in reading the liturgy, the energy of his appeals, and the general simplicity of his life; and such was the respect they began to feel towards him, that they frequently sent for him to administer spiritual comfort and support to them in the trying hour of sickness, and at the approach of death.

"A large portion of the Protestants in his parish were of that denomination, and no small number were of the class of Wesleyan Methodists. Though differing on many points from these two bodies of Christians, he, however, maintained with them the most friendly intercourse, and entered familiarly into discussion on the subjects upon which they were at issue with him.

"There was nothing in the course of his duties as a clergyman (as he himself declared) which he found more difficult and trying at first, than how to discover and pursue the best mode of dealing with the numerous conscientious dissenters in his parish, and especially with the Wesleyan Methodists who claim connexion with the Church of England. While he lamented their errors, he revered their piety; and at length succeeded beyond his hopes in softening their prejudices and conciliating their good will. This he effected by taking care in his visits amongst them, to dwell particularly upon the grand and vital truths in

which he mainly agreed with them, and, above all, by a patience of contradiction, yet without a surrender or compromise of opinion, on the points upon which they differed. It is a curious fact that some of the Methodists on a few occasions sought to put his Christian character to the test, by purposely using harsh and humiliating expressions towards him in their conversations upon the nature of religion. This strange mode of inquisition he was enabled to bear with the meekness of a child; and some of them afterwards assured him that they considered the temper with which such a trial is endured as a leading criterion of true conversion, and were happy to find in him so unequivocal proof of a regenerate spirit.

"The success of a Christian pastor depends almost as much on the manner as the matter of his instruction. In this respect Mr. Wolfe was peculiarly happy, especially with the lower classes of the people—who were much engaged by the affectionate cordiality and the simple earnestness of his deportment towards them. In his conversations with the plain farmer or humble laborer he usually laid his hand upon their shoulder or caught them by the arm; and while he was insinuating his arguments, or enforcing his appeals with all the variety of simple illustrations which a prolific fancy could supply, he fastened an anxious eye upon the countenance of the person he was addressing, as if eagerly awaiting some gleam of intelligence to show that he was understood and felt."

Wolfe's duties were increased by the visitation of typhus fever in his parish. He knew not what it was to spare himself when any office of humanity required his exertions—and here the demand on his time and thoughts was incessant. He was overworked, and symptoms of consumption began to manifest themselves. An habitual cough, of which he himself seemed almost unconscious, alarmed his friends; and in the spring of 1821, it became too plain that the disease had made fatal progress. He was persuaded to visit Scotland, in order to see a physician distinguished for his skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints; and on his return, was met by the affectionate friend, whose record of his virtues is likely to perpetuate his own name with that of Wolfe. Archdeacon Russell (then a curate in Dublin,) seized a moment from his duties to try and persuade Wolfe to attend for a little while to his health.

"On the Sunday after his arrival he accompanied Wolfe through the principal part of his parish to the church; and never can he forget the scene he witnessed as they drove together along the road and through the village. It must give a more lively idea of his character and conduct as a parish clergyman than any labored delineation, or than a mere detail of particular facts. As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin-doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of

gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, showing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love, as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant inquiries he made of each individual as he was hurried along; while at the same time he gave a rapid sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves—pointing to one with a sigh, and to another with looks of fond congratulation. It was indeed impossible to behold a scene like this, which can scarcely be described, without the deepest, but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realize the often-imagined picture of a primitive minister of the Gospel of Christ, living in the hearts of his flock—‘willing to spend and to be spent upon them’—and enjoying the happy interchange of mutual affection. It clearly showed the kind of intercourse that habitually existed between him and his parishioners, and afforded a pleasing proof that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly sympathies and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humbler ranks of the people.

“It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that he should feel much reluctance in leaving a station where his ministry appeared to be so useful and acceptable; and accordingly, though peremptorily required by the physician he had just consulted, to retire for some time from all clerical duties, it was with difficulty he could be dislodged from his post and forced away to Dublin, where most of his friends resided.

“It was hoped that timely relaxation from duty and a change in his mode of living to what he had been originally accustomed, and suitable to the present delicate state of his health, might avert the fatal disease with which he was threatened. The habits of his life while he resided on his cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal, and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books—a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda—and two trunks containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlor was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed

now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil.”

He was induced for a while to leave his curacy in the hands of another, and went to Dublin and the neighborhood for medical advice and change of air and scene. There were alternations of health and debility; he was even able occasionally to preach in Dublin, but the disease continued to make its sure and insidious progress. Towards the approach of winter (1820) he was advised to go to the south of France. He sailed for Bordeaux, but was twice beaten back by violent gales, and then abandoned the plan; and settled near Exeter during the winter and ensuing spring. The summer months of 1822 he passed in Dublin and the vicinity. In August he sailed to Bordeaux and back, as some benefit was anticipated from the voyage. In November he removed to the Cove of Cork—a town sheltered by the surrounding mountains from the winds. Mr. Russell and a female relative of Wolfe’s accompanied him. For a while he seemed to revive, then sank again. He died on the morning of the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age. On the day before his death the physician who attended him, astonished at the solemn fervor with which he spoke, exclaimed, when he left the room of his dying patient, “There is something superhuman about that man. It is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted—such mental vigor in a poor frame dropping into the grave!”

The plan of our work renders it, if not impossible, yet inconvenient that we should give any extracts from his sermons, or enter into any detailed examination of his theological opinions. This is done by Archdeacon Russell, and we have quoted sufficient from his book to render it unnecessary for us to express our opinion of the good sense and good feeling with which his task has been performed, with more distinctness. To those who have time and opportunity to study the character of Wolfe more in detail than we can give it, there is much interesting matter, communicated chiefly we believe by the late Mr. Taylor, to be found in the tenth volume of *THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY*; and his character and progress are sketched with great beauty in a volume to which we have before alluded, entitled, *COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS*.
A.

THE BIRTH-DAYS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Since thou wert born, beloved one! ten change-
 ful years have cast
 Their shadows into Time, and now—thy life is of
 the Past.
 And three—what dark and lonely ones!—their
 weary course have sped
 Since, early summoned back to God, thy place was
 with the Dead.
 The glance that spoke, the winning smile, the
 radiance of thy brow,
 And every sweet and thrilling tone—their memory
 haunts me now;
 For beautiful as brief, alas! hath been thy stay on
 earth.
 And baffled Hope aye loves to muse upon the loved
 one's worth;
 Affection sadly lingers o'er its broken dream of bliss
 And mourns thee yet, though thine is now a better
 home than this.

Ten years ago!—how blithely stirr'd the spirit on
 that morn
 When thou, oh, child of many hopes! to glad our
 hearts wert born.
 Was ever deeper welcome than those hearts accorded
 thee?
 Was ever more resemblance than all eyes would
 faintly see?
 Oh, fond ones were around thee! and no dearer task
 than this
 To press thy little lips to theirs and give the primal
 kiss.
 We counted first thy life by days, which grew to
 happy years,
 And ever, when our hopes were dull'd, thy smile
 dispersed our fears;
 A solace wert thou, lovely one! Above a grave of
 mine
 Methought thy tears would fall; alas! I now weep
 over thine.

And when—oh! far beyond thy years—thy search-
 ing spirit sought
 In song and story the rich gems which lofty Genius
 brought,
 Oh! what a whirl of joy was ours to dream what
 time would bring—
 To think how bright thy summer when thus budding
 was thy spring!
 Then, as the circling year's return thy birthday
 brought again,
 Far distant were all auguries of sorrow or of pain.
 We saw thee bright, we knew thee dear, nor thought
 that there could be
 The mortal taint of ill or death in aught so fair as
 thee.
 That was a holyday of love the circling year brought
 back,
 In which we traced, beloved one! thy travel in life's
 track.

We kept that birthday joyfully, which now again
 we keep,
 With all the tenderness of love, and struggle not to
 weep;
 We talk of thine endearing ways, and of thy gentle
 mirth,
 Which sunn'd our hearts, as if there were no sorrow
 on the earth.
 Many a heart-memoried word of thine, oft-named,
 again we trace,
 And many a burst of joy, which breathed sweet
 music o'er thy face.

If then our converse falter into silence still and
 deep—
 Grief's hushed silence—do not deem it is because
 we weep.

Too strong for words, too deep for tears, the feelings
 that arise,
 When Faith doth whisper—Now thou hast thy
 birthday in the skies.

If in that radiant spirit-land where, sinless one! thou
 art,

Thy mind can earthward turn, and read the thoughts
 that stir the heart,

Then thou dost know, though strong our grief as
 human grief can be,

We would not, if we could, renew Mortality for thee.
 Brief was thy pilgrimage below—too brief to feel its
 strife—

Death to thy soul the birthday brought of an Eternal
 Life.

Enfranchised one! whose place is with the Watchers
 round the Throne,

It is for frail Humanity to mourn that thou art gone!
 But Faith instructs us, whatso'er our crush'd affec-
 tions, pain,

Unkind or vain to wish for thee the chains of earth
 again.

For, far beyond the world of care thy soul hath
 stretch'd its wing;

Thou sittest by Life's holy fount, and drinkest from
 its spring.

A brighter bloom is on thy cheek than what on earth
 it wore,

A heavenlier lustre lights thine eyes than what they
 had of yore.

A richer melody doth blend its music with thy voice,
 As it swells in praise before the throne,—and should
 we not rejoice?

Thou hast gone home, departed one!—chainless,
 thou art, and free;

We linger for that second birth which brings us
 unto thee,—

Where, beautiful! thine angel-plumes are folded on
 thy breast,

And the cares of earth are ended, and the weary are
 at rest.

February 23, 1839.

R. S. M.

ALEXANDER CSOMA DE KÖRÖS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

THIS remarkable personage, distinguished
 not less by his enterprising travels, than by
 the zeal and success with which he applied
 himself to the study of the language and lit-
 erature of Tibet, in circumstances which
 would have conquered the perseverance of
 many, deserves to be rescued from the obli-
 vion which, in this country, seems to be the
 fate of those who dedicate their lives to
 Oriental learning.

M. Alexander Csoma de Körös was born
 in Transylvania, as he states, of a Sicilian
 family in Hungary, of great respectability.
 He was educated at the College of Dehltén,
 at Nagy Enyed, in Transylvania, and at the
 University of Göttingen, where he complet-

ed his studies in philology and theology in 1818. At this period, he became possessed with a violent desire to discover the original seat of the Magyars, and the Hungarian nation; and, strange as it may appear, this was the real motive of his extensive travels, and of his application to the language of Tibet, in the literature of which he expected to find some indication of the early abodes of his ancestors—the object of his whole life, upon which all the faculties of his mind seemed to be concentrated.

With this design, though ostensibly to perfect his philological knowledge, he left Nagy Enyed in November, 1819, crossed the Danube, and joining some Bulgarian merchants, proceeded to Philippi, on his way to Constantinople; but the plague prevailing there, he changed his route, and embarked at Enos for Alexandria. From Egypt, he went by sea to Palestine, and from Latakia, in Syria, he travelled on foot to Aleppo, which he reached in April, 1820. Here he joined a caravan, having adopted the Oriental costume, and in this way he journeyed on foot through Orfa, Merdin, Mosul, to Bagdad. On his arrival at this city, on the 22d July, 1820, Mr. Rich, the British resident—who was conspicuous for his hospitable attention to scientific travellers—was absent in Kurdistan; but M. Bellino, his secretary, interested himself warmly in M. Csoma's behalf, and Mr. Rich afterwards furnished him with the means of reaching Tehran, where he arrived on the 14th October, 1820. He remained at this capital four months, and made himself master of Persian. The British resident, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Willock, as well as Mr. George Willock, showed him much kindness, and supplied him with funds for the prosecution of his journey to the remoter East: he spoke in warm terms of the protection and support he received from these gentlemen. He quitted Tehran in March, 1821, wearing the Persian costume, but sustaining the character of an Armenian. He remained at Meshed, the country being in a state of disorder, till the 20th October, 1821, when he commenced his journey to Bokhara, where he arrived in November. A report of the approach of a Russian army, which created much perturbation and alarm, induced him to quit Bokhara, whence he proceeded to Balkh, thence to Khuloom, and thence, by way of Bamian, to Cabul, where he arrived in January, 1822. Joining a caravan, he proceeded from thence to Peshawur, and crossing the Indus, he met with two Europeans in the service of Runjeet Sing, and accompanied them to Lahore.

He did not remain long there, but set off for Cashmere, which he reached on the 14th May, 1822, and thence travelled on foot to Ladak, which he entered on the 9th June.

M. de Körös now determined to penetrate to Yarkand; but he was unable to obtain the permission or to elude the vigilance of the Chinese authorities; and finding some obstacles to his residence at Leh, the capital of Ladak, he was on his return to Lahore, when he met Mr. Moorcroft, who took him back with him to Leh, where he was left by Mr. Moorcroft commencing the study of the Tibetan language. M. Csoma being at this time unacquainted with English (though he subsequently acquired a perfect command of the language), the two travellers communicated through the medium of Latin. During their intercourse at this period, it is stated that a despatch from Count Nesselrode to Runjeet Sing, proposing an alliance and a Russian mission to Lahore, owing to the death of the bearer, fell into Mr. Moorcroft's hands, and being translated by M. Csoma de Körös from Russian into Latin, was forwarded to the Indian Government.

He subsequently rejoined Mr. Moorcroft at Cashmere, but returned to Leh again, provided with funds by our countryman, and with recommendations to the chief minister at Leh, and to the Lama of Zangla, and he remained in the establishment of the Lama at Zanskar, a district in the southwest of the province of Ladak, till June, 1824, during which time he was employed in acquiring a grammatical knowledge of the language, and in obtaining a general acquaintance with Tibetan literature: he made at this time abstracts of the contents of upwards of 300 volumes.

In the beginning of the winter of 1824, M. de Körös left Zanskar for Sultanpore, whence he proceeded to Belaspore and Soobathoo, where he arrived in March, 1825. Here he drew up, for the information of the Government (some suspicion having been excited as to his objects, Bishop Heber, in one of his letters, terming him "a spy"), an account of his travels and of his intentions, from which the foregoing particulars are collected, and which was addressed to Captain Kennedy, assistant to the resident at Delhi.

After a short stay at this British-Indian station, M. Csoma proceeded to the province of Kunawur, and in a lamaic monastery at Kanum, romantically situated on the northern bank of the Sutlej, beyond the snowy range, with the aid of a lama, or priest, an intelligent and studious person, he devoted himself, for several years, with-

out intermission, in spite of the severity of the climate and of slender resources, to the examination of Tibetan manuscripts, and to the compilation of a grammar and dictionary of the language, which he undertook at the instance of the Indian Government. In 1828, Mr. J. G. Gerard, travelling through these severe Himalayan regions, visited M. Csoma in the monastery of Kanum. "I found him," he said, "with his learned associate, the lama, surrounded with books. He has made great progress, but his objects are vast and comprehensive, and the works he is now engaged upon will form but a prelude to further researches. He wishes to invite learned men from Teshoo Loompoo and L'hassa, and by their assistance study the Mongol language, which he considers the key to Chinese literature, and through it get access to Mongolia, where he expects to discover much interesting knowledge. M. Csoma showed me his labors with eagerness and pride: he has read through forty-four volumes of the Tibetan Encyclopædia." At this time, his funds consisted of an allowance from the Indian Government of Rs. 50 per month, of which he paid 25 to the lama, 4 to a servant, and one for rent; leaving but Rs. 20 to purchase necessaries and comforts in that cold region. Yet he was so tenacious of his independence, that he would accept nothing but from a public source. Mr. Gerard sent him a present of some rice and sugar, of which he was in want; but he returned them. During the whole of the preceding winter, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, he had sat at his desk, wrapped up in woollens, from morning to night, without any interval of recreation, except that of his frugal meals, which consisted of greasy tea—a kind of soup, being a mess composed of the plant itself, mixed up with water, butter, and salt. At Kanum, however, the rigor of the winter is comparatively slight, compared with what it is at Zanskar, where M. Csoma resided a whole year, confined, with the lama and an attendant, to an apartment nine feet square. For more than four months they were precluded by the weather from stirring out, the temperature being below zero. Here he sat enveloped in a sheep-skin cloak, with his arms folded, reading from morning to evening, without a fire, and after dusk without a light, the ground forming his bed, and the walls his only protection against the rigors of the climate. The cold was so intense as to render it a severe task to take the hands out of their fleecy envelopes for the purpose of turning over papers or leaves. His labors and his necessities soon attrac-

ed the attention of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, who resolved to settle a monthly allowance upon this enterprising laborer in an untrodden field of Oriental philology, and provided him with books, which he much needed. Great difficulty, however, was found in overcoming his repugnance to receive pecuniary aid, his independent spirit and disinterestedness being as conspicuous as his enthusiasm and fortitude.

M. de Körös was fortunate in his choice of a companion. The lama was described by Mr. Gerard as a person of extensive acquirements, unassuming manners, and a simple gravity of demeanor, whose freedom from prejudice was evinced by his offer to submit to vaccination. Generally speaking, the lamas attached to the monastery at Kanum were ignorant and bigotted, and M. Csoma endured many restraints and encountered some inconveniences from this source. His researches were not restricted to mere philology, but embraced the religious institutions, the history, the philosophy, the cosmography, and the medicine, of Tibet and the surrounding countries. The Tibetans have many works on medicine, and Mr. Gerard says he was shown a catalogue of the names and characters of four hundred diseases, collected and arranged by M. de Körös. The lama informed him that, at Teshoo Loompoo, the anatomy of the human body was exhibited in sixty different positions, by wooden cuts. He also stated that the art of lithographic printing had long been known in that city. The medium of intercourse between M. Csoma and his preceptor was the vernacular dialect of the Zād, or Tartar tribes.

In December, 1830, he left the monastery and came to Simla, from whence he proceeded to Calcutta, with a large stock of materials, accumulated by his painful studies, and a dictionary and grammar of the Tibetan language, the fruit of several years' intense toil. These works, as well as his valuable MSS., he made over to the Asiatic Society, and the Governor-General of India (Lord William Bentinck) ordered that the dictionary and grammar should be printed, under the supervision of the author, at the expense of the Government: a printed copy of the dictionary was laid on the table of the Asiatic Society in January, 1834.

It is worthy of notice, that these works were in English, of which the author had, under the utmost disadvantages, become master. M. Jacquemont, who saw M. de Körös at Kanum in September, 1830, shortly before he left the monastery, says: "M. Csoma will carry to Calcutta the result of

his long labors, consisting of two voluminous and beautifully neat MSS., quite ready for the press; one is a grammar, the other a vocabulary, of the Tibetan language, both written in English. How he has performed his task no one can decide, since he is the only person proficient in the Tibetan language; but a conjecture, and a most favorable one, may be made: M. Csoma has never been in England, and has never had an opportunity of speaking English; yet he is thoroughly acquainted with the language."

In the Preface to the Dictionary, he declares that the work owes its existence to the liberal patronage of the Indian Government, to whom he offers it, "as a small tribute of his grateful acknowledgment for the support he met with in his Tibetan studies." He likewise expresses a strong sense of the kindness of various individuals, and describes himself as "a poor scholar, who was very desirous to see the different countries of Asia, as the scene of so many memorable transactions of former ages; to observe the manners of the several people, and to learn their languages;" and "such a man was he, who, during his peregrinations, depended for his subsistence upon the benevolence of others." He says that, though the study of the Tibetan language did not form part of his original plan, he engaged in the examination of its literature, "hoping it might serve him as a vehicle to his immediate purpose, namely, his researches respecting the origin and language of the Hungarians." He adds that his subsequent study of Sanscrit had been of more efficacy: "To his own nation, he feels a pride in announcing that the study of the Sanscrit will be more satisfactory than to any other people in Europe; the Hungarians will find a fund of information from its study respecting their origin, manners, customs, and language."

M. Csoma's investigation of the literature of Tibet proved that it is entirely of Indian origin; "the immense volumes on different branches of science, &c.," he remarks, "being exact or faithful translations from Sanscrit works, commencing in the seventh century after Christ; and many of these works have been translated, mostly from Tibetan, into the Mongol, Mandchou, and Chinese languages." This conclusion is confirmed by the testimony of Professor Wilson, in his remarks upon M. Csoma's analyses of the voluminous Tibetan collections denominated *Kah-gyur* and *Stan-gyur*, which bear an affinity to the Tantrika works in Sanscrit.

In 1832, the viceroy and nobles of Hungary, in order to mark their strong sense

of the patriotic and heroic conduct of their distinguished countryman, subscribed a large sum of money in furtherance of his objects, which was remitted to Calcutta. M. Csoma for a long time refused to accept this money, and consented at last only on the condition that it should be expended not upon him, but in the purchase of MSS. to enrich the library of one of the universities in his native country.

He continued to prosecute his studies in the Tibetan and Sanscrit languages, and the pages of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, when conducted by the late Mr. James Prinsep (with whom he was connected by the ties of friendship and of common pursuits), bear testimony to the valuable assistance he rendered to the objects of the Society, which readily availed itself of his services.

In the beginning of the present year, M. Csoma resolved to examine the literary treasures of Eastern Tibet, and, with that view he proceeded to Darjeeling, a British station recently established in the territory of the gulpo or rajah of Sikkim, a small slip of land in the Southern Himalaya country, adjoining Bengal, Bootan, Nepaul, and Tibet. He arrived at Darjeeling on the 27th March, and stated to Mr. Campbell, the British agent, his desire to proceed to Sikkim and thence to L'hassa, which, being the residence of the grand lama, he expected to find (in accordance with the assurance of the Kanum priests) the depository of the most valuable works of Tibetan literature. As the grand lama is, according to ancient custom, taken from the family of the rajah of Sikkim, Mr. Campbell thought that, by making the traveller's character and harmless objects known to the rajah, he might disarm suspicion and promote his views; he accordingly introduced him to the Sikkim vakeel. In the intercourse which this personage had with M. Csoma, he was astonished to find that a European possessed so profound an acquaintance with the language and literature of Tibet. The vakeel transmitted the traveller's application to the rajah, backed by the recommendation of Mr. Campbell, in the name of the Governor-General of India, and M. Csoma waited the result at Darjeeling, full of enthusiastic hopes, which rendered the last days of his life his happiest, since he often expatiated with delight on the prospect of reaching L'hassa.

On his journey to Darjeeling, he had contracted a country fever, which in consequence of neglect, began to assume a serious character. On the 6th of April, Mr. Campbell found him unwell, and pressed

him to take some medicine, which he refused, alleging that he had been attacked by fever before, and only took some rhubarb and tartar emetic, the former recommended by Mr. Moorcroft, and the latter by a Persian physician. Mr. Campbell urged him to have recourse to those medicines, if he would take no other, and he accordingly took from a box a piece of rhubarb (apparently damaged) and a bottle of tartar emetic, observing, "As you wish it, sir, I will take some to-morrow, if I am not better; it is too late to-day, the sun has set." Mr. Campbell sent him some broth, and next day found him better and lively in conversation. Still, the return of the fever was to be apprehended, without strong remedies, which M. Csoma, nevertheless, could not be prevailed upon to take. His frame, moreover, had become debilitated by twenty years' bodily and mental exhaustion, and was unable to resist a severe attack of illness. On the 9th Mr. Campbell visited him, accompanied by Dr. Griffith. The fever was then very strong, and M. Csoma was delirious. With great difficulty he was induced to receive some medicine. On the 10th he was somewhat better, but his speech was incoherent; the fever returned in the evening, with loss of the mental faculties, and at five in the morning of the 11th he expired without a struggle, and apparently without pain. He was buried the same evening, in the presence of all the English residents of Darjeeling, Mr. Campbell pronouncing an oration over his grave.

The effects which M. Csoma left behind consisted of four chests of books and papers; an old-fashioned blue suit, which he constantly wore, and in which he died; some shirts; a copper cooking apparatus; Rs. 5,000 in Government paper; Rs. 500 in cash, and some gold coins, which were found sewed up in his girdle. He had directed, when he left Calcutta, in February, that, in the event of his not returning from Tibet, the Rs. 5,000 should be paid to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, to be applied to literary purposes.

The wants of this extraordinary person were indeed few. His food consisted of tea, of which he was very fond, and rice boiled in water; of this, however, he ate but little. On a straw mat, beside which stood his chests, he sat, ate, studied, and slept. He never undressed, even at night, and seldom quitted the house during the day. He never tasted wine or spirituous liquors, nor did he use tobacco, or any Asiatic stimulant.

In his general demeanor, M. de Körös

exhibited a remarkable degree of modesty and diffidence, united, as we have seen, to heroic fortitude, inextinguishable zeal and perseverance, and a manly independence of character.

Some remarks upon the singular though noble traits of M. Csoma, in an account of his last moments, have been published by Baron Hugel, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "All those who knew M. Csoma personally, as I did," observes the Baron, "must have been astonished to find how insensible that distinguished man appeared to the difficulties and hardships he had encountered in his travels, and which he never alluded to. In one of the many conversations I had with him at Calcutta, I perceived that he did not value his own life any more than others have done whom ambition prompted to accomplish something extraordinary. He manifested feelings of mortification when he acknowledged he had discovered that the Tibetan language was but a subordinate branch of the Sanscrit, and when he seemed to reflect that he had led a wretched life, in a solitary convent, amidst the snows of the Himalaya, to learn a corrupt dialect of another tongue. With this exception, touching, as it were, the main spring of his life, he seemed indifferent to the applause of mankind, and his modesty, bordering on ascetic humility, did not warrant a belief that a consciousness of what he had performed afforded him any recompense for his toils and privations. There seemed to be some mysterious impulse in him, which gave him strength to bear up against all ills under the conviction that he might be instrumental in achieving something great, albeit at a distant period of time. It was as if there were some secret the solution of which would be a recompense for all his sufferings. Csoma's reserve was impenetrable; a confidential communication with him was utterly impracticable. Mr. Campbell must, therefore, have been surprised at the turn which he gave to one of their conversations, in which Csoma openly declared 'how sensible he was of the applause of the world; how deeply he felt the privations he had endured, and how great had been the efforts he had made in his Tibetan researches, from which so much light had resulted.' He gave details of his travels; the progress he had made in acquiring the difficult language of Tibet, and mentioned with visible satisfaction the praises he had received from the learned in India and Europe. His last conversation with Mr. Campbell related to the subject which had absorbed his attention during his whole life.

He asked him whether the term *Hung*, which occurs in a memoir of Mr. Campbell on the Limbu nation, had any relation to the Huns, observing that the coincidence of name was curious! Csoma then developed his theory of the original seat of the Huns being in Central Asia, and expressed his conviction that he should at length find the object of his long pursuit in the country east and north of L'hassa. It cannot be doubted that Csoma, during this conversation, had a presentiment of his approaching end, since no one who knew him had ever heard him thus explicitly develop his theory. He probably wished to bequeath the discovery which he hoped to make, to some one, in order that it might reach his father-land. It seemed as if his restless spirit would not find quiet if the object of his laborious and miserably-spent life were not to be known."

The latter years of M. de Kőrös were exempted from pecuniary embarrassments by a present which he received from the Emperor Ferdinand, in his character of King of Hungary, and by a grant made by both Chambers of the Hungarian Parliament, as a reward for his scientific researches.

In reviewing the history of this remarkable man, it is impossible not to lament the hallucination under the influence of which he expended his time and talents, and wasted the energies of his mind and character. Even the good he effected, in the revelation of an unknown literature, was an accident, and such was the perversity of his views, that the reflection of having accomplished a task which is his sole title to the applause of his fellow-men, embittered his last moments with regret and mortification.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Je ne garantie que mon intention, et non pas mon ignorance.
BAYLE, Preface.

THERE are not many occasions, in which force of character is more fully evinced, than when a man masters his resentment, and pardons an injury under which he is smarting, merely because it was on the offender's part, unintentional. Even in the management of our own affairs, we find it difficult thoroughly to forgive ourselves our own oversights, when they are productive of mischiefs that give a permanent color to after existence. In those cases, therefore, in which such mischiefs occur from the mistaken efforts of others, it is not the desire to please or to benefit us that will screen the

offenders from our displeasure: and they may think themselves lucky, if they are only browbeaten for their zeal, and escape retaliation with a modest request to be less interfering for the future. The law, it is true (that perfection of human wisdom), allows intention to be placed in abatement of overt acts, and makes even the abuse of evil intention a ground of acquittal, however dreadful the consequences to life or limb may have proved. Thus the man who fires at a partridge, and only kills his elder brother, is pardoned his bad shot, if he can manage to prove that his gun was mentally aimed at the bird, and not at the man. So, too, the facetious wight, who frightens a maid-servant into insanity, by playing on her superstitious fears, is let off for a simple "who'd have thought it?" But then the law is an unimpassioned *ens rationis*, a stranger to flesh and blood, and all their infirmities. It cares no more for the elder brother, or the maid-servant, than for the man in the moon. Not, however, that the law is quite consistent on the point: for an assault is an assault, in its eyes, notwithstanding the beator's best intention towards the beatee, in administering to him the wholesome correction of which he stood in manifest need, and teaching him "to behave himself" for the future. So, also, the most patriotic intention of the libeller to run down a dishonest or incapable minister, to unmask a traitor, or to put a stop to malversations infinite, will afford him no protection. In this case, the tendency is every thing, and the intention nothing; and a tendency to a breach of the peace is therein plainly more severely punished than an actual breach, in which intention may be pleaded; so that it is often safer to calumniate one's neighbor, than to speak truth of him. But what, reader, is the worst possible breach of the peace (though that peace be our sovereign lady the Queen's), compared with the actual loss of an eye, carelessly inflicted by a good Samaritan, in an awkward effort to remove a mote? What is it to a real peppering with small shot, dealt to you by a short-sighted Benevolus, who mistook you for a scarecrow? The law, therefore, may decide on the matter as it pleases, but it never will persuade the sufferer that a little more malice, and a great deal less injury, would not have better suited his account.

For our own part, therefore, if we do not believe that a certain place is paved (as some folks will tell you) with good intentions: it is not because we esteem the commodity too respectable for the service; but

because we think too highly of the surveyor of the highways, *lâ-bas*, as a person of intelligence, to suppose him capable of employing so slippery a material, where his object is to make the passenger thoroughly sure of his footing. Every one, too, who knows what cold comfort good intentions afford, must be perfectly aware of their unfitness for the pavement of so hot a locality.

In this nineteenth century of ours, it may seem almost superfluous to insist upon the point; but notwithstanding the imputed science of the age, it is astonishing how few people are aware of the fact, that these same dealers in good intentions are by far the greatest bores to which human life is exposed; that they do more to spoil our poor modicum of threescore years and ten (taking one life with another), than plague, pestilence, and famine put together. It is this *triste vérité*, nevertheless, that gives its pith to the well-worn proverbial prayer for a special protection from heaven against friends. He would be no bad philosopher who could satisfactorily explain why it is that good intentions so often fall short in their consequence, while the evil intentions of enemies never fail in reaching their aim. For, though it may happen once in a thousand times, that a blow with a dagger may open an imposthume, and so save the charge of surgeons—or that the burning of your house may lead to the discovery of a treasure, which will more than repay the expense of rebuilding it; yet one swallow will not make a summer. Besides, such incidental benefits are mere *ricochets*, and have, or should have no influence on the character of the main action. Accordingly, a man would be mad indeed, who would submit his body to the dirk, or his house to the lucifer-match box, on the strength of such a possible contingency.

Putting, however, these strange accidents on one side, as being quite beyond the sphere of calculation, there can be little mistake in expecting from the evil intentions of enemies the full complement of practical consequence. The *tu me lo pagharai* of Italian vengeance, is not a surer forerunner of a coming assassination, than the mischievous intention in more civilized life is to the mischievous effect. Never has it occurred to our young experience, to hear of a dunning epistle being turned aside by fate and metaphysical aid, into an invitation to dinner: nor can we charge our memory with a single case in which one, intending to run away with another man's wife, mistakingly married himself to her unportioned ugly sister.

We cannot, indeed, tell what moralists mean about the designs of the wicked not prospering, of their evil recoiling on themselves. It has certainly not been our luck to stumble upon enemies, who went to work in the careless manner implied in these propositions. It must be a very fresh trick, indeed, that would be followed by such untoward consequences; and the world is too wide awake, to commit itself and its purpose by such heedless mismanagement.

Without refining too far upon the difference between good and bad intentions, we are half-inclined to suspect that the weakness of the former is most commonly attributable to the *lâchesse* of the party offending; and to affirm that if folks took half the pains to oblige and serve their friends, that they do to harass and injure their enemies, they would be as successful in the former as in the latter case. A genuine hater will leave no stone unturned to wreak his vengeance; but rarely indeed can we detect this omnilapideversile propensity manifested in the friendly intender of benefit to others. There is indeed a perfunctory manner of conferring services, which is admirably adapted to ensure their failure, but which is rarely discernible in men's efforts to serve themselves. Now it is a received maxim of law, that no man is to benefit by his own *lâchesse*; and we cannot regard that person in any other light than as a dupe, who remains answered by a profession of the very best intention, and who by admitting an excuse so easily offered, carelessly opens a wide door to the repetition of the offence.

Nature, in her comprehensive scheme of human happiness, has coupled our pains and pleasures with facts, and not with intentions. To what purpose, then, would it be that a man should surround himself with friends, and (as the saying is) should put his eyes upon sticks to captivate their good will, unless there were some proportionate relationship between the will and the deed? What difference, indeed, does it make to the sufferer, whether the evil comes from friend or foe, from a good or an evil motive; unless it be that the former is the least supportable? Of all the conspirators that joined in the murder of Julius Cæsar, Brutus alone had good intentions. All,

save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only in a general honest thought,
And common good of all, made one of them.

Yet Cæsar's pathetic "*et tu Brute*" stands on eternal record, as the most natural and touching reproach, that one man ever cast

against another. Of all their daggers, Brutus's alone was drugged with a moral poison.

How very little intentions merit consideration, is further evinced in the single fact that these must ever remain a matter of conjecture, or be received on the faith of the man's own testimony; whereas, according to the Scotch saw, "deeds show:" and herein lies the weak point of most writers of history, who give a few lines only to the setting forth a great political event, and bestow whole chapters on the vain attempt to detect the secret springs that moved the actors, and brought the matter to pass. What is the result? their argument at most reaches to placing before their readers *un grand peut-être*; while for the most part, their most elaborate guesses go only to a flagrant missing of the mark.

After all the observation which has been thrown away by professed moralists on the motives of human action, the world is not much nearer the mark in its couplings of cause and effect, than the inventor of indictments, who referred all things not exactly according to Hoyle, from the levying war against our sovereign lady the Queen, down to taking the evening air on Blackheath, or to mistaking another man's house for your own, and his window for a door—to the instigation of the devil. What a vastly good opinion, by the by, must the law have entertained of human nature, when it could not discover a weak point in its whole moral complex, upon which to charge the most paltry felony, but was forced to throw the entire responsibility on His Darkness: thereby entailing on itself the miserable *non sequitur* of punishing the innocent in the place of the guilty. If the devil did the mischief, why in the devil's name, as the Germans say when they swear, not set loose the attorneys on him, instead of the prisoner at the bar? Surely it was not from any misgivings as to these gentlemen by act of parliament being a match for the real delinquent!

But to return to our matter: the man must be a poor adept in his business, who has not a sufficiently good intention constantly ready to put forward in defence of the most abominable actions. If a tosspot is brought before the police, laboring under an exhilaration of spirits and titubation of foot unmatched by the condition of David's sow, would he be such a fool as to accuse himself of a disgraceful love of wine-bibbing? No, he would lay the matter on a too impressionable friendliness of disposition, which betrayed him into forgetful-

ness, on the casual falling in with an old acquaintance; or perhaps he would plead a touch of the cholera, and lay the sin on the medical necessities of the case; nay, it will be well if he does not directly exonerate all intoxicating liquors of the deed, and impudently attempt to mystify the magistrate out of his five shillings, by attributing the whole to "that glass of cold water," which he was imprudent enough to indulge in before leaving the tavern.

So, when a gallant has inextricably engaged the affections of a fond foolish woman, and refuses to marry her, he never is honest enough to plead fickleness, a rich widow, or a love of mischief; but he has ready in his sleeve a letter from his untractable father to call him away, or an insuperable repugnance to bringing, by an indiscreet match, want and misfortune upon a confiding and too loving woman.

We have it on record against Lieutenant-general Othello, when he was had up before the beaks for putting a pillow on his wife's head, instead of putting his wife's head on the pillow, that he laid the whole mistake to his excessive affection for the lady, which he said was a little more nice than wise—(not wisely but too well.) Not a word of his unjustifiable dislike of Michael Cassio, not a syllable of his own self-conceit, not a hint at a hastiness of temper, particularly unbecoming in a military commander. George Barnwell, with an equal show of reason, might have attributed the undue familiarity with which he treated his uncle, not to a wanton desire to injure his respectable relative, but to the warmth of his affection for Miss Milwood, a lady whose susceptible feelings were all in favor of a good supper and a bottle of the best. If he had that day got a prize in the lottery, received a timely remittance from home, or stumbled on the old gentleman's strong-box, unencumbered by his presence, he would have been the last man in the world to have put him to such personal inconvenience. Might he not, therefore, have pleaded the concatenation of causes, an unlucky mal-arrangement of the eternal nature of things, which turned the kindest disposition and the best intentions in the world against him: in short, it was more his misfortune than his fault; and if a jury persisted in hanging him, he would be the most misunderstood man who ever died midway between heaven and earth.

In such cases, who is to decide, or how is the matter to be determined? Every man, after all, is the best, if not the sole judge of his own intentions, as alone know-

ing what really is passing within him; and if he is prone to deceit, are not we, on our parts, equally fallacious, in always thinking the worst? The most selfish rascal that ever burnt his neighbor's house to roast his own eggs, would have preferred cooking them at a smaller expense to the world at large, had a more appropriate fire been convenient. It is therefore an obvious prejudgment and an unamiable prejudice, to jump at once from the act to the motive, and then punish the act for the sake of the motive.

What, then, is the legitimate inference from these premises? Either that there is nothing in intention which renders it either good or evil, *per se*; or that if there be, it is the deed which gives it its qualification. Why indeed should any motive be called good, unless it be because it produces good acts—or why called evil, if it be not followed by any evil consequences? To appeal therefore from the deed to the action, is to run a-muck at the logic of the case, and to fly in the face of all definition. If any one doubts the truth of this inference, we only beg of him or her (for the ladies are strong upon the point of intentions) to call upon conscience, to declare upon its conscience, which would be preferable—to live surrounded by the greatest rogues on earth, whose wicked designs were by some untoward event rendered ever abortive, or be blessed with a circle of the kindest-hearted friends, whose blundering awkwardness rendered their most virtuous intentions a source of endless annoyance to all within the sphere of their unlucky activity. Do not, however, let us hurry things to a precipitate conclusion. Think, reader, before you pronounce a definitive sentence; and the better to enable you to do so, we will put before you a specimen or two of well-intentioned pests, who are the torment of all about them.

Let us begin with a great man, a minister of state, Lord Lightpromise, the kindest-hearted and the best-intentioned man in the world. You bring him a letter from his dearest friend, soliciting his protection for your son. He receives you in the most flattering manner, is warm in his eulogium on his correspondent, who he protests is the man he loves best on earth, thanks him for having procured the service of so worthy a subject for promotion, pledges himself to seize, as the French say, *avec empressement*, the first opportunity for advancing your boy, and so you take your leave. Well, sir, upon these hopes, you deprive your son of some bird in the hand of less brilliant

plumage, and put him on a course of training for office that unfits him for all other pursuit. You thus lose the best years of the boy's life in idle expectation, and at the end of ten years my lord goes out of office, having in the interim, to redeem his promise, just done—nothing. Now in this there was no peculiar ill-treatment. His lordship had acted in the same manner to pretty nearly all his friends; for, in the first place, he had not much to give; that is, as the common people say, to give “free gratis for nothing at all:” and in the next, he held in his hand a list of *undeniable* expectants, the least considered of whom must be provided for, before he could appoint his own younger brother even to the honorable and lucrative office of a tide-waiter. Why then did he promise? Because he can never bear to give a denial to any man. He is anxious to spare you the pain of a direct refusal, and he fully intended, *if* the case should occur, to bear you in mind the first time he happened to find himself a free agent.

Now we need not ask you, reader, whether you would not have preferred dealing with an inveterate hater, who would have bluntly told you that your wife's mother's first cousin voted against him for the county thirty years ago, and that he'd see you somethinged, before he'd make your brat a parish-beadle. Nay, would you not have thought yourself better off, had you known that the rogue expected a *quid pro quo*, and had positively refused you at once, because he knew of a better offer in another quarter? Then, again, *quoad* the friend who introduced you to this exceedingly well-intentioned lord, don't you think he had better have left you alone, when you were doing your best to provide for your boy by your own exertions? There was no such pressing occasion for his interference; but the mischief-maker had such a regard for you, and was so anxious to serve you, that he never stopped to weigh the value of a ministerial promise, or to ask himself if he had a *quid pro quo*, to repay the patronage he so foolishly drew upon.

But what need of looking about for illustration? You surely, within your own family circle, must be acquainted with some most excellent mother, who, with the best intentions in the world, has crammed her children into sickness, and physicked them, one after the other, into the grave! Do you know no one in your own neighborhood, who labors under a morbid respect for the maxim respecting the preference of learning over house and land, and who im-

agines that he is fulfilling the duties of a careful parent in setting his daughter's shoulders awry over a tapestry frame, or in "cramming" his son into a consumption, that he may enter college with *éclat*? Or what think you of that other gentleman who, duly impressed with the danger of sparing the rod and spoiling the child, has brought up a family with such severity, that one son ran away to sea, and was eaten by the cannibals, that a daughter married an adventurer, to escape from the parental roof, while his youngest boy remains little better than an idiot, without self-dependence or resolution enough to carry any honest purpose into execution? That the wretched parent was influenced by the most praiseworthy motives is proved by the depth of his affliction at these family miscarriages, which, however, he still attributes to his own soft-heartedness in spoiling a self-willed and incorrigible offspring. We are ourselves acquainted with a worthy and excellent family, who, if good intentions paved the road to heaven, would be entitled to the best place at the disposition of St. Peter, but whose deeds have scattered ruin and discontent on all sides of their neighborhood. The husband on coming to a splendid estate, and finding himself without any thing to do, married a wife to assist him in the discharge of his office. If they had only possessed the grace not to care for any body, and to have "followed their own vagary-oh," without troubling their heads with their neighbors, they might have run through their large property with credit and comfort to themselves, and have had a tombstone over their heads, on leaving this mortal coil, that would have made the reputation of a Chantry. But the malignant fairy who was not asked to their christening, cursed these good people with a desire to benefit all mankind; and so, before the honeymoon was quite over, to work they went with their confounded benevolence.

On taking possession, they found themselves surrounded by a thriving tenantry, in the midst of a prosperous and contented village, with a well-appointed set of respectable and orderly servants. My lady began her labors by a course of what she called charity. She went through the village twice a week, scolding the children for not minding their books, and the mothers for not doing every thing in the world; and then, being somewhat ashamed of her own unnecessary severity, she scattered indulgences on all sides, to stand well with her dependents. If she heard of a couple who wanted to be married, she interfered to

procure them an establishment; if a wife lay-in she provided her with stores of baby-linen from the big-house; but if the woman had twins, the family were positively pelted with gratifications. To the poor workman she gave tools, to the small tradesman materials. Coats and blankets were distributed at Christmas with a profuse and indiscriminate hand; and there was not a trampler who passed within ten miles of the manor-house, that did not go out of his way for the sixpences, shillings, and halfcrowns, which were freely doled out to every whining and canting impostor. Now what was the result of this "wondrous waste of unexampled goodness?" You need but go to the village, and it will stare you in the face. It is overloaded with mendicants, in the uttermost destitution; the cottagers, heretofore accustomed to depend on themselves, and to calculate their resources, have become careless and indolent. On every emergency they fall back on "the good lady," and lay by no savings against the rainy day. Notwithstanding all their lavish charity, the workhouse is crowded; for the husband, at his wife's intercession, built cottages, without reference to the condition of the applicants, and the place has twice the population it has the means to support. Of the workmen she had "assisted to bring forward" and to "set up in business," half have displaced the independent traders, who had no one to rely on but themselves, and were undersold by the cheap interlopers; the other half, leaning on the bounty of their protectors, became idle, dissipated, and drunken, and finally ran away, leaving the parish in for the maintenance of their wretched families. By this lady's ill-advised donations of wine and nourishing broths to the sick, and to lying-in women, she has poisoned no small numbers, whose families have been thrown on the parish; and she has expelled a very respectable village apothecary from the neighborhood, for his ill-nature in standing between her and his patients, by setting up a scamp in a dispensary of her own founding, who labors in vain in his hopeless capacity of a preventive check. But has she gained thanks for her pains? No. The peasantry dread her interference, and fly from her presence when not in immediate want of her aid; at the same time, being forced upon improvements which they do not themselves require, they make no efforts after comfort but as they are compelled. Where they formerly paid a penny a week cheerfully to the village schoolmistress, they are now difficultly driven into sending

their children to the gratuitous school; and they abuse their benefactress for forcing them from their field-work. So effectually, indeed, has she labored in her vocation, that the paupers she has created have quite outgrown her means of relief; and she is hourly abused by the poor, for the scanty shabbiness of her donations; and by the farmers, for raising the parish-rates.

The husband, on his part, set out as an improver of husbandry, and assisted his tenantry so effectually to make improvements which were generally failures, that they will no longer do any thing without an advance of cash; while he tied them down so closely in their leases to certain rotations of cropping, that they ceased to think on the subject, and lived and worked by the rule of thumb. By ill-judged relaxations of his just demands, he created a prevalent absence of punctuality in the payment of his rents; and then, struck with the mischief of lenity, he became senselessly severe, that he might improve the bad habits he had created. So, having filled the village with poachers, by winking at their offences, he was roused by a savage murder which one of the crew committed, and covered his premises with man-traps and spring-guns, in the service of morality. As a magistrate he is exemplary for punctuality of attendance; but his humanity lets loose the evil-doer, while his respect for authority supports the county officials placed under his control in oppressions and plunders infinite. On a very recent occasion, he half-ruined the people, by causing a strike of the manufacturers, through a well-meant lecture from the bench on wages and profits.

In their own family this couple are not more happy. By good-naturedly overlooking faults innumerable, they have not a sober servant left on their establishment; and they were compelled to transport their butler for participating in the robbery of their plate-chest, because they had not the heart to punish a series of petty dishonesties.

If from private life we turned our attention to what is done in Parliament, it would not be difficult to show that the worst miscarriages in legislation are owing to the good intentions of gentlemen who never thought on politics, economy, or any one public question, before they found their way into the house. How many hundred men, for instance, were hung for forgery, without the slightest effect on the statistics of crime, by the repeated votes of men who had no other intention than to secure the Bank, and preserve the credit of the paper currency! How many years were Catho-

lics persecuted and Jews incapacitated by members voting conscientiously in support of the reformed religion! How many men at this day would root up trade and beggar the nation, for the express purpose of preserving us from depending for food on our natural enemies!!

Our readers will, we flatter ourselves, by this time agree with us in thinking that Bayle's guaranteeing his intentions and not his ignorance, was no such promising surety; and that the world requires for its moral government much more than the purest motives. Fools, it must be clear to evidence, are ten times more mischievous than knaves, and a hundred times more numerous. The worst of it is, too, that your well-intentioned blockheads are about the most obstinate animals in creation, and that they will consummate more mischief than the great fire of London, before they can be persuaded that they are not as wise as King Solomon, and as dexterous as the king of all the conjurors. We beg, therefore, in conclusion, to assure our readers, that in writing this paper we have not the slightest good intention (or hope either) of making them wiser or better—nay, not so much as a desire for their amusement, further than in as far as that end is mixed up with a thoroughly selfish wish to turn this and other such lucubrations to the best pecuniary account. We therefore hope that they will not be materially the worse for favoring us with a perusal; and so we heartily bid them farewell.

μ.

NO!

No sun—no moon—
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications when the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em!—
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 "No go"—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flow'rs, no leaves, no birds, No-
 vember.

T. H.

MISCELLANY.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Oct. 17.—Papers were read "On the Diffraction of Sound," by M. Cauchy; "On the Manufacture of Sugar," by M. Peligot.—Oct. 24.—"On the Means of Improving the Resources of the French Peasantry," by M. de Romanet. The means suggested are a sort of joint stock cheese manufactory, after the Swiss fashion. In Switzerland, it was said, until of late, the making of Gruyère cheese was limited to a few wealthy persons; for as it was necessary, for the quality of the article, that the cheese should be very large, and that the milk should be coagulated on the day of its being taken from the cow, it was only by keeping a very large number of cows that the manufacture of Gruyère cheese could be carried on. The owner of one, two, or three cows, was, therefore, unable to profit by the demand for this particular kind of cheese in foreign countries. At length, however, an ingenious mode of enabling the poor peasantry to compete with the more wealthy was hit upon. It was proposed to establish a cheese-dairy, to keep an account of the quantity of milk delivered by each person, and to apportion the profits arising from the sale of the cheese, to the different contributors, according to the amount of their contributions. The idea was carried into execution, and has become general in Switzerland; and M. de Romanet proposes that the plan should be tried in France.—M. Dumas read a paper on the food of herbivorous animals. M. Dumas states that he has ascertained that the quantity of fat in animals in a healthy state, does not depend on some peculiar process in the digestion, but upon the quantity of fatty matter contained in the food that is eaten; and he gives an account of several practical experiments. He begins by stating, that on an analysis of hay and maize, or indian corn, he found the former yield two per cent of fatty matter, and the latter nine per cent. Herbivorous animals, says M. Dumas, always make less fat than the amount of the fat contained in their food, but the milch cow furnishes a larger quantity than any other animal, and the quantity of butter that she supplies, would, if weighed, be found equivalent to that contained in her food.—*Athenæum*.

STATE OF THE CROPS.—In the *Journal de Saint-Etienne*, we find an account of a branch of industry, and a class of commercial travellers, which has been but slightly noticed by the travellers in Normandy and Brittany, the principal scene of their operations:—"A correspondent from Roanne informs us, that the commercial travellers in hair have just made a descent upon several villages of the *arrondissement*, where they have commenced getting in their harvest, of the fair and the brown, upon the usual terms of transactions in their line—viz., that the gentlemen-travellers-in-hair give to the women and girls who consent to pass under their scissors, neck or pocket-handkerchiefs and other articles of the kind, in exchange for their tresses. The writer does not say if the year's crop has been a good one. Certain, however, it is that this species of trade long confined to parts of Normandy, Brittany, and Auvergne, is extending itself to the South. Statistics, that science which catalogues and counts all things, even the hairs of the head, have calculated that the annual crop of this article furnishes, on the average, a mass weighing two hundred thousand pounds. The hair is bought on the head, at the rate of about five francs per pound. It is then sent to Paris; where it is sold, at ten francs to the dressers,—and, by them, sold again, according to the more or less of skill em-

ployed in its preparation, at from thirty to forty francs. A wig, whose price is twenty-five francs, consumes but three ounces of hair, and of this the original price is one franc."—*Ibid*.

METEORIC PHENOMENA.—From the interest which still attaches to the observation of the Meteoric Phenomena of November, I am led to point out to you an accidental notice of them, which occurs in Cowper's Correspondence. In a letter to Lady Hesketh, dated November 10, 1787, Cowper says,—“At three this morning I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it.” Hayley's 'Life of Cowper,' Vol. i. p. 253. An observation of more interest, from the extent of country over which the phenomena were seen, is related by Mr. Masson in the 2nd volume of his 'Travels in Afghanistan':—"One morning, a little before the break of day, the heavens displayed a beautiful appearance, from the descent of numberless of those meteors called falling stars; some of the globes were of large size, and of amazing brilliancy. They pervaded the whole extent of the visible firmament, and continued to be discernible long after the light of day dawned. The phenomena, I afterwards found, were in like manner observed in Kabal, and, I have since learned, on the banks of the Jalem, in the Panjah." p. 419. Unfortunately, Mr. Masson mentions neither the day, the month, nor the year, but it appears to have been about the commencement of winter when they occurred. If Mr. Masson's attention could be called to the importance of recording the precise date when these phenomena occurred, a valuable fact in Meteorology would be established.—*Athenæum*.

MR. CLEMENT'S SILLOMETER.—The experiments on board the *Lightning* steam-vessel have been so satisfactory, that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have directed that £200 be paid to M. Clement, and the machinery deposited in Woolwich dockyard. The following details are from the official report.

“Thursday, Oct. 13, 1842.

“About one mile and a quarter below Gravesend commenced a trial between Massey's patent log and M. Clement's sillometer. After a run of two hours and a half (being off Sheerness)—

	Miles.
“Distance given by Massey's log	15 1-10th
“Distance given by sillometer	15
“Distance from the Nore Light to Deal by sillometer	42
“Distance by tables	41½

The sillometer has a dial upon deck, which constantly shows the number of miles per hour that the vessel is going; consequently it is easy to discover, under all circumstances, what is the best trim of the vessel, and the most advantageous quantity and distribution of the sails for obtaining the greatest speed. As the sillometer shows immediately the effect which every alteration in the sails or trim of the ship has on its velocity, it follows, also, that ships fitted with the sillometer can constantly maintain the speed they may have agreed upon, and so keep company together, and maintain the same relative position, though, from the darkness of the night, or thickness of the weather, they cannot see each other. To ascertain the distance run after any number of hours, it is simply to take the number of minutes one of the watches of the sillometer has gained over the other, and to multiply that number by 6, which gives the distance run in miles.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—The prize of £200, which was proposed in 1840 by some un-

naval hygiene matters since his time, it is unfortunate that his system of cutting out the bones before meat-salting has not been followed up: as the known benefactor, through the Bishop of Calcutta, for the best essay in refutation of Hinduism, has been awarded by the judges to the Rev. J. B. Morris, M. A., fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE POPULATION OF PARIS, according to the census of 1841, amounts to 912,330; and if the troops of the garrison and strangers are added, to 1,035,000.—*Ibid*.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. MR. MATHEW.—Preliminary steps have already been taken for the purpose of commemorating the great moral revolution effected by the labors of the Rev. Mr. Mathew. The object of the originator of this National Testimonial has a twofold tendency—first, to perpetuate the temperance movement which has taken place, and it is proposed to do this by collecting the national voice in its favor—for while individuals have always been ready to acknowledge the vast benefits conferred on society by the progress of temperance, still Ireland as a nation has not testified to the incalculable good produced by the change. And, secondly, it is considered that, by effecting the first object in a suitable manner, a great national compliment will be paid to Mr. Mathew in a way the most gratifying to his feelings—that is, by a testimonial that will extend and render permanent the great movement he originated. The testimonial is of such a nature that every man in the country, totally irrespective of politics or creed, can cordially and consistently contribute towards it.—*Dublin Monitor*.

MARINE THERMOMETER.—From the trials on board the *Lightning* it appears that the marine thermometer, in its variations, followed the inequalities of the bottom of the sea, so far as these inequalities could be ascertained from the heaving of the lead, or from the information of the pilot; that is, on the approach to shoal-water the thermometer fell, and on the approach to deep water it rose, and distinguished the difference very distinctly and rapidly, according to the transition from shallow to deep water, and *vice versa*. It may therefore be inferred, that the marine thermometer would indicate the approach to rocks and icebergs from the influence these bodies are known to have on the temperature of the sea for a considerable distance. The dial of the marine thermometer is also on deck, and shows, by inspection merely, the exact depth of the water in which the vessel may be sailing at the time.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.—Carried, probably, from the Abbey of Clairvaux, it is stated that there has been found in the library of Troyes an amazingly fine square manuscript of the Ven. Bede's Commentary on St. Augustine and the Epistles of St. Paul, and said to be in many parts far superior to the extant printed copies. It is of the eighth, or early in the ninth century. In the same library of Troyes (adds the *Oxford Herald*, quoting the *Journal des Savans*), are many MSS. formerly belonging to Port-Royal, and among them more than 300 volumes entirely composed of the writings and autograph correspondence of the illustrious solitaries of that celebrated retreat. They are almost wholly in the French language, and contained in thirty portfolios, exclusively filled with the letters of Arnould, Ancelot, de Sacy, the Abbé de Rancé, St.

Cyran, la Mère Angélique, Etemane and Hamon, and of individuals who were in correspondence with these distinguished characters. One MS. in particular is entitled to attention, consisting of a life of Pascal by Mademoiselle Perier, his niece; letters from Pascal to Mademoiselle de Roanez; the correspondence of several members of Pascal's family with Mère Agnes, Arnould, and Nicole; letters from the Duchesse de Longueville, the Procureur-Général de Harlay, and other celebrated personages of that period. This MS. also contains some *pensées* of Pascal, which are perhaps inedited, and disclose some interesting particulars in his life. It does not appear to have been consulted by any of the French writers who have composed biographies of Pascal, although Reuchlin, in his recent German life, seems to have been acquainted with some portions of it.—*Ibid*.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The late accounts from Egypt state that it is the purpose of Mehemet Ali, next season, to send small steamers to the White River, in order to ascend and explore the source of the Nile.—*Ibid*.

MR. HOLMAN, the celebrated blind traveller, was on the 8th ult. presented at Alexandria to the Pasha of Egypt, who was much entertained by an anecdote, that our extraordinary countryman had been mistaken for a Russian spy,—of course pretending to be blind!—*Ibid*.

PRESERVATION OF MEAT AND WATER FOR SEA-VOYAGES.—The substitution of iron tanks for casks in ships has enabled double the quantity of water to be stowed in a given space; and a similar stowage-saving might be effected with salted provisions, by following Captain Cook's plan of removing the bones from the meat previously to salting; by which there would be also an annual saving of at least 6,000 tons of bones for manure, that are now thrown waste into the sea, from the ships of our war and mercantile marine.

Salt in excess is a scurvy producer; whilst it hardens the lean, and tends to expel its nutritious juices, as well as the oleaginous particles of the fat during the heat of boiling. Olives, on this account, are salted previously to hot pressure, in order to force out the oil from the pulp. Sugar, on the contrary, is a scurvy preventive; whilst aiding the retention of the nutritious juices of the lean, and the oleaginous particles of the fat, and thereby counteracting the hardening and shrinking of the meat, by the escape of these from it during the heat of boiling. When I was serving on the Brazil station, the dry fatless beef there was constantly found to be inedible in the mess, after being a fortnight in corn, on account of its excessive saltiness, hardness, and dryness; but after sugar was combined with the salt, no fault was found with it at table as long as it lasted. Hence the benefits that would result to the health of our seamen, soldiers, and emigrants, from having a sufficiency of sugar in the cured meats to neutralize the salt's action, so as to make these meats no saltier than was agreeable to the palate, thereby assimilating them to the meats that are fresh. Captain Cook, by introducing into ships the English housewifery practices of cleanliness and ventilation for health-preservation, established a new era in naval hygiene; but had he adopted also the English housewifery practice of combining sugar with salt in the meat-curing, he would have had less occasion for the various scurvy-antidotes he was obliged to employ; and although there has been a great advance in many

meat nearest the bone is not only the first to spoil when the salt does not sufficiently take, but eventually becomes the saltiest when it does so. Were, indeed, the bone removed, and the mixture of sugar with the salt universally adopted in meat-curing, ship's beef would cease to be known among sailors, when long in brine by the sobriquets of old horse, old junk, mahogany, &c.; or a ship-carpenter be puzzled to tell what species of wood it was on a salt-hardened piece of lean cut square and polished being presented for his inspection.

Water in ships' casks soon becomes so nauseous to taste and smell as to be a frequent source of disease, owing to the evolution of inflammable noxious gases by the chemical action of the water upon the wood. A table-spoon-full of fresh lime well mingled with a butt of water, by a stick agitation through the bung hole, not only prevents this, but destroys the contained animalcules, and precipitates the dissolved vegetable matter; thus keeping the water pure, sweet and wholesome, during the longest voyages; a desideratum so conducive to health and comfort, that the lime-mingling ought to be enforced in every emigrant-ship by the Government-agents.

P. CUNNINGHAM, R. N.

—*Colonial Gazette*.

PENSION TO WORDSWORTH.—"There have been statements and counter-statements in the newspapers in respect to the grant of a Civil List pension to Wordsworth, the poet. We understand the fact to be, that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of £300 per annum on the Civil List to Mr. Wordsworth.

"Her Majesty has also, we are informed, granted a pension of £100 per annum to each of the Miss Kennedys, the sisters of the late Sir Robert Kennedy; to whose distinguished services during the war, as Commissary-General of the Forces, such honorable testimony was borne by the Duke of Wellington in his place in the House of Lords during the last session of Parliament.

"Every friend to science will rejoice to hear that the name of Mr. Owen, the Hunterian Professor of the College of Surgeons, has been added to the list of eminent men (Airey, Faraday, and others of equal distinction) whose claims upon public gratitude have been acknowledged by the Sovereign.—*Colonial Gazette*.

THE THREE SOVEREIGNS.—The following anecdote has often been told by the Emperor Alexander, and is amongst the traditions of the Russian court:—In 1814, during the period that the allies were masters of Paris, the Czar, who resided in the Hotel of M. de Talleyrand, was in the daily habit of taking a walk (in strict *incognito*) every morning in the gardens of the Tuileries, and thence to the Palais Royale. He one day met two other sovereigns, and the three were returning arm-in-arm to breakfast in the Rue St. Florentin, when, on their way thither, they encountered a provincial, evidently freshly imported to Paris, and who had lost his way. "Gentlemen," said he, "can you tell me which is the Tuileries?" "Yes," replied Alexander, "follow us, we are going that way, and will show you." Thanks on the part of the countryman led them soon into conversation. A few minutes sufficed to arrive at the palace; and, as here their routes lay in opposite directions, they bade each other reciprocally adieu. "Parbleu!" cried all at once the provincial, "I should be glad to know the names of persons so amiable and complaisant as you are?" "My name?" said the first—"Oh, certainly; you have, perhaps, heard of me; I am the Emperor Alexander!" "A capital joke," exclaimed the Gascon; "an Emperor!"—and you," addressing the second individual, "who may you be?" "I," re-

plied he; "why, probably I am not wholly unknown to you, at least by name—I am the King of Prussia!" "Better and better," said the man; "and you, what are you, then,?" looking at the third person. "I am the Emperor of Austria!" "Perfect, perfect," exclaimed the provincial, laughing with all his might. "But you, monsieur," said the Emperor Alexander, "surely you will also let us know whom we have the honor to speak to?" "To be sure," replied the man, quitting them with an important strut, "I am the Great Mogul."—*Bell's Life in London*.

MACHINE FOR MAKING BRICKS AND TILES.—A very ingenious machine, constructed by Mr. Ainslie, is now on view at the pin-manufactory in the Borough-road. A very short description of the objects and operation of this invention will show its value to manufacturers of tiles or bricks, and more especially to those persons who are engaged in draining lands. The clay is thrown in on the top of two circular cylinders, which are placed perpendicularly at a distance of about a quarter of an inch from each other; and the clay is thus ground between them and falls into a receiver below, crushing to atoms all stones or other impurities, so that even bad material can be used. The clay is then propelled forward against the iron plate on which are cut the apertures through which the tiles, bricks, etc., to be manufactured are forced. The material moves forward on a sheet of felt, and a wire cuts each tile or brick as it moves forward into equal lengths. The clay comes through the iron plate in three supplies at once, and it is calculated that on an average thirty tiles of the most perfect form are made in one minute under ordinary circumstances, but much more may be done; bricks, about the same; flat tiles double the number. The great advantages in this process are that the articles made come from the machine in perfect form and ready for drying for the kiln; and, being thus perfected by machinery, the backs of the curved drainage tiles are stronger than those made by any other process. Here the substance must be of one thickness, and the shape uniform and smooth in all respects. The cost of making 3,000 drain tiles a day, by hand, is calculated at £1 0s. 6d., or of 1,000 at 6s. 10d. The cost of manufacturing 10,000 of the same article in a day by this machine is 14s. 6d.—*Britannia*.

A PARALLEL TO "THE GRAPES ARE SOUR."—A black slave in one of the southern states of the American Union, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. "Oh, how berry fat! De fattest I ebber did see! Let us see how me cook him. Me roast him? No; he be so fat me lose all de grease. Me fry him? Ah, he be so berry fat he fry himself. Golly, how fat he be! Den me stew him." The thought of the savory stew made the nigger forget himself, and, in spreading out the feast to his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, eyed his last owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end of the matter, so, summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit—"You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed rat, you not so berry fat after all!"—*Ibid*.

SUPERSTITIONS OF CORNWALL.—The ceremony of dipping children afflicted with various diseases in a well in the parish of Cubert, and afterwards passing them through a hole in the cliff near the spot, actually takes place every Holy Thursday, at which

time the waters of the well are supposed to possess more miraculous powers than at any other period. These rites are performed in the morning: in the afternoon a fair is held, at which all the old Cornish exercises of wrestling, quoiting, and single stick, are kept up with much spirit.—*Ibid.*

POPULATION OF ANCIENT ROME.—Dr. Loudon of Paris, in his late work on population, of which we propose giving a more extended notice, asserts that ancient Rome, in her greatest splendor, contained 8,000,000 souls. M. de la Maille, and the modern French academicians generally, will scarcely admit that there ever were more than from 400,000 to 500,000, inhabitants within the walls of the Eternal City. O her antiquaries are equally contradictory. Gibbon and Hume supposed the numbers to have been 1,000,000. Mr. Jacob, in his history of the precious metals, has calculated them at 1,200,000; so did Brottier, the celebrated commentator on Tacitus. The late Professor Nibby, in his *Roma Antiqua*, conjectured that the citizens, strangers, and slaves, with their children, must have reached 2,000,000. Chateaubriand reckons 3,000,000. Justus Linaius and Mengotti computed them at 4,000,000. Isaac Vossius allowed the possibility of 8,000,000, perhaps, said he, 14,000,000. There are still more extravagant calculations on this obscure point of archaeology. Rolefinchus and several other writers have actually declared their belief that in the time of the early emperors there were conglomerated on the seven hills, and on the banks of the Tiber, around the seven hills, upwards of 27,000,000 of human beings. Amidst this discrepancy of opinions, it is probable that the notion of 8,000,000 of souls in ancient Rome, as maintained by Dr. Loudon, is that which is the most correct, being founded on 15 different statistical facts drawn from the ancient authors, each leading to the same conclusion. In the year 1377, when Gregory XI. was pontiff, the city of Rome contained no more than 17,000 people! At present the entire numbers do not exceed 160,000. How mutable are human events! Albion, the Botany Bay of Rome, is now the mistress of the world. The Palatine-hill is partly occupied by an English College, and a large portion of it is owned by an Englishman, Mr. C. Mills.—*Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

MR. SERGEANT SPANKIE.—This eminent lawyer, who has for some days past been suffering greatly, expired on Wednesday morning, between six and seven o'clock, at his town residence in Russell-square, Bloomsbury. Mr. Spankie was long known as one of the leading barristers in the Court of Common Pleas. He commenced his career on the *Morning Chronicle* (then the property of Mr. Perry) nearly half a century since, and was considered one of the best parliamentary reporters of his day. He was for some years the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. He resigned that situation on being called to the bar in 1808. Having strong interest at the India house (through his marriage), he was appointed Attorney-General of Bengal, and repaired to India, where he practised with the greatest success, and was rapidly making a fortune, when he was seized with an affection of the liver, and compelled to return to England. Having recovered his health at home he was appointed standing-counsel to the East India Company, a situation of a very lucrative nature. He was a powerful and clever speaker, but, though his elocution was clear and

distinct, his Scotch accent was disagreeably harsh. As a lawyer he was not considered of the first order. On the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Spankie contested the representation of Finsbury, on which occasion he was returned with the Right. Hon. R. Grant. Mr. Spankie wrote one of the very best pamphlets in favor of Parliamentary Reform, and entered the House of Commons as a Reformer, but occasionally voted with the opposition. On the dissolution in 1835, he declared himself favorable to a Conservative Government, and was ejected by the present member, T. S. Duncombe, Esq. The deceased married a daughter of Mr. Manning, a London merchant, by whom he has left a large family. Mr. Spankie possessed strong natural abilities, and in any situation of life must have distinguished himself. When a parliamentary reporter, he possessed the greatest influence with his associates, and displayed a strong leaning towards Conservatism.—*Globe.*

DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.—The Boston papers last received bring the melancholy news, of the death of Dr. Channing. He expired at Bennington, Vermont, on the evening of Sunday, the 2d of October. His disease was, it is stated, typhus fever. He was in the 62d year of his age. He had long been in a feeble state of health, which had compelled him to relinquish active pastoral duties. The following sketch of his life and character appears in the *New York Evening Post*:

Dr. Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island. His grandfather was William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father was an eminent merchant of Newport, of the firm of Gibbs and Channing. His grandfather retained the powers of his mind to extreme old age, being accustomed to read one or more chapters every morning in his Greek Testament—a practice which he continued until he was upwards of ninety years of age. He once remarked that, if old men would exercise their minds more, they would retain their intellectual faculties as long as they did their physical powers. Dr. Channing inherited the vigorous intellect of this revered relative.

Of the doctor's father we are not particularly informed, but Dr. Channing himself, though for many years an invalid, was, in early life, quite vigorous. Though small in stature, and possessing a light frame, he had muscular strength, and in college was considered an athletic young man. He was also one of the leading spirits in his class. During a part of his collegiate course his friends expected that he would, on taking his degree, pursue the study of medicine; but his attention was turned to the ministry by the Hollis professor of divinity in Harvard College, where Dr. Channing graduated. At commencement, when he took the degree of A. B., he had a distinguished part, and was then looked upon by competent judges as one of the most promising young men of the day. Soon after he went to Virginia, where he resided some time, we believe, as a teacher. Here he was supposed, by exposure or neglect of his health, to have undermined his constitution. He never fully recovered the robust state of health which he had previously enjoyed.

In 1803 Mr. Channing was ordained over the congregation in Federal-street, Boston. "The lines between the Orthodox and Unitarian denominations were not, at that day, so distinctly drawn as they are at the present time. In fact, the term Unitarian was not in general use. Mr. Channing was considered a serious-minded young preacher of irreproachable morals, with a cultivated mind, refined taste, unique eloquence, and leaning to evangelical views in theology. The Rev. Dr. Mason, of this city, and other staunch divines of orthodox sentiments, in different parts of the country, used to preach in Mr. Chan-

ning's pulpit. Circumstances occasioned a more marked division of the theological men, not many years after, and Mr. Channing's preaching and theological writings assumed a more decided character. His celebrated sermon at Baltimore at the ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks (the historian) made this division more complete. Mr. Channing's congregation increased—his people erected a more spacious edifice on the site of the old church—and a colleague, the Rev. Mr. Gannett, was associated with him in the charge of the congregation.

Dr. Channing's published sermons during the war of 1812 brought him into general notice throughout the country. Subsequently his review of the writings of Milton, the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and other able performances, established his reputation among the eminent scholars and belles lettres writers of the country and the world. The taunt of the *Edinburgh Review*, at an early period, that Dr. Channing "touched lofty keys, but with no very great force," was not echoed by the numerous readers and admirers of his writings. Dr. Channing's publications on the subject of American slavery have attracted no little attention throughout this country and Europe. He belonged to no anti-slavery society—he even doubted the wisdom of these associations—but he was an uncompromising enemy to slavery, and thought, spoke, and wrote accordingly. One of the latest, if not the last, public performances of Dr. Channing was on the 1st of August, the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies, when he delivered a discourse in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. A report of it was published, and attracted the admiration even of those who do not espouse the cause in behalf of which Dr. Channing directed so much labor and sympathy.

Dr. Channing was a man of great independence of mind. He was never swayed by popular applause to do an act which his principles condemned. He paid no respect to men on account of their wealth or office. He honored moral worth wherever he found it. His sermons on the paternal character of God, on the loveliness of the example of Jesus Christ, on the evidences of Christianity, and on political and moral integrity, are admirable. He spoke out, in intelligible terms, on conjugal infidelity and licentiousness. In the pulpit his gravity and solemnity exceeded that of most preachers, and many who boast of more correct theological principles might have taken useful lessons from him, not only in the pulpit, but in all his social circles. In all circumstances his feelings were under great self-command. On one occasion, at a dinner party, where a distinguished orthodox clergyman overstepped the boundaries of propriety, Dr. Channing remarked to a person near him, "A strange man that." On another occasion, when the audience were greatly affected by the eloquence of a distinguished preacher, a professional brother, whose feelings were easily excited, expressed astonishment that Dr. Channing appeared to be so little moved. "My tears," said Dr. Channing, "are not so near my eyes as yours are."

Dr. Channing had great contempt for ephemeral popularity, for office-hunting, for the airs often assumed by upstart aristocrats, for the tricks and compliances of politicians. What was worthy of esteem and veneration in men, whether they were rich or poor, white or colored, he revered, and could look down upon arrogance, folly, and the unprincipled, with pity and virtuous indignation. His elocution, as has been intimated, was peculiar; his eloquence unlike that of any other man. His preachings and his writings were corroborated by a life of high moral character.

Dr. Channing was the poor man's friend and advocate. He prized the principles of our government, but was chiefly anxious that the people should be righteous rather than prosperous. He loved the

cause of peace, and by his tongue and pen did all he could to avert the calamities of war. In fine, however much men might dislike his theological opinions, no one who knew him could fail to prize his purity of character, his inflexible integrity, his lofty purposes, his literary taste, his eloquence, and his able discussions. His death is a great loss, not only to his family but to the city where he resided, to the country which gave him birth, to the cause of letters and freedom throughout the world.

WILLIAM HONE.—The author of the "Every Day Book," the "Year Book," the "Table Book," all excellent works, genial in character, and as extensively read as any in our modern literature, died on Sunday last, at Grove Place, Tottenham.

Mr. Hone was born at Bath, on the 3rd of June, 1780, but his parents removed soon after to London, and his father was employed for many years as a writing clerk in an attorney's office, into which his son was introduced at a very early age; his whole previous education having been limited to such instruction as he could pick up at a dame school. Though a mere boy at the time, Mr. Hone, we have heard, took an active interest in the proceedings of the London Corresponding Society, and in consequence his father sought for, and obtained a situation for him in the country. Mr. Hone married early, and opened a little circulating library, where he sold prints and stationery; his wife attending to the business, while he himself followed the more active duties of his life. Though he had enough, and more than enough, to do to provide for the wants of an increasing family, Mr. Hone, always zealous in what he considered the public good, was instrumental in bringing under the consideration of government the subject of Savings Banks, which have since been so extensively and beneficially introduced all over Europe. In 1807 he commenced bookseller in the Strand, and took a prominent part in what he called the "O. P. Row." He wrote many of the squibs, the only pleasant recollections we have of that very silly affair. Soon after he became bankrupt, and from that hour to the day of his death, his life was one of unsuccessful struggle. But Mr. Hone was not a man to be beaten down by private misfortune, and at this very time he took part in getting up the grand procession which was to accompany Sir Francis Burdett on his liberation from the Tower. Enthusiastic and sincere himself, he was proportionately disappointed and morified when the Baronet, after sanctioning, or at least permitting, those public manifestations of rejoicing, slunk away by water, and left his friends to return with their flags and banners and decorated carriage, but without the golden calf. An anecdote relating to this processional affair, will show the temper of many parties at the time. Lady Augusta Murray, with her sister, son and daughter, like thousands of humble people, all anxiety to see the show, and testify their sympathy, were at Mr. Hone's house. They had the drawing-room to themselves, and their presence might not be generally known; "for you know," she said, "I must be careful lest I pay for my patriotism with my pension." From this period Mr. Hone devoted his leisure to literature, and wrote for many of the magazines and newspapers. In public life he took an active part in the inquiries, then forced on the public by the exertions of individuals, into the abuses in lunatic asylums. It was about 1815 that he became generally known as a publisher of political sketches and satires; these were illustrated by George Cruikshank, then in the freshness of youth, and they first brought the artist into fame. In 1818 Mr. Hone was prosecuted for a profane libel, as it was called, though, in truth, a mere satire on the ministers and government of the day. He was, after the

fashion of the lawyers, charged with three several publications, or three several offences. At the first trial, Mr. Justice Abbott presided; and an anecdote was current at the time, that the Judge on his way home called on Lord Ellenborough to announce Hone's acquittal. "How did you charge?" inquired Lord Ellenborough; "Constitutionally," said Abbott. Lord Ellenborough paused for a moment, and then added, "I will go to him myself to-morrow." He did so. But Mr. Hone, who conducted his own defence with extraordinary energy, and ability, again triumphed. The putting him a third time on his trial, was a proof how temper could master reason; he was a third time acquitted; and the public now so generally sympathized with him, that the sum of three thousand pounds was, we believe, raised for him by subscription. After this, Mr. Hone tried many ways of obtaining a livelihood for his large family, but was not successful; and when illness was added to his misfortunes, he suffered, we fear, many privations. Even the property which resulted from the extensive sale of his 'Every Day Book' and 'Year Book,' served only to provide for the necessities of the hour; and the 'Year Book' was completed, if we mistake not, at so much a sheet.

GRACE DARLING.—In an account of the death of Grace Darling, in the *Durham Advertiser*, it is stated that she had been removed from Longstone Lighthouse, on the recommendation of her medical attendant to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr. Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler, for change of air. Her wish was complied with, but, alas! she found no relief, and, at the request of her father, she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland having heard of the arrival of the heroine of Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with every thing requisite, and sent her Grace's own medical attendant to give her the benefit of his advice; all, however, was of no avail, and it was deemed advisable to remove her once more to Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her dissolution. For some time previous to her death she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching, but this gave her no uneasiness. She had been nurtured in the fear and love of God and dependence on the merits of her Redeemer, and her hope of mercy increased as her bodily strength diminished. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout. Shortly before her death she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and, with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death, and finally resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, without a murmur. The celebrity which this amiable female had acquired effected no change in her conduct or demeanor. She was from her earliest years of a meek, kind, and gentle disposition, and so she continued to the last moment of her existence. Having been once asked how she could think of continuing to reside upon a barren rock after having become so celebrated, and why she did not come on shore and enjoy the gayeties of life, she replied, "Had you seen the awful wreck of the *Forfarshire*, the melancholy sight would have been more than sufficient to have driven the pleasures of this world out of your mind for life." The funeral took place at Bamborough on Monday last, and was very numerously attended.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—The death of Allan Cunningham cannot be recorded here without feelings of deeper interest than are usually consequent on such announcements. Whether we regard him as yet another literary man called away from a remarkable circle, already seriously narrowed by Time—as a type of the poetical spirit developing itself under circumstances which increasing cultivation will make more and more rare—or as one who, some years since, lent an efficient hand in aid of our own labors,—his death awakens in us thoughts and reflections which cannot be fully developed at the moment. It comes touchingly home to us.

Allan Cunningham, the fourth son of his parents, was born at Blackwood, in Dumfriesshire, late in the last century. Though his family was in humble circumstances, it can hardly be said to have belonged to the peasant class, in the common acceptation of the word: for a biographical memoir, published some years since, tells us that one of the poet's ancestors, by taking the side of Montrose, lost for the family their patrimony in Ayrshire. Such a tradition, however, is, in some sort, an inheritance, to one endowed with Allan Cunningham's poetical spirit. Then, again, his father was the possessor of a few good books, and the treasurer of those antique legends, which abound on the banks of the Solway; "a man," to quote the poet's own words, "fond of collecting all that was characteristic of his country, and possessing a warm heart, lively fancy, benevolent humor, and pleasant happy wit." In his schoolmasters Allan was less lucky. The two men under whose care he was successively placed, were sturdy and precise Cameronians. He was taken from school when eleven years old, and apprenticed to a mason. Little calculated as such a position might seem, to allow much leisure for cultivation, it is certain that from an early age Allan must have been a diligent and miscellaneous reader; while to foster his tastes for song and tradition, there were "Ro'kings" and trystes of Nithsdale, at which neither the labor nor the mirth was thought complete, without some ditty being sung, or some story recited by one of those vagrants,—the prototypes of Scott's Edie Ochiltree—who rambled from homestead to homestead maintaining themselves after the fashion of the tale-tellers of the East. The traces of these early studies and early habits were never effaced from his works. While his prose and poetry displayed a variety of fancy, which one poorer in allusion could not have maintained, they never lost, to the last, the echo and the savor of a joyous, pastoral district. There is all the freshness and geniality of an open air-life in every line Allan Cunningham wrote, without a trace of that monotony which accompanies the lucubrations of those who, well read in the pages of nature, are familiar with few other books besides.

It was about the year 1810 that Allan Cunningham's name began first to be seen in print; one of his earliest appearances being as a contributor to Cromek's 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.' Most of the old fragments, which there bear his name, were recast,—not a few were fabricated by him. Some of his ballads in this collection are exquisitely tender, touching and beautiful. We have not forgotten the 'Lord's Marie,' or 'It's Hame,' or that wild and picturesque dream, 'The Mermaid of Galloway.' In the year 1810, too, according to the memoir already cited, our poet came to seek his fortune in London. This advanced progressively, thanks to his own prudence and industry. By turns he tried most of the means of which a literary man can avail himself: reported for a newspaper, and wrote for the periodicals, being one among the variously-gifted and brilliant company who gave life to the *London Magazine*. More substantial labors, such as 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,'

a drama,—the novels 'Paul Jones,' and 'Sir Michael Scott,' with the 'Songs of Scotland,' attested in succession his literary industry. Meanwhile his other craft was not forgotten. He obtained a situation in the *studio* of Sir Francis Chantrey, and this he continued worthily to occupy till his own death.

It was, probably, by this advantageous circumstance, that Allan Cunningham's attention was first drawn to Art. His 'British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects' will long be a popular work; since, though its writer falls short of that calm and far-sighted knowledge which is every year increasingly demanded of the English critic, the spirit of poetry is every where present in it. One of the memoirs—'The Life of Blake'—is a contribution to our national biography, which will live, as being, after its kind, little less exquisite than Johnson's famous apology for Richard Savage. Besides this work, Mr. Cunningham published, during the last fifteen years, a series of illustrations to 'Major's Gallery of Pictures'—'The Maid of Elvar,' a poem; 'The Life of Burns;' and 'Lord Roldan,' a romance. It was generally understood, that he had made considerable progress in an extended edition of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets;' and he put the finishing touches to his 'Memoirs of Sir David Wilkie' but two days before his own decease. This was caused by a paralytic seizure: for some previous months, however, his health had been very infirm; and the shock of his loss will be mitigated to his attached family by the remembrance that he passed away from among them peacefully, free from all pain, and, as the first record of his death tells us, "in a kind of solemn stillness."

The office held by the late Solomon Herschel, D. D., (Chief Rabbi of the Eastern Synagogue), has become extinct by that gentleman's death; the committee for regulating the ecclesiastical affairs of the Jewish body having passed a resolution, about two years since, that the office should be abolished at the death of its then occupant. The salary of the late Rabbi is stated to have been 1,000*l* per annum; and a considerable addition to his income was derived yearly from presents of various descriptions from the more wealthy members of his nation.—*Morning Chronicle*.

REV. E. J. DANIEL.—The death of Mr. Daniel took place at Adelia, on the coast of Lycia, 30th last September. With Mr. Fellowes and Mr. Hamilton, he was one of the most ardent explorers of Asia Minor; and his admirable drawings of remarkable places are spoken of with enthusiastic praise by his surviving fellow-laborers. His private virtues, literary acquirements, and amiable manners, are also remembered with sincere sorrow for his loss.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE PARIS SOLITARY.—We lately gave, from the lively pen of Jules Janin, a sketch of Chodrin Duclos. The following less attractive, but more authentic, account of this singular person, from the *Commerce*, has only lately met our eye:—"Every person who has been in Paris during the last twenty-five years will recollect a man of powerful stature, wearing a long beard, who throughout the day promenaded the gallery of the Palais Royal. The subjoined account of his death will be read with some interest, when it shall be recollected that the unfortunate man had figured not only in good society, but in some of the leading political events of the restoration. He distinguished himself at that period at Bordeaux as an ultra-Royalist, fought several duels, and, if I remember rightly, in some instances had the misfortune to leave his opponents dead on the ground. Being disappointed in his expectations from his party, particularly by that which he deemed the unkindness of his friend and countryman, Count de Peyronnet, he vowed that

he would not change or renew his outward clothing or shave his beard until justice should be done him. The revolution of 1830 seemed, however, to have released him from his vow, for shortly afterwards he doffed his rags, shaved his beard, and enlarged his walks to the Boulevards. On Tuesday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Chodrin Duclos, who was called the man with a long beard, was struck with apoplexy as he entered the gate of the house, No. 221, in the Rue St. Honoré. He was carried to the Hotel de Lyons, Rue Pierre Lescot, where he had resided the last seventeen years. Medical men were immediately called in, but all their endeavors to restore animation proved unavailable. Duclos had been indisposed during the last eight days, and was advised to enter a hospital. His pride was shocked at such an idea: 'I must walk to the end,' was his reply. He kept his word, for it was in repairing from his hotel to the Palais Royal, to take his usual walk, that he fell dead. Duclos moved formerly in the most fashionable circles of Bordeaux, but, after exhausting all his resources, came to try his fortune in Paris. M. de Peyronnet and other Royalists, his friends, offered him various situations which he declined accepting, because they did not come up to his expectations. He resolved to lead in Paris the same life he had led in Bordeaux; but he was unable to keep it up any time, and, falling all at once into extremes, he became the cynic which Paris beheld during the last twenty years. He was sixty-eight years of age."—*Brittannia*.

DR. ALEXANDER ALLEN.—The daily papers announce the death of Dr. Allen, after a few weeks' illness, on Sunday last, Nov. 6th, at Hackney, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. This intelligence will be read with regret by all who are interested in the advancement of classical learning. The works of Dr. Allen, of which the number is really extraordinary, considering his age, evince more than usual stores of learning, united with sagacity and acuteness. The work by which Dr. Allen is best known to scholars—'An Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs'—was published when he was only two-and-twenty, and contains, as was remarked in this journal at the time of publication, (*Athen.* No. 450), the most complete development of the principles of the Latin language that has yet appeared in an English form. This work not only excited the attention and obtained the approval of our most distinguished scholars, but was also noticed in a flattering manner by several German philologists; and it was from the University of Leipzig that he received, in consequence, the honorary degree of Dr. of Philosophy.

Dr. Allen was born at Hackney, September 23d, 1814, and was the son of Mr. John Allen, who is known to theological students by his translation of 'Calvin's Institutes,' and his 'History of Modern Judaism.' He received his early education in his father's school, at Hackney, and completed his studies at University College, London where he signalized himself by his great proficiency in the learned languages. But Dr. Allen's studies were by no means confined to the classical languages. Few men were better acquainted with the formation and early history of our own language. He had collected materials for an extensive work upon this subject, and had for two or three years preceding his death been actively engaged in the study of the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, and several of the Teutonic languages. But we fear that he had not reduced any of his works to a form fit for publication; and this loss is not one of the smallest that the literary world has to deplore in his death.—*Athenæum*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

1. *Polynesia: by the Rev. M' Russell, LL. D. The XXXIII. Volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Edinburgh, 1842.*

This interesting and elaborate production must find a ready acceptance with a very numerous class of readers: it undertakes to unfold the workings of Christianity, civilization, and commerce, in those countless Isles that constitute the watery world called Oceanica, and the mind of the writer appears to have been amply stored and abundantly active for the laborious task.—Paying less regard to the origin of the various Polynesian tribes, and the common source, if there be one, of their languages, the author has proceeded more directly to useful knowledge.—Here the gradual development of the policy which Europeans have adopted, in their attempts to civilize and conciliate the Polynesians, is shown, and the results afford lessons of permanent value to the statesman and philanthropist.—Amongst the difficult questions which present themselves in the discharge of his labors, the author has touched upon that of the Missionaries, their conduct, their successes, their failures,—and it is not possible that more indifferent justice could have been rendered to any cause submitted for adjudication. As for ourselves, we look on missionaries generally with admiration and respect: and deprecate the wholesale condemnation of these exemplary men, because a few instances of presumption, superciliousness, and political intrigue may be shown. We well remember a West Indian missionary, who was a disgrace not merely to his philanthropic profession but to the human race, and rejoiced at learning that the magistracy of the settlement exercised summary justice upon him for his offences. Surely such an instance cannot for a moment weigh against the accumulation of benefits and blessings which Christian missionaries have conferred upon every part of the globe. It is not, however, to be concluded that "Polynesia" is devoted solely, or too much, to an account of missionary labors; it treats both minutely and extensively of politics and commerce; but so much are we indebted to these same maligned missionaries for our historical information of the Pacific Archipelago, that the defence of their amiable exertions necessarily presents itself.—*Colonial Journal*.

2. *Attica and Athens. Translated from the German of K. O. Müller, Grotefend, and others. By John Ingram Lockhart.*

"An Inquiry into the Civil, Moral, and Religious Institutions of the Inhabitants, the Rise and Decline of the Athenian power, and the Topography and Chorography of Ancient Attica and Athens, with a Map and Plan." This is an indispensable book for the student, not less than to the classical tourist. Its minuteness and accuracy are extraordinary; presenting to us a notable example of German learning, enthusiasm, industry, and care; at the same time that the whole inquiry has been regulated by a philosophical spirit, and so as to elicit and produce philosophical views and perceptions. The clearest idea of what is intended and professed to be given over the wide and diversified field mentioned, is conveyed by this book. We know of no other work, in which the principles as

well as the facts inseparable from the subjects handled are so satisfactorily and briefly disclosed and arranged. The production is a model of its kind in every particular and sense.—*Monthly Review*.

3. *The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of procuring sound and refreshing Slumber at will. By Edward Binns, M. D. Churchill, 1842.*

Dr. Binns has produced a very curious work, which, apart from its specific object, abounds with amusing matter, comprehending the phenomena of dreams, mesmerism, somnambulism, catalepsy, ecstasy (of which Lord Shrewsbury has published such remarkable examples in Italy), hallucinations, trances, etc. The author's theory is, that sleep is a faculty, the organ of which is situated in the spinal cord, between the cervicular and lumbar vertebrae, in the ganglia formed from the nerves given off by this portion of the spinal column. The mode of procuring sleep at will he prescribes as follows: "Let the patient turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then, slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he can through the nostrils. The lungs are then to be left to their own action, respiration not being accelerated or retarded. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

The soundness of the theory may, therefore, be tested by every one of our readers when he adjusts his night-cap.—*Asiatic Journal*.

Germany.

1. *Hand-book of Latin Etymology, by Ludwig Döderlein. Leipzig, 1841.*

Professor Döderlein has already exhibited his theory of the forming of Latin words, in a copious treatise; and in the present little manual he offers to the public an elaborate Latin Etymology in accordance with the fundamental principles developed in the larger work, and in the method tenaciously adhered to by him. Although in a compendious form it embraces pretty much the entire linguistic stores of the Latin idiom, and seeks either to trace back the several words to their roots, or, where this seems impossible, at least to compare them with their cognates, both native and foreign, in order, as the author modestly says, to do his part of the preparatory work for a proper root-lexicon, whose composition shall be reserved for other hands at some future day. As in his theoretic treatise, so also here, the author has mostly introduced the Greek, and in juxtaposition often placed the German, both the old dialect (according to Grimm and Graff, sometimes also Adelung), and the new, and made use of them to illustrate the derivation of the Latin. Whilst this Etymology contains numerous accurate derivations, striking compositions and spirited comparisons, which often throw a new light over a whole series of words, it also presents, as was to be expected, many etymologies, in res-

pect to which Prof. D. has manifestly not discovered the truth, indeed not even the probability. For the confirmation of what is here given, the author has constantly, as often as seemed needful, referred to his theory of Latin Etymology and included the paragraph referred to in brackets. The same terminology is employed in both works. In the preface, the author has explained, at length, a part of this grammatical terminus, according to his own understanding of it. It were to be wished that the book contained an explanation of the abbreviations used, (ags., Hes., ahd., etc.,) for the benefit of scholars.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.

2. *History of Philosophy in the Middle Ages; with a Sketch of Literature derived from its Sources.* By Dr. G. O. Marbach. Leipzig, 1841.

We have already spoken of the volume of Dr. Marbach's on the Philosophy of the Greeks and Romans. This is conducted with the same research, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves here with a brief statement of the arrangement and consecutive order which the author has adopted. The introduction, p. 3—15, begins with a glance at Grecian Philosophy and the development of the question as to the influence of the entrance of Christianity on the philosophy of the middle ages. Accordingly the latter is first characterized in general. The historic representation is divided into two principal parts—"the 'Ante-historical'" and the "Historical." The first unfolds the Alexandrine-Jewish, the Alexandrine-Gentile, (Neoplatonic) and the Arabian philosophy. The second, after some general discussion as to the relation of Christianity to Philosophy, and the character of the Christian philosophy of the middle ages, as determined by it, treats first of the Fathers, (Tertullian, Arnobius, Lactantius, Justin, Athenagoras, Tatian, Clemens, Origen, Synesius, Aeneas, Nemesius, Augustin the most copiously of all,) then of the gradual decline of Greek and the first rise of Christian-Germanic culture; finally, from p. 207, of Scholastics in four parts. The principle of this discrimination is partly the opposition between Realism and Nominalism, partly the influence which the increasing acquaintance with the writings of Aristotle exercised in widening the circle of thought among the Scholastics. The first part commences with John Scotus Erigena; the second with the first appearance of Nominalism; the third with the extended study of Aristotle; the fourth with the revival of Nominalism through Occam.—*Ibid.*

France.

1. *On the Resurrection of the Body.* By M. Tachard-Gaubil, de Montauban (Tarn et Garonne).

M. Tachard undertakes to prove that the resurrection is possible and probable according to reason, certain according to revelation. The rational considerations in favor of his thesis are—1. The constitution of man. 2. The attributes of God. 3. The analogies of nature. But these he presents only as presumptions or probabilities. Coming to the real proof, the testimony of the Scriptures, he distinguishes the instruction of the Old from that of the New Testament on this subject; and in the study of both, he places beside the declarations which affirm the dogma, the facts which imply it, or in some sort prophesy it.

M. Tachard discusses objections; he gives an aperçu of the biblical doctrine on the nature of the glorified body, and concludes by pointing out the practical consequences of the truth which he has established.—*Revue Théologique*.

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